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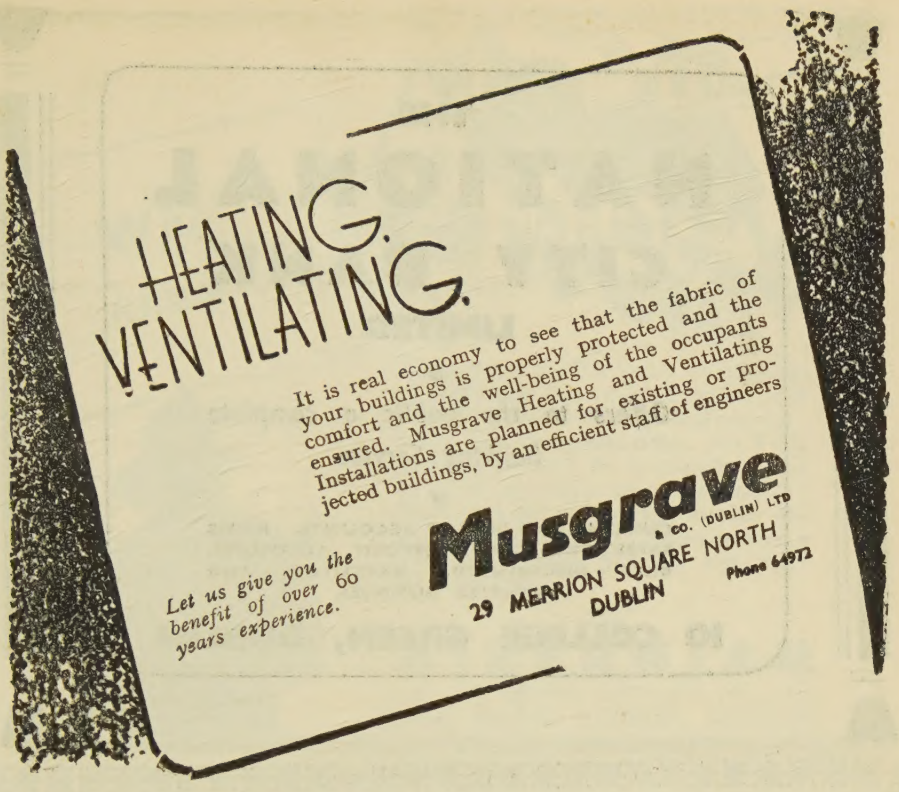
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"IN effect the nation has been living on its capital in 1947, continues to do so in 1948 and does not yet appear to realise the urgent need of adopting courses in all economic spheres which might provide an effective remedy for the situation." Such, summarised in a sentence, is the cheerless message of the Central Bank of Ireland for the year 1947-48. It is only lately, in the post-war years, that our customary import excess has advanced from being a distant threat to our solvency. It is clearly necessary that the manner in which this danger has grown, and the causes of its growth, should be carefully studied. It will be found that such a study must involve the treatment not merely of our trading position but also of our fiscal policy and system of public finance.

I

The movements of the balance of visible payments may be shortly summarised in the following table :—

	Retained imports £ millions	Retained exports £ millions	Import excess £ millions
1929	60.2	46.8	13.4
1931	49.6	36.2	13.4
1938	41.1	23.9	17.2
1945	40.8	35.2	5.6
1946	71.6	38.6	33.0
1947	129.9	38.8	91.1
1948 (nine months)	102.9	31.1	71.8

These returns are not, of course, strictly comparable ; indeed they have been chosen as representing the extremes between which our trade returns fluctuated during the last twenty years. They include the most prosperous inter-war year, the last full year of relatively free trading (which was also one of the worst slump years), and the last full year of peace. They show, however, that even before the war, and to a much greater degree after it, our sales have failed to keep pace with our purchases.

In some, though by no means all, of the pre-war years this deficiency was remedied by net invisible earnings. Net receipts from the tourist trade, which is of increasing importance both in itself and in the problems that it raises, are estimated as being £28 millions in 1947. The net

receipts from remittances and pensions are put at £12.6 millions; and those from investments at £8 millions. Allowing for other transactions, it seems clear that the 1947 deficit on current account must have been at least £30 millions.

This deficit, it should be said, follows a period of six years in which there was a surplus on account of the impossibility of obtaining imports. The surplus reached its peak of £30.5 millions in 1944, fell slightly to £28.5 millions in 1945, and then dropped sharply to £7 millions in 1946. It must be a matter for consideration whether the large surplus of 1944-45 is the counter-part and, in part, the cause of the large deficit of 1947-8—whether, to put it another way, our present purchases are not in great part the purchases that we were unable to make in war-time.

Only the future can answer that question. In the meantime it is clear that the disparity between imports and exports has caused a loss on capital account. The net result of changes in the sterling holdings of the banking system was a loss of £16.2 millions in 1947. The significance of this abrupt change cannot be overrated; though it must be remembered that the sums involved are comparatively small compared with the total sterling assets. The Report of the Central Bank naturally draws attention to the fact that the country has now reverted to drawing on its capital, as happened in several years before the war, and is doing so on a much greater scale than was then the case. The importance of maintaining the sterling assets at a reasonably stable level is not, perhaps, yet fully understood. In the past, they have enabled us to retain our purchasing power in times when we would otherwise have been seriously embarrassed—for example, during the Economic War and during the recent World War. They have allowed us a freedom of economic and political action that is rarely enjoyed by a small country and that could never be enjoyed by a small debtor country. Undoubtedly, the value of these assets has been affected by the present inconvertibility of sterling; but their importance is still such that any reduction in their volume calls for attention—if not, as yet, for alarm.

It must be remembered, on the other hand, that the present deficit on current account may not be easily or quickly removed. Some parts of the invisible income have ceased to expand. Receipts from dividends are unlikely, in view of present policy in Great Britain, to increase in the near future; and it may be felt that emigrants' remittances and pensions will tend to decline from now onwards. There has been a remarkable increase in the returns from the tourist trade—an increase that should be repeated, if not on the same scale, in 1948—but it would be highly unwise to place great trust in a source of income that has yet to prove its reliability. In visible trade it may be argued, with some show of reason, that the present level of world prices cannot be indefinitely maintained and that the cost of imports will fall while their volume, once re-stocking is com-

plete, will also contract. These arguments, however, ignore the really alarming fact that our export trade fails, to an ever increasing extent, to set off our imports. Our problem is not merely a question of high imports : *it is the much deeper problem of low exports.* More than that, the stagnation of the export trade appears to be unaffected by the influences that alternations of rising and falling prices exercise on healthier economies. So that changes in the value of money may be ignored, the following table shows the quantities of goods arising from our principal industries that we exported in various years since 1929 :—

Quantities of Exports of Agricultural Goods

	1929	1931	1938	1947
Live cattle (1,000)	775	766	702	484
„ sheep	577	555	297	55
„ pigs	307	476	46	15[1]
„ poultry	1,094	1,070	615	78
Bacon (cwts.)	482	295	546	—
Pork „	273	373	36	—
Poultry (dead) (cwts.)	123	109	102	121
Butter (cwts.)	560	378	377	—
Eggs (Gt. Hundrds.)	4,811	4,610	2,726	1,311
Biscuits (cwts.)	94	84	49	—
Porter, ale, beer (std. brl.)	1,424	1,401	794	689

It is only by comparisons over a long period that we can realise how long a downhill road we have travelled in our capacity to sell to the outside world. Undoubtedly, the falling off in exports was partially due to the fall in the volume of production or to the diversion of production to crops and turf during the war. It was also due to another factor that must be noted : the increase in consumption at home, either by the farmers or by the urban dwellers or by both. The changes may be studied in the following table :—

Production and Consumption of Various Products

		Total Production	Consumed at home	Exported
Cattle and calves	1926	854,000	122,000	732,000
	1937–8	830,000	193,000	637,000
	1947	903,000	365,000	538,000[1]

[1] Including gifts to relief of European distress.

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF VARIOUS PRODUCTS—*continued*

		Total Production	Consumed at home	Exported
Sheep	1926	1,122,000	504,000	618,000
	1937–8	984,000	683,000	301,000
	1947	731,000	676,000	55,000
Pigs	1926	1,631,000	461,000	1,170,000
	1937–8	1,306,000	728,000	578,000
	1947	628,000	613,000	15,000[1]
Poultry	1926	12,200,000	8,625,000	3,575,000
	1937–8	9,700,000	7,150,000	2,550,000
	1947	8,641,000	7,006,000	1,635,000
Eggs	1926 gt. hds.	10,791,000	6,066,000	4,725,000
	1937–8	9,189,000	6,626,000	2,563,000
	1947	6,590,000	5,279,000	1,311,000

The best that can be said in mitigation of this table is that it contrasts a relatively good year with the last year of the economic war and with a year (1947) of exceptionally bad weather. But the contrast is over a period of twenty years, a period in which other countries managed to increase their production greatly in spite of depression in peace time and shortages of supply in wartime.

It may also be urged that this table shows conclusively that there is no real choice between producing for export and producing for the home market. Production is not going to remain static while its distribution is changed. The years in which Irish agriculture produced for the export market were also the years in which there was an abundant supply of foodstuffs for the domestic market. It is not a choice between improving the standard of living here at the expense of our sales abroad. These sales have suffered severely; but the standard of living has not improved. More than that, the falling-off in our exports now threatens our capacity to import all those other raw materials and consumer goods on which the other components of our standard of living depend.

II

These points lead to some further reflections. The first concerns the cost of living, an aspect of our economy to which further reference must be made. The last table surely proves that, in so far as the present high

[1] Including gifts to relief of European distress.

cost of living is determined by the price of agricultural produce, it is due to the lack of production. The tourist trade has undoubtedly increased consumption in the domestic market: within the elastic limits of price control it has played its share in sending up prices, thereby directly and indirectly increasing the inflationary tendencies to which the Report of the Central Bank refers. It has also, as will be argued later, vitiated our trade returns to the extent that exports are replaced by domestic consumption. But it is only in a superficial manner that the tourist industry and the shortages of eggs, butter, etc., can be connected. *The underlying cause is the collapse of production;* it if were removed, the problem would shrink to its proper proportions.

Put in another way, it may be said that in the last twenty years our economy has been declining or, at the best, has been static. In so far as there have been expansions of output here and there, they have been at the expense of contractions elsewhere. This pattern runs throughout our entire economy; but it is especially marked in agriculture. In the last three years, this static economy has been called on to supply a growing tourist trade and has failed to do so. But the million tourists, or whatever the exact number might be, who visited us in 1947 represent merely a temporary increase in our population. How then, it may be asked, does this country propose to maintain the permanently increased population which is the goal of public policy? The fact is that our economy in the past, and especially in the recent past, has been geared to a declining population whose purchasing power is strengthened by the proceeds of the savings of other generations. It is not fitted to meet the increased demand that is, at present, represented by the tourist trade.

On the other hand, Irish agriculture has the great advantage that a market for its products appears to be assured for years to come. At this time of day, it is unnecessary to rehearse the old arguments whether it is possible to expand the volume of agricultural production. In present circumstances the attempt must be made, as it is being made with such energy. We have now to make the test whether increased demand, as represented by assured markets and guaranteed prices, can call forth an increased supply from the Irish farmer. Little encouragement, it must be admitted, can be gained from the experience of recent decades; but to despair of increased production would be tantamount to condemning our entire social and economic system.

It will be admitted that the proper policy for this country to pursue is to expand production rather than to restrict consumption, whether it be the consumption of the imports necessary to our standard of living or consumption of our foodstuffs by tourists. No doubt, as temporary measures, it might in certain cases be necessary to restrict imports or to control the tourist trade. But, as a matter of long term policy, there can be little doubt of the choice we should adopt. It was well put by

The Economist some months ago when writing of the present position of Great Britain. A man has three courses open to him when he finds that his expenditure consistently outruns his income. He may continue his way of life unchanged, in which case he will eventually go through the Bankruptcy Court in the absence of the continued charity of his neighbours (*anglice*, Marshall aid). He may decide to balance his accounts by cutting down his expenditure, by cutting out all luxuries and comforts, and by reducing the consumption of even essential things. Thirdly, he may try to solve the problem by increasing his income, by changing to a better-paid job if he can get it, in any case by reducing his leisure.

There can be little argument as to which of these three courses is theoretically the better. There can be none at all when we are treating of an agricultural community that can find a ready market for its products. In national policy, we should surely adopt the choice that will lead to better farming, better business and a community more securely based and more confident of its ability to survive in the modern world.

III

The expansion of agricultural production, then, is the greatest single contribution that can be made to the solution of our present problems. It is not the only one. We have still to tackle the volume and value of our imports. At the outset, we may quote a passage from the Report of the Central Bank which covers a great deal of this issue. " The main cause of the pressure on imports has been the continuance, on an increasingly active scale, of the forces on which comment was made in our last report, namely, widespread increase of wages largely under the operation of the Industrial Relations Act and the further expansion of State and local expenditure."

It may be necessary to suggest some qualifications of this passage. Firstly, there is the point—to which indeed the Report later alludes—that a proportion at least of increased imports is caused by the tourist trade. The provision of unrationed goods, especially in clothing, is not the least of our present attractions as a holiday country. This, it should be said, affects our balance of visible trade in two ways. The import of the goods is included in the trade returns : it is unusual for the export of the goods to be noted. The process works out in such a way that the Irish retailer has the sales, and the profits, that the British retailer would enjoy in a better-ordered and more sensible world. The only question that should arise here is whether, and if so to what extent, the tourist competes against the community and so drives up the price ; which in its turn raises the question—on which little accurate information is available—as to how far the articles bought are luxuries or conventional goods.

Secondly, there is the matter of wages. Here again it may be that

we are dealing with a movement that has passed its peak. Just as our imports are the greater now because they were restricted some years ago, so the wage increases appear the more spectacular since they were forbidden for a long period in which the cost of living steadily rose. It might indeed be truly argued that the present fashion of calculating increases according to changes in indices of the cost of living is one that leads directly to further inflation. But, when all is said and done, a large measure of the increases already granted could not have been denied either in policy or in justice. A continuance of the rate of increase that prevailed in 1946-47 would indeed raise larger issues. The really serious defect in the automatic re-adjustment of wages to prices is the fashionable convention that any increase in wages must be paid by the consumer as a matter of course.

Nowadays restriction is the remedy that is applied, almost instinctively, to an import surplus. If we were forced, as is not altogether inconceivable, to restrict purchases from Great Britain and the sterling area in the manner that has become necessary with imports from the United States, we would find no lack of goods whose justification might be difficult. Restrictions have now become so popular, however, that it is worthwhile to look carefully at the case against them.

The first point must be that such regulation still further increases the power of the State and the degree to which the public administration intervenes in matters with which it is not properly equipped to deal. The drawing up of a list of import priorities involves distinctions that are almost impossible to justify on any clear grounds. No doubt, it may not seem too difficult to single out the imports—foodstuffs, feeding stuffs, industrial raw materials—that are vital to the national economy. But, as the example of Great Britain should warn us, the difficulties begin once one leaves broad classifications and comes down to deciding between particular qualities or forms of a given commodity. They become almost insuperable when the choice has to be made between a growing number of consumers' goods. The decisions that must be taken, if regulation is to work at all, cannot be explained on any grounds that will carry conviction to all the public. The result must either be that the public administration will be unable to deal with the task or that its numbers, and the scope of its activity, must be extended far beyond the present limits. The British example is not particularly encouraging. It is only doubtfully in point. The British electorate voted for an increase in the power of the State; the Irish electorate, so far as it considered the point, voted against it. But to judge by our experience of price control and rationing it is very doubtful, to say the least of it, if our public service could essay regulation without a disproportionate change. The difficulties of allocating imports among a number of would-be retailers are already well enough known to discourage the extension of the practice.

In this country, the problem is made still more intractable by the close connection that exists between the volume and value of imports, the standard of living and the cost of living. In a country like ours, in which the bulk of non-agricultural goods must be imported (either ready-made or as raw materials or to be " processed "), the bulk of the goods which the ordinary person regards as necessary to his way of life must be brought from abroad. Food is no doubt the essential base of any standard of living; but the average person measures his standard of living by the amount of luxuries and conventional necessities that he can buy—not by the necessities that he still, if to a diminishing extent, tends to take for granted. Restriction of imports, for the same reasons, would tend to increase the cost of living, again in so far as non-essential goods are concerned: it would tend, therefore, to encourage rather than restrain the pressure for higher wages which the Report deplores.

Is it not possible to resort to the outmoded solution that supply and demand will provide? A considerable proportion of the abnormal importations of the last two years, as the Report points out, is due to re-stocking: it is a once-for-all process. In the second place, the time must come when the sellers' market in consumer goods must come to an end; its signs can be discerned in many quarters already. It may well be that, by next summer let us say, we will find that we are importing fewer consumers' goods and that they will then cost less than they do now. If so, the inflationary tendencies and the pressure on wages will have been greatly relaxed. If not, indeed, it may be necessary to resort to restriction, but it is once again suggested that the evils of control should be accepted only in what is plainly the last resort.

IV

The possibilities of improving supply, however, are not at all exhausted by a decision to refrain from restriction. There are other, and more positive, possibilities. It has long been noticeable that our imported goods, in their passage across the Atlantic or the Irish Sea, suffer a sea-change in their prices. It is suggested that, apart from any change in world trends, a substantial reduction in prices might be affected by action, public and private, within this country. The Minister of Finance has already asked for a reduction in the cost of several commodities, and he has already indicated a certain line of policy that will, if necessary, be adopted. There are some other methods—some that can be used at once, others that will need time to employ—that might be considered. In the first place, it would be interesting to know what the official view now may be of the efficacy of what is called price control. It is very questionable if the profit margins originally fixed for some commodities were not far too generous; it is very possible that, in the changed con-

ditions of freer supplies, the price controls have the effect of preventing a fall in the prices charged to the consumer. It would be unfair to go further in a matter in which precise figures and information are conspicuously lacking ; but the burden of proof is surely on those who argue that price control should be maintained in all cases. Once again, the restoration of competition may do a Minister's work much more efficiently than he can hope to do it himself.

Provided, that is, that the removal of controls will restore competition. There is a growing body of evidence to show that distributive costs have steadily increased and, in at least some cases, now stand at levels that cannot be explained in terms of the altered value of money. This development is particularly pernicious in so far as it hurts both manufacturer and consumer ; indeed there is a lot to prove that the worst sufferer is the manufacturer, and particularly the Irish manufacturer who in the nature of things cannot resist. The spread between prices of goods leaving the factory and the prices paid by shoppers seems quite inexplicable. Once again, it must be said that some explanations may be valid ; if so, it is unwise to allow false impressions to flourish in the public mind. It is a matter that greatly affects the cost of living ; and it is therefore one into which a full inquiry should be made. Such an inquiry need not attempt to cover too wide a field ; it would have greater chances of success if it was directed to a small number of specific points.

A third cause of swollen prices may be found in the working of the tariff system. Prescinding from the general argument on protective policy, which is another matter altogether, it seems impossible to place a tariff on one article without charging it also on a whole range of other articles. This practice has so developed that it has become a serious obstacle to manufacturers as well as to traders and consumers. The indiscriminate bestowal of tariffs has already got to the point where duties are imposed on commodities that are the raw materials of native industries. In some cases, no doubt, such duties will be justified by a subsequent expansion of the new industry. In other cases, and they are numerous, it means that the older-established firm pays a kind of fine to the newcomer for its products. This is bad enough, but it may have been considered policy. What is still worse, and what is not policy at all, is where customs duties are charged on commodities that are not manufactured in the country at all, simply because a new firm proposes to make commodities of a nature or class not easily distinguishable. Few things are more urgently needed than a reform of the tariff system—not its abolition, but its subjection to full parliamentary control.

V

There is one further point in the Report of the Central Bank to which attention should be drawn. The Report points out the very heavy un-

favourable balance of trade with countries other than Great Britain. The collapse of sterling convertibility has created a difficult situation especially in regard to countries such as the United States. With that country our import trade in 1947 reached heights of profligacy that rival in their own way the contemporary performances of the United Kingdom. Imports, by no means all vital purchases, totalled £29 millions in that year. It is reassuring to note that in the first nine months of 1948 our imports from the United States fell to £7.8 millions against the £19 millions of the corresponding period in 1947. The position has also been stabilised to some extent by the grant, in connection with the European Recovery Programme, of a loan of £19 millions for the year ending June 30th 1949. The remarks of the Central Bank on this matter should be quoted :—

" The raising of a loan in a foreign currency to secure supplies of consumption goods is an expedient to be adopted only under pressure of extreme necessity and within the narrowest limits dictated by that necessity. Especially in view of the existing world currency situation a loan contract of this kind is a gamble on uncertain future exchange relations of the Irish pound, the pound sterling and the American dollar. The implications of the contract are less predictable according as the term of the loan is longer. The high credit status of this country in the past affords no warrant of future credit worthiness in terms of American dollars. The borrower in these circumstances has to accept an undue risk and it is not altogether a sufficient answer that the lender is prepared to take it ".

This statement is prefaced by the sentence : " The chronic heavy deficit position in the Irish balance of payments with the United States precludes any easy assumption that this country is likely as a consequence of the loan to be in a position, within a measurable period, to find dollars to cover the service of the loan ". What then are we to do ? Our attitude must be that in no conceivable circumstances can we repay a dollar loan until sterling becomes convertible again and, if sterling were convertible, we would not need a dollar loan. Whatever efforts of production we may make in this country and however successful we may be in arresting the drain on our sterling balances, it seems impossible that our trade should acquire dollars. The issue of how we can repay, and at what rate of parity repayment may be made, will not be settled in Dublin ; it can only be settled by Washington and London when they confer, as they must confer, on the provision of an international currency. For the rest, it seems only proper that the Irish attitude should be that it is dishonest to accept loans that cannot be repaid. Of all financial centres in the world, Washington should know about that. It may be that before 1952 the European crisis will be settled by the establishment of a union that will be refreshed by recurrent showers of dollars—and it may be

that, dollars or no dollars, some form of union is the long-term solution ; but debtors cannot rely on their I.O.U's. being torn up.

The Central Bank performs a great public service in drawing attention to this matter of the American loan. It is difficult to believe that some statements made by administrators of Marshall aid are rightly reported. For example, the making of a loan instead of a grant to Ireland appears to have been justified by one member of the Economic Co-operation Administration on the grounds that our economic position was sufficiently stable to allow repayment and that we have an export surplus with Europe. Our economic position is indeed so stable as to be static : that is precisely what is wrong with it. A glance at our trading figures with the United States will be sufficient to assess the possibility of repayments by the sale of goods. Finally, in 1947 we had a favourable balance on current account of £30.7 millions with the United Kingdom and an unfavourable balance of £13.7 millions with all other participating countries. This unfavourable balance would be much greater if it were not for the vexatious restrictions on trade with these other countries that still exist and which it is the aim of the Recovery Programme itself to remove, so that European trade may move freely again.

In view of the wealth of documentation—almost fabulous wealth if rumour speaks truly—that has been furnished to the Recovery Programme, it is difficult to understand how the case for a grant, or at the least for a loan on exceptionally easy terms, can be ignored for long. In the meantime, the Central Bank has assumed another public duty. It already supplies a well-informed and balanced commentary on economic developments here ; it must now continue the task begun this year of instruction, here and abroad, on the position of our balance of international payments. There is only one criticism that should be hinted, that so valuable a survey appears only once a year.

JAMES MEENAN

THE RED COAT AND THE GREEN

BY G. A. HAYES-McCOY, M.A., PH.D.

PERHAPS nothing illustrates more forcibly the passing of one age in Irish history and the commencement of another than the supercession of the red coat by the green as the garb of the Irish soldier. That may seem at first sight a peculiar statement. "Redcoat," written as one word with the familiarity bred of traditional hostility, calls naturally to mind the wearer of a uniform associated with some centuries of oppression in this country. Admittedly, the reference to a redcoat as an Irish soldier calls for some explanation. Again, although "the green above the red" was for long a rallying cry with us, when our own soldiers clad in green coats did come to take over the duties of a garrison that was being evacuated, the evacuees had for some time given up wearing red as their ordinary attire.

I

The explanation is that this interchange of colours took place a century and a half ago, and that by Irish soldier is meant a fighting man to whom the nationalist—and, one should add as something distinct, the revolutionary—element could look as the defender for the time being of the national cause. He is not necessarily a member of an organised army; at one time he was not a member of an army properly called Irish at all. The Irish soldier that one has in mind is the soldier of the Jacobite forces of 1689-91, the exile of the French service and the Spanish service, the Volunteer of 1782, the United Irishman, the member of the revolutionary bodies of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the Irish soldier of to-day. There seems to be a fair line of continuity set forth there. There is, provided that one allows for a change in political outlook which began to manifest itself at the end of the eighteenth century. There must have seemed at the time very little in common, for example, between the insurgents of 1798 and the Volunteer corps of two decades earlier. Yet Irish nationalism in its evolution as an articulate force can, without any effort, include them both in a grand imaginary rally of the nation's martial figures of the past.

The Jacobites, the exiles and most of Grattan's Volunteers wore red coats. The United Irishmen and the others who are their legitimate descendants as revolutionaries declared as one man their preference for green to the exclusion of all other colours—and, most emphatically, to the exclusion of red. Thus was the new departure made, and therein lies the significance of our opening statement.

The ideal Irish soldier, the man who, had the circumstances of his time been otherwise, would have taken his place in an army enrolled to defend his own country, wore before the end of the eighteenth century a red coat,

and after it a green one. In the earlier period nationalist aspirations would have been satisfied in a kingdom of Ireland, provided it were justly administered, the king being the same as the ruler of the neighbouring island. Red was the colour of that king's livery, and there was nothing incongruous in the use of red cloth to make the Irish soldier's coat. The exiles fighting for the Stuart king wore his livery at Fontenoy, where they faced the troops of the Hanoverian monarch wearing coats of the same colour.

When the project of the union of the parliaments was in the air, when the Anglo-Irish patriots had shown themselves incapable of unifying the country through reform, and when the first stirrings of the hitherto submerged Catholic masses became noticeable, at this time of revolution abroad and at home a nationalist symbol as familiar to us now as the grass in our fields sprang first into prominence. This was the colour green. It was then that green came fully to be recognised as the Irish national colour. There is no doubt that it was in some quarters regarded as such before that date, but it is from then that we must trace its widespread acceptance. Then also, when the words " to break the connection with England " had been written and when many of the hopes and the loyalties of an older time fell away before the emergence as a force in Irish politics of the ordinary people, then also was the idea of the red coat finally abandoned. Thenceforth Ireland's fighting men are visioned in ranks of green, and where they appear momentarily in the revolutionary outbursts their coats, like their flags, are of the national colour.

II

Irish soldiers wore red coats as long ago as 1595, when the Earl of Tyrone had among his forces at the battle of Clontibret " 300 shot in red coats like English soldiers,"[1] shot being men who carried guns. These were some of the troops whom he had trained with English assistance when he was still loyal to the queen. Red was not by any means generally worn at that date by the English, nor indeed for the greater part of a century afterwards. Red breeches rather than coats were affected during the Civil War, when the colonels still clothed their own regiments and there was little uniformity.[2] There is no direct evidence that any of the Irish troops of the period 1641-52 were uniformly clothed, although guard corps like Ormond's or Preston's cuirassiers probably were. Owen Roe O'Neill's men seem still to have worn the trews and mantle of the national attire, garments the use of which died out after the Cromwellian war.[3] Regiments in Preston's or Castlehaven's forces may well have presented a partial uniformity of dress where their colonels made an effort to clothe them ; cloth bought in bulk was cheapest, and for this reason rather than from any desire to have the men dressed alike the system would have led to uniformity within the unit. Although they were, at least nominally,

[1] All notes will be found at the end of the article.

the king's troops until the date of Charles's execution, there is no mention of any of them having worn red.

Something more than a generation later when Irish troops were mustered in the name of another Stuart king, red coats had become usual. The Jacobite troops mustered at Dundalk in June, 1690, just before the retreat to the Boyne and the battle of glorious or inglorious memory, wore some of them coats of red, the colour of their king, and some of white, the colour of his French allies. Of seven Irish battalions which, with eight battalions of French, made up the first line of foot, five wore red coats and two white. The red-coated troops were the two battalions of Guards, whose coats were lined with blue, Bellew's regiment with linings of orange-tawny, Gordon O'Neill's with linings of white faced with red, and the Lord Grand Prior's with plain linings of white. Antrim's and Louth's regiments, which are said to have worn white coats, had respectively red and filamot linings.[4]

These coats, which are described by a contemporary as white, may well have been in reality grey and may have been made up from the cloth of that colour sent from France to clothe the troops in the previous winter.[5] St. Ruth brought further quantities of the same cloth in 1691, although this consignment would seem to have arrived too late to have been made much use of before the end of the war. Grey was a colour which had for long been much used in military attire, one supposes because it was an ordinary colour of readily procurable homespun. Thus Leslie's famous Scots army was clad in grey, the regiments drawn from it which fought under Monroe at Benburb being presumably so attired. It was a common colour in the English seventeenth century forces before they settled down to red; and in the Williamite army the Dutch regiments, with the exception of the Guards (who had blue coats), wore it. Old-fashioned grey homespun appeared for the last time on the field of battle in the American Civil War, when the ragged Confederate army exhibited in their clothing every shade of grey from light blue to butter-nut.

Although necessity compelled the Irish Jacobites to wear what they could get—and the army of Aughrim must have had more grey coats and civilian garments of frieze in its ranks than correctly faced uniforms of the king's colour—there can be no doubt that the coat which was looked upon as the proper garb of the defenders of the cause was a red one. The members of Mountcashell's Irish Brigade, the nucleus of the famous French Irish Brigade of the following century, protested when, on their arrival in France in 1690, they were put into the ubiquitous grey coats, and clamoured for what they considered to be their rightful red.[6]

It is interesting, particularly in view of the nineteenth century invention of "jackets coloured green" for Sarsfield's men, that the only forces wearing green in the Jacobite campaigns appear to have been some of William's Danes. It was the Williamites who wore green badges in their hats to

distinguish them from their opponents ; the Jacobites had either the French white cockade or, as a substitute, pieces of white paper. The colours of badges worn as distinguishing marks in battle had little significance, however. At Knocknaclashy in 1651 the Parliamentarians wore white, the Royalists " green fearne " marks in their hats.

The regiments of the Irish Brigade in eighteenth century France and the Irish regiments in the Spanish army all wore red. They carried on the tradition of the Jacobite army, and in the beginning at least they were looked upon as the exiled king's troops.

III

The Hanoverian government in Ireland did little during the early part of the century to discourage the exodus of Irishmen seeking military service on the Continent ; indeed their going was regarded as a convenient outlet for an element that might otherwise have been troublesome. The English had long alternated between the employment of the Irish to serve as soldiers and a rigid exclusion of them from the ranks of their armies. During the early part of Hugh O'Neill's war there were frequently as many native Irish as English-born soldiers in the Queen's forces serving here. Strafford in the next century raised an army that was entirely Irish. But the two alarms suffered by the planters in 1641 and 1689 served to make the ascendancy decidedly nervous of Irish troops. Besides, the Englishman's traditional dislike of a standing army had coupled with it the fear that a monarch who wished to govern unconstitutionally might call in Irish Catholic troops, if they were available, to aid his dictatorial designs. Thus it was that from Queen Anne's time until the middle of the eighteenth century Catholics were excluded from the British forces on the Irish establishment, and not until the coming of the Catholic relief measures could a Catholic hold a commission. Those of the majority of the population who felt the urge towards the military life had, therefore, no alternative —political considerations entirely apart—but to seek service on the Continent. Tens of thousands did ; and the army to which the sympathies of Gaelic Ireland, of Catholic Ireland, were naturally given was composed of the red-coated battalions beyond the seas.

The uniforms of the French and Spanish Irish regiments underwent the modifications dictated by changes in military fashions, but during the period of their existence as Irish corps their coats were always red. In the French army in 1780 Walsh's regiment, the descendant of the Irish Guards who served at the Boyne and Aughrim, still retained the blue facings which had been worn by the Guards. At the middle of the century the facings of Lally's regiment, formed in 1744, were green, of Berwick's black and of Clare's yellow. These soldiers, wherever they met the British forces in the field, fought against men whose uniforms were scarcely distinguishable from their own. When Ghent was captured by the French

during the Austrian Succession war the British magazine was seized and a great quantity of British scarlet coats which it contained was distributed to re-clothe the Irish Brigade.[7]

The Spanish Irish regiments of Ultonia and Irlanda had blue facings on their red coats. The regiments of Hibernia, Limerick, and Waterford had green. The colour of the facings was also that of the regimental colour of each unit, each of these flags having the regimental badge of the Irish harp in the centre. In 1743 Ultonia, Irlanda and Hibernia were authorised to display on their colours the appropriate motto, " In omnes terras exivit sonitus eorum." The red coats were worn until 1805, after which date the still nominally Irish regiments wore the blue of the Spanish infantry with the tawny facings of the Foreign corps.[8]

Until the break up of the French regiments at the time of the Revolution their officers were almost all Irishmen. Since the middle of the century, however, the number of Irish in the rank and file had been growing less, and although the Brigade of Fontenoy was still Irish in fact as well as in name, the foreign element preponderated after the Peace of Paris in 1763. A great part of the reason for this lay in a change in the attitude of the British administration towards Irish soldiering; although it must also be true that emigration continued " as long as there was a hope of seeing the House of Stewart again on the throne,"[9] and fell off after the '45. Forman, who wrote of the Brigade in 1728, said: " As long as there is a body of Irish Roman Catholic troops abroad, the Chevalier will always make some figure in Europe by the credit they give him,"[10] and the Brigade remembered its loyalty to the Stuarts at Culloden (1746).

In 1737 and again in 1745 the Irish Parliament indicated a complete change of view since the early days of the toleration of French recruiting. In the former year an Act was passed to prevent the enlistment of Irishmen for foreign service. The penalty was death for those who enlisted, for those who enrolled them, and for those who harboured either. In 1745 Irishmen serving abroad were disabled from holding lands or goods in Ireland or from having any interest in them[11].

" Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects," George II is alleged to have said in reference to the gallantry of the Brigade at Fontenoy. The way to prevent some part, at least, of the deprivation was found by throwing down the barriers to the enlistment of " any natives of this kingdom " in the British army and by permitting the British regiments on the Irish establishment to beat up for Irish recruits. This was done formally in 1762, although for some years prior to that date it is clear that a relaxation of the prohibition against Catholic recruits had been tacitly anticipated in some regiments.[12] Five years later the 2nd Horse, which had been stationed in the country since 1714 as a purely English regiment, was, to give one example of what followed, entirely composed of Irishmen.[13] It was as yet too soon, however, to think of new regiments openly recruited

from Catholics, and a proposal to raise six such regiments for British service in Portugal in 1762 was defeated.[14] That was to come later. It came when in the Catholic regiments, like the Connaught Rangers raised in 1793, and in practically every unit in the British army Catholic Irishmen rendered long and faithful service to the Union to which so many of their countrymen, and no doubt a great part of these soldiers themselves, were in their hearts opposed. It is ironic, or perhaps again merely a symptom of the change that had appeared in the Irish outlook, that the period when more Irishmen than ever before wore red coats—that is, served as soldiers in the British army—should have been that also which saw the emergence of the green coat as the ideal Irish soldier's garb.

Meanwhile, the Volunteer corps known to history as Grattan's Volunteers sprang into sudden prominence. In the Indian Summer of the older Ireland the attempt to satisfy national aspirations under Anglo-Irish leadership was made and failed. Unfortunately, no list of these Volunteer corps which is even nearly complete has so far been published. In so far as their uniforms are concerned, however, MacNevin's lists may be taken as a fair guide.[15] He mentions the colour of the uniform coat of 235 of the corps and other units. Of these, 179, horse and foot alike, chose red. Blue coats were a poor second, being chosen by 40 corps, and some of these were artillery, who doubtless selected blue because it was the British army artillery colour. There are only twelve green-coated corps; two wore white, and one each buff and grey.

But this, as it was the last effort of Anglo-Irish patriots to function as politicians without securing the support of the masses, was also the last occasion when the red coat was associated with a patriotic cause. In 1792 some of the few remaining members of the then moribund Volunteer corps wore what Tone describes as "national (green) cockades," thus associating themselves as they moved off the scene with the emergence of a new colour and the birth of a new cause.

IV

Wolfe Tone in his younger days thought that there was nothing so fitting to set up a gallant young man as "a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulettes."[16] He speedily changed his mind. Neither the Irish Militia, raised in 1793, nor—still less—the Yeomanry Corps, first constituted in 1796, made the British red coat popular in the Irish countryside. The militia, who were largely Catholic, were popular enough before 1798. During the rebellion they gave a remarkable proof of the power of discipline; they stood firm even against their fellow religionists and surprised everybody by contributing more than any other element in Britain's forces to the suppression of the revolt. Their soldierly qualities compelled admiration, even from the nationalists, and O'Connell later referred to them as "Ireland's native army". Twenty or more years after their dis-

bandment, old militiamen in Co. Tyrone were still " wearing out " their scarlet regimentals as their everyday attire for work in the fields. One doubts if such discarded uniforms could have been put to a similar use in the south of Ireland. The Yeomanry were a partisan body almost from the beginning. Miles Byrne's father, when he heard that Miles had joined a Yeomanry corps, said that he would rather see his son dead than wearing a red coat.[17] It was a sentiment that hardened among the people as time went on.

" Green," says Charles Jackson, the loyalist prisoner in Wexford in 1798 who wrote an account of his " sufferings and escape," " has been adopted as an emblem by the Irish rebels with a reference to the trefoil, or shamrock ".[18] There are many other contemporary references to the display of green by the insurgents : green articles of clothing, green flags, green boughs over their house doors. Green, says Miles Byrne, was their " favourite colour," and Cloney agrees. Rebel sympathisers in Ballitore, near Athy, went from house to house collecting any articles of green cloth that they could find.[19] Jackson was not the only writer who felt it necessary to explain this sudden outburst of green by saying that the insurgents had " adopted " it. Gordon, who spoke from personal experience in north Wexford, says that it " had been adopted by the Irish malcontents as the revolutionary colour "—and adds : " in imitation of the shamrock ".[20]

The green flag with a yellow harp, the banner which appeared everywhere in insurgent hands in 1798, is as a national flag at least as old as 1642.[21] This in itself is sufficient to show that green was looked upon in some quarters as the national colour long before its '98 " adoption ". There is no doubt, however, that '98 and the years preceding it did see its first widespread use as a colour indicating nationalist sympathies. And with the use of green for 'kerchiefs and flags and sashes emerged the green coat for the soldier.

Tone tells us that when Hamilton Rowan's National Guard or National Battalion was mooted in November, 1792, it was at first proposed to clothe them in a " cheap uniform of coarse blue cloth, ticken trousers, and felt hats." The blue was, apparently, in imitation of their French exemplars. The colour of their coats was, however, subsequently changed to green, but since the corps was never able to parade in public it is doubtful if the coats were ever made up.[22]

Beginning with Tone's proposal to the French in 1796, we have a whole series of references to the Irish uniform as adopted by the United Irishmen. Tone proposed that the Irish soldiers from the British army who were prisoners in France should be formed into a hussar corps to accompany the Bantry Bay expedition. " They should be," he says, " as an Irish corps in green jackets, with green feathers."[23] Curiously enough, one of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's suits of " rebel uniform," found at Murphy's after his arrest, appears also to have been of the hussar type.

The idea of leadership of a dashing squadron of light or irregular horse appears to have captured Lord Edward's mind, as it did Tone's—and as it did, one remembers, the romantic mind of the invalid Robert Louis Stevenson. One of Lord Edward's suits consisted of a green tail coat " gimpt or braided down the front, with crimson or rose-colour cuffs and cape," vest and pantaloons. The other, the hussar one, had a jacket, a pair of overalls faced with black leather, and a cap which was regarded as a most extraordinary item of headgear by those contemporaries who attempted to describe it. One of these calls it " curious " ; another says that it was " a cap of liberty two feet long " ; a third says that it was " of a very fanciful description ". Moore calls it " a handsome military cap, of a conical form ". None of these writers recognised it for what it was, the early form of hussar cap or cylindrical shako worn by the hussars in some Continental armies, and worn for some time in the British army in the early years of the nineteenth century. It was of green and crimson—the lower part green, the lining of the long " wing " crimson.[24]

The arrest of the leaders and the failure of the planned rebellion sent the insurgents into the field with little opportunity to make arrangements regarding uniform. Still, even where, as in Wexford, the revolt was more a spontaneous outburst of an enraged people than a planned movement, efforts were made to show the green coat of the United men in the face of the foe.

Matthew Keogh, insurgent governor of Wexford, wore, we are told, a uniform of " green and gold," with a cocked hat trimmed with gold lace. Dick Monk had " a light horseman's jacket of green . . . . with silver lace cross-banded in front ; pantaloons to match, with silver seams ; and a green helmet-cap, with a white ostrich feather across the top ". Again the dashing cavalryman touch. The other Wexford leaders were content either with epaulettes worn over their civilian or, according to the contemporary phrase, " coloured " clothes, or with green sashes or cockades. Bagenal Harvey wore silver epaulettes. Edward Roche appears first at the battle of Three Rock in the red coat of the Yeomanry corps to which he belonged ; later we find that he has discarded his uniform and is seen in Wexford in his ordinary clothes, but with the addition of gold epaulettes. Many others, including Perry, saw nothing incongruous in wearing their Yeomanry uniforms (or part of them) or in sporting items of captured military uniform. Holt wore a cavalryman's helmet with his ordinary clothes. Matthew Doyle of Arklow had a red sash. Some leaders whose names are unspecified wore green spencers, or short coats, articles of civilian attire which did duty as uniform.

Both in Wexford and the midlands some of the rank and file of the insurgents wore bands of white paper round their hats. Cruikshank, in his beautifully drawn but malicious illustrations in Maxwell's history of the rebellion, shows these hat bands. Fancifully one might suggest a

lingering tradition of the white cockade to account for this feature ; but, unless further evidence is unearthed, it would remain a fancy. The new rather than the old France was the inspiration of those insurgents in Wexford town whose hat bands were green with the lettering " Liberty and Equality " in silver in front. Others again, in the same place, had green bands with the badge of the United Irishmen : a harp in gold and the inscription " Erin go Braugh."

What were evidently, in the light of what we know of Emmet's uniform, the full United Irish regimentals were worn in Co. Down at the battle of Saintfield. Here, we are told, insurgent leaders wore green jackets, some of them faced with white, some yellow, white vests, buckskin breeches, half boots and hats with white feathers and green cockades.[25] If this uniform sounds familiar to us it is because it was that much later adopted by the Irish National Foresters, or perhaps because it may be seen in the popular prints of Robert Emmet which remain, relics of an older generation, in so many of our Irish parlours. Emmet, thorough in most of his preparations, did not neglect to provide uniforms of the United Irishmen pattern for the leaders of his revolt in 1803. Much evidence was given at his trial regarding them. His own uniform, which he wore in Thomas Street when he headed the revolt and later on his journey into the Dublin mountains, consisted of a dark green tail coat with gold lace on the sleeves, button holes and skirts and gold epaulettes, a white waistcoat, white cloth pantaloons, a black stock, a sash and a cocked hat with a white feather. His companions had similar attire, but with only one epaulette on their coats ; Quigley's hat had a white feather, Stafford's a green one. We are told that Emmet sent into Wicklow a green coat with large epaulettes for Michael Dwyer and others with small epaulettes for Dwyer's companions.[26]

V

The green coat had come to stay. No Irish nationalist movement of the last century neglected to honour the green rebel flag of '98 ; no revolutionary movement was without its green coat ; and in the minds of our people no true Irish soldier could be or ever was clad in any colour but green. Green coats were supplied by the popular imagination for Sarsfield's men, green cloaks for Brian Boru and Hugh O'Neill.

The new national uniform received recognition in France at the beginning of the century, when the members of Napoleon's Irish Legion, who fought so hard for the Empire but were denied an opportunity of fighting for Ireland, were attired in a variation of the United Irishmen dress. At first, it was intended that their green coats should be faced with crimson or purple—one is reminded here of Lord Edward's uniforms—but yellow, described as " the second national colour," perhaps because it was the colour of the harp on the flag, was substituted. The corps was composed

almost entirely of Poles and men of other nationalities, but the officers were Irish almost to a man. These officers had in 1810 a green coat faced with yellow, a white waistcoat and breeches, black half boots and a handsome shako with a dark red plume.

Miles Byrne, a distinguished soldier of the Legion, tells an interesting story of its green flag and uniform, a story that epitomises the change in Irish sentiments as it was reflected among the Irish exiles. He says that an old officer of Walsh's regiment of the then defunct Irish Brigade wrote disparagingly to a friend of the " shabby appearance " of the Legion—which was to him, no doubt, an upstart formation. A brother officer of Byrne's took up the challenge and wrote a reply. The green uniform, said he, was a matter of taste, and Byrne quotes him: " We Irish patriots preferred it because it was green, the colour cherished in our native land, and our own adoption. (It was) preferable to the ' Stuart livery,' now so stigmatised and disgraced in the ranks of the English army." Only twelve years intervened between the disbandment of the Brigade and the formation of the Legion, but they represented different worlds. In France the Revolution lay between them, in Ireland the rebellion and the beginnings of a new nationalism.[27]

Even Daniel O'Connell, who was (one might almost say as every schoolboy knows) averse to military movements among his countrymen, paid his respects to the green garb. He wore the uniform of the '82 Club, later to be mentioned. Further, he was presented at his Mullaghmast meeting with a green cap, which he subsequently wore with enthusiasm. This was the cap which some of his followers attempted to constitute as a national headgear, and of which some most inferior replicas were made and worn. The original from which Henry MacManus drew the design was what Gavan Duffy describes as " the old Milesian crown," a fictitious object dear to the hearts of O'Connell's contemporaries.[28]

It is well known that the members of the '82 Club of the early eighteen-forties hoped that one day their uniform of green tail-coat and green trousers and cap, all decorated with gold lace, would become that of a national army.[29] The ill-starred National Guard, the second abortive Irish organisation of the name, would perhaps have worn it had it reached the stage of uniforms. It would at the present day make a more fitting officers' dress uniform than the Ruritanian ensemble that is worn. O'Connell, Davis, Mitchel, Meagher, Smith O'Brien, Dillon and Gavan Duffy were among the members of the Club. The uniform followed the contemporary model of officers' attire in the British and other armies, and in 1846 its military appearance was added to by giving the cap a black leather peak. It is not so well known that those members of the Club who took part in the 1848 rising attempted to carry their purpose regarding the uniform into effect by donning it for what they hoped would be the field of action. With it appeared the green and orange sashes, which

marked, with the tricolour flag so much displayed earlier in the year, the introduction of a new symbolism of the union of north and south.

Smith O'Brien wore his Club cap, with the 1846 peak, at Ballingarry and is shown wearing it in a contemporary print. Meagher wore his at Slievenamon and again on his journey from Waterford to Callan after the abortive rising had begun. Doheny, who must have made a gallant figure, appeared in the full Club regimentals and riding on a chestnut charger at the Slievenamon meeting. A contemporary newspaper man refers to his dress as " a most showy military costume, green and gold ".[30]

After all this, it would be surprising if the tradition of the green coat were not continued by the Fenians in 1867. The only evidences of uniform, apart from green and white feathers in the hat, sashes, and in one case a green pouch, which a lengthy search of records of the Fenian rising has produced are references to the green and gold. A Fenian leader in Cork is described as having worn a green coat, a sash, a cap and a black belt. Another, in Limerick, had a " shabby green uniform " of jacket and trousers and " a cap with a French peak ". Colonel Dunne, also in Limerick, wore " a green frock coat with brass buttons " and a low-crowned soft hat with a feather which some witnesses described as green, others as white.[31]

Irishmen serving in their own units in foreign armies had no opportunity of wearing the Irish green coat after the disbandment of the Irish Legion on the downfall of the first French Empire. The 1,100 or so Irish soldiers of the Battalion of St. Patrick in the Papal army of 1860 came nearest of the later Irish units to the " wearing of the green ". A green zouave uniform was designed for the Battalion, but there is no evidence that more than a few specimens were made up or that the uniform was worn in action. These Irish Papal soldiers fought either in cast-off Austrian uniforms of a blue tunic and red breeches or in the " rough frieze coats in which they had left Ireland ".[32] The Irish regiments in the American Civil War wore either the Federal blue or the Confederate grey. Captain Kirwan's Irish Company of the French Foreign Legion in the Franco-Prussian war was clothed as a French unit. The Irish Brigades with the Boers in South Africa wore what the Boers wore, their everyday garb, in which the slouch hat was the only " uniform " feature.

The Irish section of the British Company in the Greek Foreign Legion, which served in the short war between Greece and Turkey in 1897, wore a uniform that was green but not Irish. They, in common with all the soldiers of the Legion, had dark green caps, tunics and trousers, all faced and piped with crimson.[33] Two earlier Irish units, the dragoon regiments of Mahony and Crofton in the Spanish army, raised respectively in 1703 and 1705, similarly wore green coats. They did so, however, because green was the uniform colour of all the Spanish dragoon regiments.[34]

VI

To come to our own time, one has not so far seen the question answered whether the Irish Citizen Army or the Irish Volunteers was the first to parade in uniform. Both organisations were busying themselves with questions of uniform in the early part of 1914. Both chose green as their uniform colour, the Irish Citizen Army a green which, though much darker than that of the Volunteers, was still several shades lighter than the Rifle green of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Before the first Citizen Army suits of green serge, with which the green slouch hat, black belt and white haversack were worn, appeared on the streets, the rank and file of the force wore light blue armlets with the letters " I.C.A.," the officers armlets of crimson.[35]

The Irish Volunteers in their choice of a uniform colour combined the idea of the green coat and the then relatively modern idea of a dress which would act as camouflage. In this way was our present army cloth introduced, although it has gone through some slight variations in shade since its introduction. Britain, the U.S.A. and other countries have departed altogether from the traditional colour of their soldiers' coats in their service dress. In many cases it was, of course, necessary for them to do so. We were fortunate in that green, which it would be highly pedantic not to call traditional, could be so readily adapted to service requirements.

It was proposed early in 1914 that the different Volunteer regiments which it was intended to form should have each of them uniform facings of a distinctive colour.[36] In the event, only two facing colours seem to have been used, green of a darker shade than the coat for the infantry and blue for the small complement of cavalry. The National Volunteers retained the uniform of the body from which they separated. Casement's Irish Brigade adopted uniforms of a distinctly Prussian appearance, but of a shade only varying slightly from what we might call our " field green ".

A century and a half has elapsed since 1798 when, as we have seen, our green coat first appeared in the field. Teeling speaks of the feeling of terror produced in the people of the defenceless countryside during the rising by the appearance in the distance of red-coated troops. If the French had landed with the Irish Brigade in their van half a century earlier, a line of scarlet clad figures advancing over the fields would have meant the homecoming of an Irish army.

G. A. Hayes-McCoy

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[1] Lord Deputy Russell to Burghley, June 4, 1595—Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1592–96, p. 322.

[2] C.C.P. Lawson—" A History of the Uniforms of the British Army," Vol. 1, p. 9.

[3] Contemporary references quoted by J. C. Walker—" Historical Essay on the Dress of the Irish," (edition 1818) pp. 39, 94 f.

[4] " The Journal of John Stevens," edit. Murray, pp. 214 ff.

[5] D. C. Boulger—" The Battle of the Boyne," p. 216.

[6] *Ibid., loc. cit.*

[7] F. H. Skrine—" Fontenoy and the War of the Austrian Succession," p. 374.

[8] C. Oman—" Irish Troops in the Service of Spain," in Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, Vol. LXIII (1918), pp. 6 f. Clonard—" Historia Organic de las Armas de Infanteria y Caballeria Españolas," Vol. VI, pp. 78 f ; Vol. X., pp. 137 ff.

[9] General Arthur Dillon's " Historical Notes on the Services of the Irish Officers in the French Army," translated J. P. Leonard, p. 75.

[10] C. Forman—" A Letter to Sir Robert Sutton for disbanding the Irish Regiments in the service of France and Spain," p. 17.

[11] 11 Geo. II, chapter 7, and 19 Geo. II, chapter 7.

[12] J. C. O'Callaghan—" History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France " (1870 edn.), pp. 608 f.

[13] R. L. Pomeroy—" The Story of a Regiment of Horse," Vol. I, pp. 79 f.

[14] O'Callaghan, *op. cit.*, pp. 598 f.

[15] T. MacNevin—" The History of the Volunteers of 1782."

[16] Autobiography of T. W. Tone, edited O'Brien, Vol. I., p. 10.

[17] M. Byrne—" Memoirs " Vol. I., p. 3.

[18] C. Jackson—" Narrative," p. 19.

[19] Leadbeater Papers, Vol. I, p. 221. Byrne, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 69. T. Cloney—" Personal Narrative," p. 24.

[20] Gordon—" History of the Rebellion of 1798," p. 68.

[21] Historical MSS. Commission, Report on Franciscan MSS., 1906, p. 208.

[22] Autobiography of T. W. Tone, Vol. I, pp. 155 ff. G. Taylor—" History of the Rebellion," p. 14. Gordon, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

[23] Autobiography, Vol. II, p. 52.

[24] Auckland Correspondence, Vol. III, p. 415. T. Moore—" Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," Vol., II, p. 84. R. Musgrave—" Memoirs of the Different Rebellions in Ireland," p. 208. R. R. Madden—" United Irishmen," 2 series (1858), p. 414. For an illustration of the British counterpart, see Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research, Vol. XX., p. 63.

[25] Authorities for evidences of uniform in 1798 are :—C. Jackson, *op. cit.*, pp. 19, 40f. J. Jones—" Impartial Narrative," pp. 60 ff. Croker—" Researches in the South of Ireland," p. 365. Cloney, *op. cit.*, p. 20. Trial of William Byrne, pp. 8, 14, 22. M. Byrne, *op. cit.*, Vol. I., p. 114. J. Holt—" Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 112. Lecky—" History of Ireland in the 18th Century," Vol. IV., pp. 336, 377, 424.

[26] W. Ridgeway—" Report of the Proceedings in Cases of High Treason, 1803," Vol. II., pp. 25, 43 ff, 58, 67. C. Dickson—" Life of Michael Dwyer," pp. 231, 233.

[27] Letter of T. A. Emmet to MacNeven, Jan. 21, 1804, printed in T. A. Emmet—" Memoir of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet," Vol. I., p. 385. Miles Byrne—" Memoirs," Vol. II., pp. 32, 282.

[28] C. G. Duffy—" Young Ireland," p. 130. O'Connell is shown wearing this cap in the sculptured head at the entrance to St. James's church, Dublin.

[29] C. M. Kelly—" The '82 Club," in *Studies*, Vol. XXXIII., p. 259.

[30] " Irish Felon," July 22, 1848, p. 70. " Illustrated London News," Aug. 5, 1848, p. 69. Rev. P. Fitzgerald—" Confederates of '48," p. 21. M. Cavanagh—" Memoirs of T. F. Meagher," p. 238.

[31] Reports of Proceedings at the Special Commissions (1867), Cork and Limerick, pp. 257, 471, 496, 527, 697, 702.

[32] G. Berkeley—" The Irish Battalion in the Papal Army of 1860," pp. 34, 165, 221.

[33] Information from J. A. O'Sullivan, Esq., Dublin, who served in the Company.

[34] Marquis MacSwiney—" The First Two Irish Regiments in the service of Spain," in Journal of Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, Vol. LVII., pp. 7 ff.

[35] R. M. Fox—" History of the Irish Citizen Army," pp. 67 f.

[36] " The Irish Volunteer," May 23, 1914, p. 15.

A VISIT TO BERLIN

BY FREDERICK C. COPLESTON, S.J.

I HAVE just enjoyed reading Ethel Mannin's *German Journey*.[1] The book gives a clear and vivid impression of Germany at the time when Miss Mannin visited it. If the subject of food looms large, that is only right; no one who has been in post-war Germany would expect anything else, unless he or she were particularly unintelligent or insensitive. Miss Mannin, needless to say, is neither unintelligent nor insensitive: she kept her eyes and ears open, contacted as many Germans as she could, and was emotionally alive to the privations and sufferings she witnessed. Those who do not know post-war Germany will be interested in the author's entertaining account of her journey, while those who have been in Germany since the war will probably find occasion to chuckle sympathetically over certain of her experiences, which will recall memories of their own.

I

German Journey was written in the summer of 1947; but in a Foreword, dated May 1948, Miss Mannin observes that reports from Germany indicate no material change in the conditions. This was true enough at the time the Foreword was written; but the currency reform has certainly brought an immense improvement. It has, of course, caused certain hardships; that was, I suppose, inevitable. Last June I went on a rather hurried lecturing tour in Bavaria, together with Father W. Ardagh, O.P., and I very quickly realised how difficult many university students were finding it to pay for their studies at the university. On the other hand, when I took part in a university vacation course at Cologne (July 19th to August 8th) I was greatly struck by the marked improvement in conditions in comparison with the conditions which prevailed during my visit to the British Zone in the summer of 1947. It is true that the meat ration was still negligible; but potatoes and vegetables were plentiful, and the rations allowed on paper were obtainable in fact. One no longer saw people hanging on to the outside of trains as they crowded out to the country in the endeavour to obtain a few potatoes; and cigarettes, though still the ordinary form of tipping, had greatly decreased in value. People tended to smoke the cigarettes they were given rather than to put them aside to act as currency. Another result of the fact that the German mark had at last some real value was that the shops were full of goods. There was naturally some anxiety as to whether these improved conditions would last, for the goods which suddenly appeared in the shops

[1] London: Jarrolds. 1948. Pp. 168. Price 12s. 6d. net.

after the currency reform were largely goods already in stock, and the question remained to be answered whether industry would revive sufficiently to enable the flow of goods to be maintained.

None the less the Germans were obviously much happier than they had been a few months before, and there was a very marked decrease in the expressions of self-pity which one had heard on all hands a year before. The university students, with whom I came most in contact, certainly found great difficulty in paying for their upkeep and studies unless they happened to have rich parents; but something at least was being done to help them. For instance banks and offices in Cologne had offered temporary posts to students for the summer vacation, so that they could earn the money necessary to maintain themselves at the university. Whether conditions will continue to improve; whether industry will revive and unemployment be averted; whether prices will rise so high that most people will be unable to buy the goods in the shops—these are questions which I cannot answer. But I can affirm that life in the British Zone (and the same holds good of course, of the American Zone) became far easier and more tolerable after the currency reform, particularly as far as food is concerned. That is not to say that life is "normal" as regards food, still less as regards housing conditions; but the food conditions described by Miss Mannin were not those prevailing in the British Zone when I visited it this summer, even though there is admittedly great room for further improvement. It does not follow, however, that *German Journey* is to be dismissed as out of date: in some respects, housing for example, conditions have scarcely altered; and in any case the book remains a valuable document by a sensitive eye-witness. Nothing can alter the fact that conditions a short time ago were as the author describes them; and if they have improved in important respects since the book was written Miss Mannin would be the first to rejoice.

II

It was while I was at Cologne that a representative of H.M. Foreign Office invited me to visit Berlin in September. At the moment I was rather hesitant about accepting, as I had got to that stage of my sojourn in Germany when one feels that one must at all costs return to one's own country or at least get out of Germany; but I am exceedingly glad that I did accept. Berlin is one of the most interesting cities in the world at the present moment, and even in a short visit one can learn a lot. In this article I propose to record some of the impressions I received and some of the information I was given; but I ought perhaps to mention first that I went to Berlin in order to give some lectures on philosophy, and my chief interest was in the university life of the city.

Before visiting Berlin I had formed a very exaggerated picture of

conditions in the former German capital. This was only natural, as one reads of " incidents " in the newspapers and tends to think that such incidents represent the normal life of the city. In a sense, of course, they do, for such incidents would be impossible in most other capital cities; but I was surprised to find that I could wander where I liked without let or hindrance—provided, of course, that I did not attempt to leave the city itself and enter the Soviet Zone without a permit. I entered the Soviet Sector several times during my visit and went where I wished to go without the slightest difficulty : never did I have to show a passport or permit. If one were so curious as to join a group of black marketeers or so indiscreet as to get caught in a scuffle, one would naturally run the risk of being arrested along with the others ; but I never felt, when in the Soviet Sector, that I was in any particular danger. It is, indeed, fairly obvious, once one has been in Berlin, that entry to the Soviet Sector of the city presents no difficulty or major danger ; but the newspaper reader abroad may easily get the impression that if one puts a foot on the Soviet side of the Potsdamer Platz, one is in imminent risk of being dragged off to confinement.

But there can be no doubt whatsoever as to the attitude of most of the citizens of Berlin towards the Russians : the truth is that most Berliners detest the Russians. Memories of the looting and raping which took place at the " liberation " are still vivid, and the possibility that such happenings would recur, if the western allies were to withdraw, helps to keep these memories alive. Nor, of course, have the Soviet-inspired kidnappings of Germans helped to endear the Russians to the inhabitants of Berlin. But here again exaggeration is possible. It would be incorrect to suppose that Russian soldiers go about the Soviet Sector looting and raping ; as far as I know, they do not do so and are not allowed to do so. But these things have occurred and they might occur again. It is useless to say, as an excuse for the raping, that British and American soldiers get what they want by paying for it : if one uses one's imagination and looks at the matter from the feminine point of view one will quickly see the difference. It may be said that not all Russians are monsters, and I quite agree ; in fact when surveying parties of Russian soldiers near the Brandenburger Tor my mental comment was much the same as that of Miss Mannin's Corporal driver on an analogous occasion : " quite nice kids ! " But it is easy to understand the attitude of the Berliners to the Russians ; they fear and dislike them, and the stock of the western Allies has gone up in proportion. No doubt the citizens would prefer to have their city to themselves ; but, as it is, there is no doubt which they prefer, the Russians or the western Allies. Moreover, they are certainly not unappreciative of the work done by the British and Americans in feeding the western Sectors.

We are not infrequently told that the Social Democrats are Marxists.

I cannot say in what precise sense and to what precise extent this is true; but I received the impression that, whereas the older members are generally indifferent to religion, there are Christians to be found among the younger members. In any case one cannot, a priest informed me, call the Social Democrats of western Berlin anti-Christian, in the sense of being positively hostile to religion; but one would have to add, however that the Party is not in favour of confessional schools. The modern German Socialist is not a Marxist in the sense of being a totalitarian, and he is no less hostile to the Soviet régime than the Christian Democrat. I attended a meeting of the City Council in the British Sector and heard a speech by a leading Social Democrat which expressed an unbending hostility towards the Communist Party. By no stretch of the imagination could one call Dr. Reuter, for example, or Dr. Neumann a "fellow-traveller". In the Soviet Sector, as in the Soviet Zone, a fusion of the Social Democrat Party with the Communist Party has been enforced; but the Social Democrats of the western Sectors, as of the western Zones, have rejected any such fusion, and they have committed themselves so deeply to an anti-Communist policy that there can be no doubt what their fate would be, were the Russians to gain control over the whole city.

III

The lectures on philosophy which I gave to mixed audiences of students and general public were delivered at the British Information Centre in the Kurfürstendamm. At this Centre lectures are given for all Germans (and others) who care to attend; exhibitions of pictures and so on are arranged; free cinema shows are given; and there is a fine reading-room where Germans can see British papers and periodicals of all shades. I noticed that the *Tablet*, for instance, was available. At a lecture on Existentialism, which attracted a large audience, a Communist professor from the university in the Russian Sector acted as chairman. Someone had warned me beforehand that I must be prepared for being called a reactionary in philosophy or even a "Fascist"; but in point of fact the chairman was perfectly polite and friendly. He had suffered a great deal under the Nazis and during the war he had been, I think, in England. He hinted, indeed, that in spite of my criticisms of existentialism, or of certain features of it, I was still too sympathetic for his liking; but the suggestion, which he had every right to make if he felt so inclined, was made with perfect courtesy and tact. I have come across one or two German professors who were far from being Communists but who were certainly not distinguished for tact.

Each of the four Powers, I believe, maintains the equivalent of the British Information Centre. The Russian equivalent, which is situated in the Unter den Linden, is called the Haus der Kultur. It is well

arranged; but I cannot say that I was favourably impressed when I visited it one afternoon. The style of propaganda, the cartoons, the rooms devoted to the life of Stalin and Lenin reminded me of the Nazi propaganda of past times, just as the Communist demonstration in the Soviet Sector, which was a counterblast to the great demonstration at the Brandenburger Tor, seemed to me a shabby replica of the type of demonstration favoured by the Nazis. In the Haus der Kultur there was an exhibition of Soviet art from Moscow, which seemed to me to be scarcely worth the trouble of transportation; but I am not a competent art critic and may be doing the artists an injustice. In any case it would be quite incorrect to draw the conclusion that the Russian Authorities are not concerned with the artistic side of cultural life: on the contrary, about the only people, besides Communist politicians, who find the Russians at all forthcoming, are artists

Sometimes this enthusiasm for art leads to somewhat comical incidents. The story goes that a certain singer was sentenced to be shot as he was supposed, erroneously, to be a Nazi criminal. He protested that he had had nothing to do with politics; he had been an artist. "What sort of an artist?" "A singer." "Very well, then sing!" He sang, and the result was that he was told he was free. A young singer told me himself that, having been turned off the train to Berlin by Russian officials, he was immediately told to get on it again when he divulged the fact that he was a singer who wished to return to his work in the city. No doubt there is an ineradicable side of the Russian temperament which finds its expression in the opera and ballet, and which cannot be suppressed by all the attempts to make the Russians machine-minded.

IV

I turn now to the university life of Berlin. But first of all I should like to say that in my four visits to Germany since the war I have met a considerable number of professors and students in universities situated in different parts of Germany, and I have been very much impressed by the welcome and consideration with which I have been met. The vast majority of the German professors I have contacted have been cultured, courteous and friendly men; and I have thoroughly enjoyed my contacts with both professors and students. I have, as I indicated earlier, met one or two of the self-opinionated brand of professor; but as far as my experience goes such men are in the minority. I cannot subscribe to the idea that the German professor is characterised by arrogance and tactlessness; nor to the idea that the German youth is corrupted through and through. My experience does not allow me to accept any such notion. Nor has the fact that I am a Catholic priest and a Jesuit made any particular difference to the friendliness of my reception as far as I could see. I shall never forget the welcome I received at the predomi-

nantly Protestant university of Erlangen, where I had a very large and obviously appreciative and attentive audience for a lecture on contemporary British philosophy. Nor can I forget the real friendliness and hospitality of a non-Catholic professor of Bonn university, whose subject is very far removed from mine. And these are simply isolated examples.

At the close of the war it was proposed to put all the Colleges of university rank in Berlin under quadripartite control; but the Russians insisted on maintaining unilateral control over the university of Berlin, now known as the Humboldt university, which lies in their Sector. The British accordingly assumed control over the Technische Hochschule, now the Technical University, which is in the British Sector. The Academy for Music and the Academy for Fine Arts are in the British Sector, while the Academy for Applied Art is in the Russian Sector. The Pedagogical Academy or Teachers' Training College is situated mainly, though not entirely, in the Russian Sector. In the Humboldt university there are, I think, about 6,000 students, while in the technical university there are about 2,500 students. At present there is a difference of opinion among the Allies on the question whether it would be better to build up the technical university into a fully-formed university by the addition of faculties (the existing faculties are those of general science, architecture, civil engineering and mechanical engineering) or to erect a new university for western Berlin in addition to the technical university. For my part I have no doubt that the first plan is by far the best. It would be extremely wasteful to attempt the foundation of an entirely new university, and it would be very difficult to obtain suitable professors and lecturers. If a number of Berlin professors went to the universities of western Germany when the conditions there were extremely bad, they are not likely to return to Berlin at a time when conditions in western Germany have greatly improved, whereas Berlin is a beleagued city. And it would not be easy to find a sufficient number of younger men to staff a new university, if that university were to be worthy of the German university tradition. One can see why some people favour the idea of a new university for western Berlin; but to my mind the idea is, in itself, a foolish idea. And the responsible British educational authorities whom I met seemed to think so too.[1]

Apart from the fact that there is no faculty of philosophy at the technical university, the students were on vacation at the time I was in Berlin or they were working—at the airports, for example—in order to earn money for the coming semester. However, through the good offices of Dr. Stark, an extremely obliging and helpful lecturer at the technical

[1] As in the case of Miss Mannin's book, history has moved on since this article was written, and a "Free University" has been founded in the American Sector. Apparently a number of Germans desired and secured this foundation. But my opinion remains unaltered.

university, I was able to spend an evening with a group of professors. On another occasion I was able to meet a professor of the Humboldt university and some students. I also found opportunity to talk to a group of post-graduates at a room in the Soviet Sector on the intellectual life of Catholics in England. It may perhaps be as well to point out that neither the Humboldt university nor the technical university draw their students exclusively from the Sectors in which they respectively stand. It would be a mistake to suppose that all the students of the Humboldt university come from the Soviet Sector, and it would be a still greater mistake to suppose that they are all Communists, in spite of the fact that there is an oral examination at entry, at which the question of political views is apt to be raised.

On the general subject of Communist control of the Humboldt university it can be said that the process of " Communization " is a gradual one. For instance, non-Communist professors are not deprived of their chairs simply for the fact of not being Communists ; but professors and lecturers have to submit their lecture programmes for the semester to censorship. Needless to say, they have to be careful what they say in lectures if they wish to avoid being informed against by spies. Again, if they publish their books with a publishing house situated in the Russian Sector or Zone, the books will be subject to censorship. In addition, professors who are not considered idealogically satisfactory find themselves getting smaller and more infrequent food supplements from the Russian Authorities. As to the students, there is, in theory, no ideological test for entry to the university or for taking a degree, and doubtless many students who are strongly opposed to Communism succeed in completing their university course ; but if a student is known to be strongly anti-Communist he may find difficulty in entering the university or in completing his studies. In any case he has to be careful what he says in public. I was told that there are informers even among the students, though I was not in a position to check up on this.

The Catholic university students of the city are under the spiritual direction of the students' chaplain, Father von Hulsen. They are organised in groups, the city being divided for that purpose into northern, eastern, southern, western and central sections. Each group has its own priest director and meets once a week. Themes are selected for consideration at these meetings, and Father von Hulsen told me that the theme selected is generally anthropological in character : " Man in Christ," for example, or " Man and Society". One day in the week is kept free from local group meetings and is reserved for a general meeting. There is also a general Mass once a week, on a weekday, and on one Sunday of each month. The numbers attending these general meetings and general Masses vary considerably and are not as a rule very great, owing to the distances to be covered by many students and the difficulties of

transport. After 6.0 p.m. only the Stadtbahn or Metropolitan railway is running, and in any case travel to the place of meeting may take more time than many students can afford. However, I was told that not long ago there was a gathering of some 2,000 at Grünewald, at which the Cardinal said Mass.

One certainly must not omit to mention the work of the Katholisches Bildungswerk, the director of which is Dr. Bernhard Stasiewski. The Bildungswerk is a kind of People's College which arranges lectures and courses for adult education all over Berlin. About 120 people give their services as lecturers at more or less regular intervals and there are, Dr. Stasiewski told me, about 6,000 members. The subjects treated include theology, liturgical themes, philosophy, literature, Christian social teaching and other topics. Lectures within the framework of the Bildungswerk are given in all four Sectors of the city, programmes are published and the lectures and courses are advertised.

V

As to schools, all children must attend the elementary school or Volksschule from the age of 6 until they are 10; and those children who do not then go on to a secondary school must remain at the elementary school until they are 14. Children who go on to the Oberschule or secondary grammar school are supposed to remain there until they are 18, though in point of fact a number of children leave school at an earlier age for economic reasons. If children proceed from the elementary school to the Mittelschule or secondary modern school, which has a commercial or practical colouring, they are supposed to remain there until they are 16. But those boys and girls who leave school before the age of 18 have to attend a vocational or Berufsschule for eight hours a week until they are 18 years old or have become apprentices. There are also Berufsfachschulen, which boys and girls may attend from the age of 14 upwards. Full-time attendance at these schools takes the place of apprenticeship. Pupils who are already 18 and who wish to have a full-time technical training can attend the Höhere Fachschulen, of which there are four in the British Sector. In addition there are various types of infant schools which fall under the jurisdiction, not of the Education Department of the City Administration, but of the Welfare Department. There are also special schools for handicapped children. Finally each Bezirk or District of the city has a Volkshochschule, the director of which arranges evening classes and lectures for adult education. The fairly recent School Reform passed by the City Council provides for free education in all State schools, books being also free; but I am not sure of the extent to which this new provision has been implemented in practice.

The Nazis abolished the confessional schools and they have not been

revived in Berlin. Provision is made for religious instruction in the State elementary schools, unless the parents wish otherwise; but the religious bodies have to provide the instruction. The School Reform decreed that parents who wished their children to have religious instruction must make application in writing, the children being free to choose for themselves at the age of 14. This is certainly not a satisfactory arrangement from the Catholic point of view, and I think that I am right in saying that the provisions of the School Reform have been modified and that children receive religious instruction unless the parents object. But I have forgotten the correct details of this matter, and I may be mistaken. In any case religious instruction, that is to say what would here be called denominational instruction, is not excluded from the State elementary schools.

The City Council has certainly not shown itself in favour of private schools, and it made an attempt to abolish them. At the present moment permission is required to open new confessional schools. A few have indeed been recently opened without permission; but I do not yet know what decision has been taken in their regard. There are, however, some flourishing confessional secondary schools. The Jesuit College in the Tiergartenstrasse, for instance, which was suppressed by the Nazis and is now housed in the former administrative building of Krupp (presented to the Jesuits by the good offices of the British officials), has about 665 pupils. Next year there will be over 700 pupils, as it is only gradually regaining its full stature. This year there is no matriculation class, as the College has not yet caught up with the full range of classes since its re-opening. Schools like the Jesuit College enjoy full freedom; but they are not supported by the City. On one of my visits to this College I was able to speak to the boys of the upper forms on the Catholic Church in England. After the talk I invited questions, and I found that the English educational system, and in particular the new educational plan for England, was a subject in which both the masters and the older boys were interested.

VI

As this article is threatening to become far too long, I had better go on immediately to the subject of the Catholic Church in Berlin and in the diocese. Cardinal von Preysing, Bishop of Berlin, who is a most charming and friendly man, gave me the honour of an interview at his house, the interview lasting about an hour. I also had the privilege of an interview of about the same length with the Auxiliary Bishop of Berlin. The Cardinal is far from robust, and the Auxiliary Bishop makes the visitations in the diocese—which lies, of course, in the Soviet Zone. He told me that he has had no difficulty in making these visitations. The Bishop is energetic and optimistic and is evidently keen on maintaining good

relations with the Soviet Authorities. Both the Cardinal and the Auxiliary Bishop informed me that priests and religious can work without difficulty in the diocese and that there is no question of churches being shut or of priests being arrested because they are priests. The Bishop cited cases where he had obtained favourable decisions from high Soviet Authority when he wished to ensure that a procession or some public Catholic gathering in the diocese would meet with no interference from the local military commandant. He certainly gave me no reason to suppose that the Russians were conducting any persecution of the Church in his diocese or that there was any overt anti-God campaign. As I have said, he was most hopeful of what personal contact with the Russian Authorities could effect.

Perhaps I may be permitted some personal reflections on the relations between the Catholic Church and the Soviet Authorities. In the first place it is quite clear that there is no persecution in the diocese of Berlin, if by persecution one understands such acts as the shutting of churches and the arrest of priests for non-political activities. After all, no one is in a better position to know the facts than the Cardinal and his Auxiliary Bishop. It is sometimes said that there is no seminary in the dioceses of Berlin and Meissen, with the implication that the Russians have done away with the seminary. The fact is, however, that there never was a seminary. The students used to attend the theological faculty at Breslau (in Berlin there is only a Protestant faculty) and Breslau is now in the hands of the Poles and barred to Germans. Nor, of course, is open persecution an official Bolshevik method. The theory is that Christianity is an outmoded superstition which will die a natural death when people have been taught the mysteries and benefits of the internal combustion engine. One might express the matter thus: "Become air-minded and you will see that there is no God in heaven." But the German people are incomparably better educated than the Russian people; nor would anyone accuse them of lacking technical ability. My impression, for what it may be worth, is that intelligent Russians (and there are, of course, plenty of these) were somewhat surprised to find a socially active Church, with a highly educated and cultured clergy, which did not at all fit in with an idea of the Church founded on some knowledge, even if an inadequate knowledge, of the Tsarist Church and of the Russian village "pope". Adapting themselves to the situation, the Russians have hitherto pursued a more or less reasonable and moderate policy in regard to the Church. The confessional schools, suppressed by the Nazis, have not been restored in the Russian Zone, nor will they be as long as it is ruled by Communists; and the education question naturally causes deep concern in the minds of the ecclesiastical authorities. But all the same there is no positive persecution in the Soviet Zone of Germany, so far as I could make out.

But it does not follow, of course, that this state of things will endure. My impression is that the ordinary young Russians whom one finds in the army know practically nothing about Christianity, but that they cannot be called positively anti-Christian, in the sense of having any strong wish to attack or destroy Christianity. But it does not follow that the Bolshevik leaders are of a similar frame of mind. I imagine that if they were to decide on a policy of active repression, they would carry out the policy mainly through the agency of German Communists; but it is always possible that they will initiate such a policy. I myself think it probable that the Bolshevik leaders will carry into effect a very strong and determined anti-Catholic policy if they find themselves in a position to do so; and, given their conception of the Vatican as a purely political Power, it is hardly to be expected that they would act in any other way. There is evidence to show that the Nazi leaders, who tolerated the Church up to a point, planned to crush the Church once and for all on attainment of victory; and I believe that if the Bolshevik leaders were to gain control of all Germany, still more if they were to gain control over all Europe, they would make a determined attempt to crush the Catholic Church. This is, indeed, an obvious enough point and needs no labouring.

As is widely known, one effect of the Nazi opposition to Christianity was the growth of a mutual sympathy and understanding between Catholics and Protestants. The good relations thus created still persist; and the fairly numerous conversions to Catholicism on the part of Protestant clergy and laity have not constituted a bar to the continuance of these good relations. There are some hundreds of Protestant churches which are put at the disposal of the Catholic refugees in hitherto practically exclusively Protestant districts; and when the Archbishop of Paderborn comes to confirm in the parts of his diocese which lie in east Germany, it is not unusual for the Protestant pastor to welcome the Archbishop at the door of the Protestant church. Incidentally, there would probably be many more conversions from the ranks of the Protestant clergy, were it not for economic difficulties resulting from marriage and the necessity of providing for a family.

VII

In conclusion I should like to make two remarks. The first is that I strongly support Mr. Bevin's stand in regard to Berlin. The continued presence of the western Allies in the city is not simply a question of prestige. Not only would the withdrawal of the Allies have a most detrimental effect in western Germany; not only would it spur the Russians on to further adventures which might lead to the very result we wish to avoid; but it would also be tantamount to casting to the wolves all those Germans in the western Sectors who have served the

Allies or openly supported their policy and who have trusted to the determination of the Allies to remain. The prevention of another world war is, of course, the major consideration ; but even if this consideration did not counsel a firm stand, it would still be a shameful thing, in my opinion, to abandon so many Germans who have openly supported a democratic policy even at a time when prudence might have been thought to counsel silence.

My second remark is simply this : that, although responsible officials in the British Administration of Germany would be the first to admit that there have been and are faults in that Administration, four visits to Germany since the war have taught me to feel a deep respect for the many men and women who have been doing and are doing their very best for the country in which they work. No doubt there have been scandals ; no doubt men and women have obtained posts in Germany who ought not to have been there ; no doubt there have been and perhaps are officials who are not really fitted for the posts they fill ; but that cannot alter the fact that there are many men and women who are fully qualified to fill responsible posts and who bring to their work a very real idealism and unselfishness ; nor can it alter the fact that there are other men and women who, even if not fully qualified to fill the posts they actually fill, exert themselves to the utmost to do their work conscientiously and well. My chief contacts have naturally been with officials of the Education Department, both in the British Zone and in Berlin, and my experience of the officials of that Department leads me to feel extremely indignant when I hear wholesale denunciations of the Control Commission and of its personnel. I think that the people who make such denunciations simply do not know what they are talking about.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

IRISH IN OUR SCHOOLS, 1922-1945*

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I. Primary Education

WHEN the Free State was founded in 1922, it was hoped in Gaelic circles that young children who heard nothing but Irish during their first years at school would quickly learn to speak Irish with ease. Therefore from 1922 on, teachers of infants' classes (that is, classes of pupils from about the age of six to about the age of eight) in National Schools were instructed to use no English in their lessons, if they were able to use Irish. Special summer courses were held for several years to give teachers the desired knowledge of Irish ; and now in the ordinary National (that is, state primary) School, whether in English-speaking or Irish-speaking districts, children from the age of six to the age of eight are taught altogether through Irish. This purely Irish instruction is continued in about a half of our National Schools till the children reach the age of ten ; and in about a third of the total number of National Schools instruction through Irish is continued till the pupils leave the National School at the age of fourteen. Most of these wholly Irish schools are situated in Irish-speaking districts, but several of them are in English-speaking districts. How far instruction through Irish is continued after the age of eight is intended to depend on the capacity of the pupils to derive advantage from it and on the capacity of the teachers to use Irish as a medium. The outlook of the inspector, upon whom the school depends for a good or bad report, and the outlook of the teachers themselves naturally influence the decision on the advantage or disadvantage of using Irish as a medium in each particular case.

Children of well-off parents commonly receive their primary education in private schools. In such private schools, which are not under the control of the Department of Education, Irish is usually taught as a subject, but is not used as a medium of instruction.

A small percentage of the pupils who leave the National Schools about the age of fourteen continue their education by part-time or whole-time attendance at special courses in the Vocational Schools. These schools are managed by local Vocational Education Committees under the guidance of the Technical and Vocational Branch of the Department of Education. There is no compulsion to attend these continuation courses, except in one or two centres in which at least part-time attendance is obligatory

* The most recent *Report* of the Department of Education (Dublin) is that for the year 1944–45. What is described as the present situation in this article is, therefore, on the whole that of the year 1945. It is the writer's belief, however, that no considerable change has occurred since then.

up to the age of sixteen on children not attending some other school. Though the authorities have for long been insisting that the Vocational Schools should be manned by teachers possessing certificates of ability to teach through Irish, various circumstances have brought it about that so far there has been little actual teaching through Irish in the continuation courses. Irish and a number of other ordinary school subjects are taught in them, along with the strictly vocational subjects, which are mainly woodwork for boys and domestic economy for girls. Performance of Gaelic plays, and similar Gaelic activities, are organised in connection with the courses. The Vocational Schools in which these courses are held are also centres for adult courses, which likewise include Irish in their programmes.

To guarantee that candidates for the teaching profession in National Schools should be thoroughly familar with Irish, Preparatory Colleges were founded in 1926 to give a full secondary education through Irish to boys and girls intending to enter the teachers' Training Colleges, in which Irish is again the sole medium of instruction. From 1930 on, special arrangements facilitate the entry to the Preparatory Colleges of boys from Irish-speaking districts.

In 1934, about two years after the Fianna Fail government had taken office, the Department of Education, to arrest the general abandonment of the speaking of Irish in the Gaeltacht, particularly in its border districts, decided to grant £2 *per annum* to the parent or guardian of every child between the ages of six and fourteen attending a National School, where the Department was satisfied that Irish was the language of the child's home and that the child in consequence spoke Irish naturally and fluently. This grant had an immediate effect. Several districts where the parents had ceased talking Irish to their children have rapidly become Irish-speaking again as a result of it. Shortly before the Fianna Fáil government left office the grant was increased to £5 *per annum*.

II. Secondary Education

Turning to secondary education we find similar governmental insistence both on the study of Irish as a subject and the use of Irish as a medium of instruction. With perhaps a rare exception all Irish secondary schools are state-aided and subject to government inspection. By 1926 Irish was being taught in 281 out of 287 of them, and in 1927 it became a necessary subject in them all. Teaching through Irish was also encouraged. Special bonus grants were authorized for Schools known as " A " schools, in which all subjects except English were taught through the medium of Irish, and similar smaller grants for " B " schools, in which several, but not all, subjects were taught through Irish. Between 1924 and 1932 "A" schools increased from 2 to 24 and " B " schools from 19 to 68. Between 1932 and

1945 " A " schools have increased to 100 and " B " schools to 114, together constituting 56% of the 385 state-aided secondary schools in the twenty-six southern counties of Ireland.

III. Present Achievement

For an Irishman it is an inestimable blessing to be a native speaker of a language which has been so long our national language that its texture and idiom seem to correspond mysteriously to certain deep-rooted national tendencies. Along with the language the native speaker absorbs a way of thought that is to a certain extent common to all Irishmen, but which finds perfect expression only in the Irish language itself. Moreover the Irish language brings him into touch with the Irish countryside, where almost every placename is Irish and where landmarks are enriched for him by the associations of native story, song, or Ossianic ballad. To the native speaker these advantages come without constraint, as a positive enrichment of his nature.

With the learner it is different. For him, along with possible enrichment, there is undoubtedly also mental impoverishment if he tries to make exclusive use of an instrument over which he has not the full command of a native speaker. This impoverishment is specially noticeable in our schools. English-speaking children, no matter how well taught in school, can only have a limited Irish vocabulary unless they are in constant touch with native speakers of the language. To teach such children through Irish is therefore an uphill task.

Is an English-speaking class, whose average age is ten, to be taught (let us say) that the world is shaped like an orange flattened at the top and bulging in the middle? If the lesson is to preserve all its niceties, a considerable portion of the time available will probably have to be spent introducing the class to unfamiliar Irish words which will adequately convey to them the ideas of flattening and bulging—and that, according to the regulations, as far as possible without the aid of their native English. ' An imaginary axis ' is again something that may cause difficulty; and as the lesson proceeds, the limitations of the children's vocabulary will likewise be found to retard or impoverish familiar discussion of experience on a railway journey, let us say, by which a teacher might well plan to introduce his explanation of the deceptive appearances caused by the earth's diurnal motion. Even the best teachers are therefore often forced by circumstances to omit the finer points and personal associations of such a lesson, satisfying themselves first with the basic fact that the earth is shaped like an orange and next that it moves round the sun while seeming to remain steady as the sun moves round it. For the familiar discussion that should enliven such a lesson teachers will tend to substitute memorization of a formula, which may serve as a model for the best pupils and

as a ready-made examination answer for those who are weakest. It may even be thought advisable to spend time on teaching the three or four ways in which the question ' What is the shape of the earth ? ' might be asked in Irish by an inspector.

We have considered a concrete subject. For native speakers of Irish such subjects possess no difficulty ; teaching a class of native speakers, a native speaker using their own dialect could explain shapes and motions and discuss familiar personal experience with ease. But when there is occasion for aesthetic or semi-philosophical judgment in the secondary school, even the native speaker of Irish will at times find his language less perfectly adapted to his purpose than English ; and here a teacher who has learnt Irish, teaching children who are learning it, if he is a good teacher and really has something beyond mere text-book formulae to communicate, should find himself even more seriously hampered by his Irish medium than in lessons on concrete subjects.

Are there advantageous results from the present system which might balance its disadvantages ? Language teaching in a few selected National Schools has undoubtedly been surprisingly successful where mere fluency is concerned. In these few schools a large percentage of the pupils attain fluent command of a limited vocabulary, which they apply cacophonously and inaccurately to a wide variety of experiences. In " A " and " B " schools the bulk of the pupils have doubtless a wider vocabulary than even the best pupils of the primary schools ; but idiom, accuracy, style, and precision have here again been sacrificed to fluency, and pronunciation is hardly any better than in the National Schools. A few secondary pupils do indeed learn to speak Irish as correctly as foreigners ever learn a language ; but one wonders whether their number is greater than was produced by the less drastic methods employed from about 1910 to the beginning of the new régime in 1922.

The results we have been considering are perhaps as much as any sensible person could have expected from the system. But they are far from the Department of Education's declared aim, which is " to make Irish-speakers of the children of the Galltacht so that, by the age of 14, they may be able to express themselves freely, fully, and correctly in the new language". That aim, the Department goes on to tell us[1], is " part of a wider aim, which is to ensure or preserve the cultural continuity of the nation by putting its youth into possession of the language, literature, history and tradition of the historic Irish people, thus fixing its outlook in the Gaelic mould ". The wider aim has been on the whole hindered rather than helped by the peculiarity of the method employed. For in the effort to give English-speaking children that fluency in revival Irish which is expected of them, undue attention in both primary and secondary

[1] In its *Notes for Teachers : Irish* (p. 3).

schools is paid to recent revival literature—which, to say the least of it, is not the readiest path available to appreciation of the past.

Revival Irish is not Gaeltacht Irish, as all Gaeltacht Irish-speakers are aware. Fluency, even in inaccurate revival Irish, is attained by a very small number indeed of the young people of Ireland ; and once they have left school only a fraction of that small number uses the Irish language outside formal school or Gaelic gatherings. The system which has achieved these unsatisfactory results has been in being now for several school generations. It is therefore reasonable to decide that it can hardly succeed in achieving anything better. This being so, we have reason to ask ourselves whether the mistake made by the National Board a hundred years ago is not being repeated today in a contrary direction. Then, in order to make English the language of the Irish people, the National Board decided to forbid the use of Irish in their schools. One of the Board's own chief inspectors, P. J. Keenan, later better known as Sir Patrick Keenan, was among the rare few who protested against the Board's policy :—

> It is hard [he writes in 1856][1] to conceive any more difficult school exercises than to begin our *first* alphabet, and *first* syllabication, and *first* attempt at reading, in a language of which we know nothing, and all this without the means of reference to, or comparison with, a word of our mother tongue. Yet this is the ordeal Irish speaking children have to pass through, and the natural result is that the English which they acquire is very imperfect. The real policy of the educationist would, in my opinion, be to teach Irish grammatically and soundly to the Irish speaking people, and then to teach them English through the medium of their native language.

A year later[2] he made a similar protest :—

> The people, as I have stated, are most eager to learn English, and that they fail to do it is not to be attributed to apathy or dulness on their part, but to the inexplicable system universally pursued, by which pupils are forced to learn the vocabulary and the grammar of a strange language before they are taught the alphabet of their own. In my General Report for 1855, I opened the discussion of this important question, and another year's experience, particularly that which I derived from my visits to the island schools, shows me quite clearly that our present system in this respect is defective, irrational, and impracticable ; that whole ages will pass away before the people can learn English by it ; and that its effect is to give a bad smattering of a new tongue and to spoil the purity of the old, and that it is productive of listlessness, hopelessness, and mental depletion in the unfortunate children who are subjected to it.

Command of an unknown language was in 1857 the aim of the National Board's system, just as command of another unknown language is the aim of the present system. That the system would not lead to such command

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[1] *Twenty-second Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland*, Vol. II, p. 75 (Keenan's report on his school inspection in the year 1855, dated 1856).

[2] *Twenty-third Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland*, Vol. I, p. 144 (Keenan's inspection report for the year 1856, dated 1857).

was, as we have seen, Keenan's opinion in 1857[1]; and he, a school inspector, was as convinced that it was productive of "mental depletion" in the unfortunate children who were subjected to it, as was Canon Peter O'Leary who about the same time was the school companion of such children[2]. It is true that the present system is not so tyrannous as its predecessor: in many Galltacht National Schools it is not insisted on beyond the age of eight, and in more than a half of them it is dropped at the age of ten; in the remainder, teachers better trained in language teaching make the modern Dublin child's lessons a good deal more helpful than the Tory islander's lessons were a hundred years ago; and in the secondary schools care is taken that pupils can understand Irish reasonably well before they are taught through it. But generically the two systems are identical; and this generic identity has resulted in strangely similar effects. For Irish is no more becoming the natural language of the English-speaking children who are taught through it today than English in West Donegal was, in Keenan's day, becoming the natural language of the Irish-speaking children who were being taught through it. And that there is "mental depletion" today also, as a result of the modern system, stands, as we have seen, to reason.

Nevertheless, even if we admit that a serious mistake has been made[3],

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[1] In both the reports we have been considering Keenan condemns teaching through an unknown language as educationally unsound, but in the first of them (*Twenty-second Report*, II, 75), writing of northern and midland schools, he definitely blames the National Board's system for diminishing the number of Irish-speakers (Personally, like Davis a decade earlier and Canon Peter O'Leary half a century later, Keenan would have liked a bilingual Ireland). In the second report (*Twenty-third*, I, 144) on the other hand, writing of West Donegal schools, he holds, as we have seen, that "ages will pass away before the people can learn English" by the Board's system. Is it possible to reconcile these two statements? If we look into the matter, we shall see that what Keenan foresaw did indeed happen in each case in the region he had in mind. The north and midlands have adopted English universally as their daily speech. West Donegal is still, in the main, Irish-speaking. Had he been writing with greater precision, keeping both inspection-tours before his mind he might perhaps have indicated more clearly the part the National Schools were to play in the history of our education. For West Donegal and similar districts he might have said: Teaching Irish-speaking children through English is educationally bad, and where they are not in contact with English-speakers, will produce little or no effect. For the other districts he might have said: Teaching Irish-speaking children through English is educationally bad, but where they are in contact with English-speakers it will hasten the change over to English, which that contact and the people's own desire to know English are already bringing about more slowly. Such a statement would give a fairly precise idea of the effect the National Board's system has had on Ireland in so far as the Irish language is concerned.

[2] See *Mo Sgéal Féin*, Chap. VII, particularly pp. 51—53.

[3] Davis warned us against our mistake some eighty years before we made it. In his article on Our National Language (second part; first published in the *Nation*, Dec. 30, 1843) he wrote: "If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what might happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended" (Thomas Davis, *Essays*, ed. O'Donoghue, 1914, p. 105).

there is no reason for dispair. We have seen that at least one experiment introduced by the Fianna Fáil government has been eminently successful. It consists of a material award given to children who have learnt Irish as their native language from a truly Irish-speaking relative. Though the award is a school award, it is significant that the work which wins it is carried out in the home. Has not experience, then, shown that whereas no genuine progress has been made by the policy of teaching English-speaking pupils through Irish, much progress has been made by materially rewarding the use of Irish as a home language in Irish-speaking and partly Irish-speaking districts? If in addition to, or instead of, the five-pounds award other awards, such as derating, were granted on similar conditions to compensate for the economic disadvantage of being Irish-speaking in a society in which English-speakers are both wealthier and in a huge majority, there is every probability that Irish would not alone continue to be the language of the Gaeltacht, but would spread fairly rapidly to the homes of the Breac-Ghaeltacht.

IV. School Policy in the Future

Should we not, then, leave the revival of Irish as a spoken language primarily to the home and assign to the schools a task more suited to them? In class-rooms men have always striven mainly to teach theory, while the practical ways of art, craftsmanship, speech and behaviour have, on the other hand, been learnt mainly by apprenticeship in the home, the workshop and the fields. Theory and practice must, however, be harmonized. That explains why the Italian schoolboy studies Dante while the English schoolboy studies Milton, and why the Chinese schoolboy learns a different branch of history from that learnt by a European.

Different policies in regard to Irish should similarly be followed in schools catering for children with different practical backgrounds. Irish tradition being above all an oral tradition and, like all oral traditions, strongly varied locally, teachers in the Gaeltacht should give their primary pupils above all a special knowledge of the grammar and idiom of their local dialect, directing their attention to local conversationalists, shanachies, singers, poets, and writers, rather than to books from Dublin or from districts with dialects different from their own; though in the highest classes enough should be said about other dialects and about classical Modern Irish to enable gifted pupils to make intelligent use of the school library in their last year at school or later.

Teachers in primary schools in the Galltacht would, on the other hand, hardly find it profitable to teach more than a smattering of Irish in the ordinary classes. There they would lay special stress on greetings, blessings, and the explanation of local Irish phrases and placenames, and they should fill out such instruction with an account of the historical

connections of their district with Irish and of the profit to be derived from Irish by those who really know it. They might also teach Irish as a voluntary subject to a select few with natural linguistic gifts. Such courses would keep interest in Irish alive in the Galltacht and bridge the gap that tends to separate the Irish-speaker from his English-speaking fellow-countrymen.

In such secondary schools as draw a large proportion of their pupils from Irish-speaking districts, Irish would normally be the medium of instruction. In other secondary schools Irish should not normally be used as a medium of instruction, on account of the educational disadvantages such use entails. As a subject, on the contrary, Irish could be of great educational value in all secondary schools : there could be no better introduction to the science of phonetics than study of its sounds, which, though extremely varied, are yet logically united in a harmonious system reducible to a few general rules or linguistic tendencies ; its grammar and idiom serve as a useful corrective to common notions concerning such matters by reason of the fact that they have developed conversationally, somewhat as Greek grammar and idiom developed, free from pedants' artificial rules ; its literature has a beauty of its own that in itself repays study of it, and has the additional interest of giving an insight into a culture that is in many respects unique in Europe.

Even as a subject, however, direct study of Irish should hardly be imposed beyond the age of, say, fifteen on English-speaking pupils who have no linguistic gifts : such pupils would derive much greater benefit from interesting lectures about Irish than from direct study of it ; and good translations would give them a better idea of the content of Gaelic literature than their own clumsy attempts at dealing with the original text.[1] In these later years of secondary-school education Irish-teachers should direct their main effort towards preparing among the linguistically gifted a select few who will appreciate Gaelic tradition in the way that the Renaissance humanist appreciated the Greek and Roman past. From such a group the country might imbibe the fundamentals of Gaelicism, much as the fundamentals of classicism have passed to the English public through men like More, Milton, and Newman, or to the French public through Budé, Racine, Boileau, and La Bruyère.

GERARD MURPHY

[1] This is also, I believe, true of other languages and, *mutatis mutandis*, of trigonometry, advanced geometry and advanced algebra.

IN PRAISE OF A MEDIEVALIST

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LAST year Sir Maurice Powicke—better known to students of English medieval history as Professor F. M. Powicke—retired from his post as Regius Professor of Modern History, a post which he had held in the University of Oxford since 1928. As a young man he had come from Manchester to Oxford, and most of his active life as student and teacher has been spent in one or other of these two cities. A volume of essays in English medieval history has now been issued from the Clarendon Press to mark the end of a great teacher's active career.[1] The contributors to this volume have all of them sat at his feet, either in Oxford or in Manchester. But it is only right that a word should be said here in Ireland in remembrance of services that were rendered to two Irish Universities many long years ago. From 1909 to 1919 Professor Powicke (then a young man fresh from Oxford) was the first Professor of History in the newly established Queen's University, Belfast; and for three of these years (1910–11–12) he was the first Extern Examiner in History appointed by the new Senate of the National University of Ireland. Let these facts be my excuse for the pleasant task of writing some appreciation of his many services to the study of English medieval history.

In an essay which he has contributed to this volume Mr. R. W. Southern discusses the work of two great teachers of the eleventh century: Lanfranc of Bec and Berengar of Tours. Both men owe their fame to the accident that their later careers—in one case as archbishop, in the other as arch-heretic—have concentrated the attention of friends and foes on their lives and have thus made it possible for us to get some faint impression of their personal influence as well as of their scholastic technique. Had they remained nothing but teachers of dialectics or grammar, in Bec or Tours, their names might still be remembered through some chance allusion to their work: of their personality we should know nothing. Modern scholarship is less remote from us, and the facility of publication brings us all into constant touch with the masters of each craft. But it is only when a large number of scholars, many of them now scattered through the Universities of England and Scotland, unite, as here, in a common tribute to the influence of one who taught them all that we begin to form some estimate of the influence which one man can exert, quietly but none the less effectively, through long years of unobtrusive work in the lecture-hall and in his own private study. What has been this one man's contri-

[1] Studies in Medieval History presented to Frederick Maurice Powicke. Edited by R. W. Hunt, W. A. Pantin and R. W. Southern. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1948. 30s.

bution to that well-marked school of Oxford historical scholarship which is represented in the twenty-seven essays that go to make this volume?

The answer might seem at first to lie in the two large volumes which the Clarendon Press published last year (1947): *King Henry III and the Lord Edward*: *The Community of the Realm in the Thirteenth Century*. Written towards the end of their author's active career in Oxford, these two volumes give us the mature fruit of long years of study and meditation. They look back, so far as their subject is concerned, to two papers on "Angevin Administration in Normandy" and to a third on "The Chancery during the Minority of Henry III" which the young medievalist who came to Belfast in 1909 had already published in the *English Historical Review*. Yet it would be wrong to suggest that Powicke's name will be as closely associated with the constitutional history of thirteenth-century England as, for example, the name of his former master (later his colleague in Manchester), T. F. Tout, is associated with the long and complicated story of English medieval administration. There has been always a humane —or should I say simply a human side?—to Professor Powicke's interpretation of medieval history which has made it impossible for him to become wholly absorbed in the exceedingly technical problems of Crown and Parliament, constitutional theory and administrative practice. The editors of this volume are presumably responsible for the dedication which appears on its first page. Here is what they say on this aspect of his teaching:—

> During these years in Manchester and Oxford, we have been conscious in your presence and in your teaching of an influence above the hatreds and distractions of our present time. You have kept us to the study of men as they are beneath the destructiveness which scars the course of history, responding however faint-heartedly to the calls of friendship, practical idealism and the love of God. We have learnt the value of quiet things. The images of life by 'the gentle waters of the Kennet', and of a mind at rest thinking of home in a strange land, the pieties which keep life sweet in a world of disappointments—these and many other things will be with us always. Under your guidance we have felt the deep influence of those lives which were the glory of their own time and still have power to invigorate us to-day.

These may seem strange words to read in a volume which is, for the most part, composed of essays that deal with highly technical problems, many of them not easy reading for any save the expert. Yet those who have read the long essay on "Ailred of Rievaulx and his biographer Walter Daniel," which was first printed in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* for 1921 and 1922, will know that this modern student of the English Middle Ages feels the strong attraction of what to many might seem an exclusively religious subject. It was no mere accident or coincidence that Sir Maurice Powicke should have selected Ailred of Rievaulx, the Cistercian monk who died in his Yorkshire abbey almost eight hundred years ago, as the subject of a final lecture which he gave this year to a group of former pupils who had gathered in Oxford to do him honour.

One of the editors of this volume, Mr. W. A. Pantin, has contributed an essay on " Two Treatises of Uhtred of Boldon on the Monastic Life," in which the influence of this aspect of Powicke's teaching is apparent. Uhtred was a contemporary of Wycliff and of Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*. He belongs to an age in which most of the great English monasteries were declining in their influence ; but he stands firmly in the great line of monastic ascetical writers of a more glorious past. More than that, he stretches out a friendly hand to those laymen who, though their own vocation is not to the monastic state, wish to have some share in that inner life which is the very essence of all true Christianity. " Here is something," Mr. Pantin writes, " very different from the picture, drawn by later humanist and Reformer critics and until recently sometimes accepted as historically true, of a monasticism eaten up with formalism, ceremonialism, and superstition, and claiming a magical efficacy. Uhtred was in the main simply following the normal, classical tradition among patristic and medieval writers, who taught that perfection consists in interior virtues and above all in charity, and that it is enjoined upon all men, and is not something extra with which religious are alone concerned." Another essay by Miss Decima Douie on " Archbishop Pecham's Sermons and Collations " throws new light on this Franciscan Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name is chiefly remembered to-day for his share in the anti-Thomist movement that had so profound an influence on Oxford theology in the late thirteenth century. " The historical Pecham," she writes, " is the doughty fighter and champion of a conservative school of philosophy, the conscientious and energetic archbishop who frequently spoiled his case by a failure to distinguish principles from personal prejudices. The other Pecham is the Franciscan poet who, if not himself a contemplative, could appreciate and aspire to the mystic's vision of reality."

Specialist as he was in the history of the thirteenth century, Professor Powicke was inevitably drawn to the study of that great revival of Aristotelian philosophy which gives this century its pre-eminence in the history of medieval thought. Stephen Langton and Robert Grosseteste, to take two obvious examples, cannot be understood or judged unless those who write of them have a firm grasp of the theology which they had learned, and which they themselves taught, in the schools of Paris and Oxford. Yet no student of English constitutional history can escape the duty of passing judgment on the work of these two men. *Stephen Langton* was published by the Clarendon Press in 1928, the year in which its author came to Oxford as Regius Professor. The book had been written for the Ford Lectures of 1927. As a preliminary to his narrative of the part played by Archbishop Langton in English political history, once the King and the Pope had become involved in their famous dispute

over the succession to the vacant see of Canterbury, Professor Powicke here attempts for the first time to assess the quality and influence of Langton's work as master in the schools of Paris. This leads him far afield: to an inquiry into the number and contents of the many MSS. which contain texts of Langton's biblical commentaries and his scholastic *questiones;* to a more detailed study of one important Cambridge MS. which gives an unusually full text of Langton's *questiones* on certain points of moral theology; and, finally, to a very helpful and well-balanced statement of the place that should be assigned to such theologians as Petrus Comestor, Petrus Cantor and Langton himself in the development of early scholastic theology in Paris before the age of the great Dominican and Franciscan masters of the next two generations. This careful study of the moral doctrine taught by Langton in Paris throws welcome light on the principles which guided him throughout his long struggle, first with a restless and unscrupulous King and then with no less an antagonist than Innocent III himself.

The influence of these Ford Lectures is easy to detect in more than one of the essays contributed to this new volume. Dr. R. W. Hunt, now Keeper of the Western MSS. in the Bodleian Library, is a specialist in the history of early English humanism. Here he contributes a short essay on the *Disputation against Simon the Jew* which an Augustinian canon, Peter of Cornwall, wrote in 1208, when he was prior of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, in London. Dr. Hunt's researches suggest further lines of inquiry as to earlier controversial literature of this type, which can be traced in England throughout the twelfth century. Petrus Alphonsi, a converted Spanish Jew, came to England in the reign of Henry I, and his *Dialogi cum Judaeo* had wide-spread influence. Father Daniel Callus, O.P., who has won a high reputation for himself as an authority on the earliest Latin versions of Aristotle's text known to the Oxford school, raises an interesting problem in his essay on "The *Summa Theologiae* of Robert Grosseteste." An American scholar, Dr. S. Harrison Thomson, published an elaborate survey of all known MSS of Grosseteste's numerous treatises in 1940. He came to the conclusion that the future bishop of Lincoln never wrote a formal *Summa Theologiae*, nor did he ever lecture on the Book of the Sentences. Father Callus queries this conclusion. He identifies some anonymous *questiones* that have been preserved in a manuscript of Exeter College, Oxford, as the authentic work of Grosseteste, and judges them to be stray fragments of a more complete set of lectures on the first Book of the Sentences. Whether Grosseteste went further than this and lectured on the remaining three books of Peter Lombard, is a problem which can only be settled by further investigation. Another former pupil, Miss Beryl Smalley, whose fine work on *The Study of the Bible in the Middle Ages* was published at Oxford in 1941, contributes an essay on a thirteenth-century Dominican

theologian, Simon of Hinton, whose commentaries on the Bible, *questiones* and other treatises she dates to *c.* 1240-50.

There are those for whom a book, simply as a book, has an unfailing fascination; and those who have handled medieval books will know the almost personal interest which each new volume arouses, with its own most individual external form, contents and history. One great lover of medieval books, Mr. Neil Ker, contributes a characteristically learned essay to this volume on two eleventh-century monastic cartularies of Worcester. Professor Powicke has had for many years the good fortune of living within a few minutes of Merton College, with its exceptionally fine collection of old medieval manuscript books, most of them still on the very shelves which they filled long before the Reformation. His study of Stephen Langton's theology led him to delve deeper into the history of the Oxford theological school; and his *Medieval Books of Merton College*, which was published by the Clarendon Press in 1931, is a rich mine of information for all who care to work in the same field. Well do I remember my own pleasure when I found in the pages of this book the clue to a puzzle which had perplexed me when I was grappling with Bradwardine's lengthy *De Causa Dei contra Pelagianos*. There is a long digression towards the end of Book I, in which this mathematician from Merton College shows a surprising familiarity with the (then recent) text of Marco Polo and with one or two other unusual works on the countries of the Near East. I knew that Bradwardine was for a time a member of that small group of *literati* who foregathered in the house of Bishop Richard of Bury, whose *Philobiblon* was in fact issued under his name by an Oxford Dominican, Robert Holcot. But it was an unexpected pleasure to find among the books of Merton College a MS. of the fourteenth century which contained a text of Marco Polo's travels, followed by one of the rarer texts cited by Bradwardine. My pleasure was all the greater when I learned from Professor Powicke's notes that this particular book had been given to Merton by a master of theology who had once been a clerk in Bradwardine's household.

These are by-paths which lead us near to the very heart of men who died many centuries ago. An approach of this kind is very different from the combative, controversial approach of the late Dr. G. G. Coulton —whose name was for so many years associated (not altogether fairly) with the contemporary school of medieval history in Cambridge. Those who knew their technical literature were aware, of course, that scholars such as the late Professors Z. N. Brooke and C. W. Previté-Orton shared Powicke's interest in a more intimate interpretation of medieval thought. But, for the general public, Coulton stood for Cambridge so far as the study of medieval history was concerned—and it is not surprising that Professor Powicke, then still with Tout at Manchester, found himself involved in a public controversy with Dr. Coulton as far back as 1924.

His comments on "The Historical Method of Mr. Coulton" will be found in *History*, Vols. VIII and IX. Yet it is typical of both men that the most gracious tribute to the value of much that Coulton did in the course of his long and stormy career was paid by Professor Powicke in a notice of "Three Cambridge Scholars: C. W. Previté-Orton, Z. N. Brooke, and G. G. Coulton," which appeared in the *Cambridge Historical Journal* (1947). Cambridge had lost all three scholars within a few months in 1946, and it was left to the Oxford master to assess the worth of their achievement.

I have been speaking hitherto of the by-paths down which Professor Powicke has been tempted to stray in his effort to understand the main stream of thought which gave life to English society in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Those by-paths were found to be singularly fruitful, and much of his best work was done in studies of this kind. They led him moreover to undertake a task for which he had fitted himself by these preparatory studies: the re-edition, in collaboration with Dr. A. P. Emden, of Rashdall's most useful but antiquated and inaccurate *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*. Those three volumes appeared from the Clarendon Press in 1936; and in the same year he contributed an essay on *The Reformation in England* to the fourth volume of the late Edward Eyre's *European Civilization*. This long essay was later reprinted as a separate volume and was issued by the Oxford University Press in 1941. It is a characteristic piece of work: fair-minded, well-balanced and humane—though some may hold that here, where the author is dealing with a period of revolutionary thought and action, he is too slow to admit the destructive element then at work in the final dissolution of English medieval society.

Throughout all these years the Professor had been loyal to his own chosen field of study: England in the thirteenth century. His early studies in the reign of King John led to the publication in 1913 of *The Loss of Normandy* (1189-1204): one of the best of the many fine monographs that have been included in the Historical Series of the *Manchester University Publications*. In 1925, in union with the late Dr. A. G. Little, he edited a large volume of *Essays in Medieval History* presented to his colleague and former master, Thomas Frederick Tout. Tout died in 1929, thus ending an exceptionally long and fruitful tenure of the Chair of History in the University of Manchester; and Professor Powicke edited the first volume of his *Collected Papers* in 1932. Meanwhile he had been a constant contributor to the *English Historical Review*, and a large number of the items which go to fill more than twenty pages of Bibliography at the end of this volume are in fact carefully critical reviews, published for the most part either in *E.H.R.* or in *History*. From time to time some detailed study of English constitutional history appeared over his signature; and these isolated essays are the foundation on which

he finally built the imposing edifice of his recent two volumes on *King Henry III and the Lord Edward*. Few scholars have been more fortunate than he in being able to complete and publish a work which so completely summarises the main results of a long life's study.

It goes without saying that no volume of commemorative essays in honour of Professor Powicke would be complete without several essays written in the tradition of that " straight " constitutional history to which the Professor has devoted so much of his attention. Mr. J. E. A. Jolliffe, who is himself the author of a standard work on *The Constitutional History of Medieval England*, contributes an essay on " The Chamber and the Castle Treasures under King John " which is directly in this tradition. Students of Irish medieval history may note here one of the few items of strictly Irish interest to be found in this volume. When John began to experiment with a more convenient use of provincial treasures for the day-to-day needs of his itinerant court, the first treasure of which he made organised use was the *thesaurus Hibernie*. This was moved on his orders from Dublin to Bristol in 1204, and there it became the nucleus of the most important provincial fund on which the King could call for his immediate needs apart from the central treasure of the Exchequer in London. In another essay Professor C. R. Cheney, who is to-day Powicke's successor in the Manchester chair, throws light on the alleged deposition of King John by Innocent III. Arguing from the evidence of the Pope's own register, as well as from the varying statements of contemporary English chronicles, he maintains that a formal sentence of deposition, as distinct from excommunication, was never published by the Pope. Professor Harry Rothwell of Southampton gives a critical account of the struggle for the Charters which was fought out between King and Parliament in the last years of Edward I's reign. Miss May McKisack of Somerville College gives a most interesting account of the Part played by London's citizens in acclaiming each new medieval King—or, as happened more than once in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in transferring the Crown from one dynasty to another. Their influence was due in part to the constitutional need for some formal popular acclamation, in part to the more real need of financial support from the city-merchants.

But the most exciting novelty in this section of the volume comes from the discovery of an important state document in the French Archives Nationales. Students of English constitutional history are familiar with the *Mise d'Amiens* of 23 January 1264 : the official act of arbitration by which St. Louis of France sought to put an end to the struggle beween Henry III of England and the organised baronial opposition in his kingdom. Professor Powicke tells the story in full in his *Henry III and the Lord Edward ;* and one of his former students, now Professor R. F. Treharne of Aberystwyth College, studied the episode in even greater detail in his *Baronial Plan of Reform, 1258-63*, which was published in 1932. Quite

recently a French scholar, Professor E. Perroy, who has written a fine study of English policy at the time of the Great Schism, came across a copy of Henry III's *grauamina* against the barons, followed by a formal petition for compensation and relief. Here we have an authentic and official document which throws a flood of light on the legal procedure which was used by Louis IX and his lawyers in the solemn arbitration. We can see with new clearness how the English King's lawyers had outmanoeuvred the lawyers who were advising Simon de Montfort and the barons; how the King of France was approached in such a way that his judgment ceased to be an act of political arbitration with a view to compromise, and became the sentence of a judge whose decision, based on high principles of natural law and feudal custom, was bound to be wholly in favour of the English King; and how on the other hand Simon de Montfort, who had himself been the first to suggest arbitration by the French King, could refuse to accept the arbitration without violation of his oath, and could carry the country with him on what might seem at first sight to be a purely opportunist policy. These are conclusions that have a direct bearing on one of the most dramatic episodes in the constitutional history of the thirteenth century. They are singularly appropriate to a book which is planned as a tribute to a scholar who has spent so much of his life on the study of these very problems; and it is all the more pleasant to note that their inclusion in this volume is due to the generosity of a French scholar who, to quote Professor Treharne's own words, " kindly informed me of this document and sent me a transcript of it, with his generous permission to use it as I saw fit". So fine an example of international co-operation among scholars is nowhere better placed than in this tribute to an English historian who has never failed in courtesy and generosity towards those who appealed to him for help.

These are matters that mainly concern the technical student of constitutional history. A more human problem is discussed by Mr. Kenneth McFarlane in an essay which reads like a detective story: " At the Deathbed of Cardinal Beaufort." Here is the tale of a prelate who had been known for years simply as the Rich Cardinal and who for fifty years (as Stubbs puts it) " had held the strings of English policy". Had Beaufort's immense wealth been honestly acquired? Was his conscience wholly at ease as he dictated from his death-bed, on two separate occasions, two carefully worded codicils to his testament, making detailed provision for the disposal of certain jewels which he had bought from the Crown many long years ago? Had he bought them from a reluctant owner, at a price that was far too low, and at a time when the King was financially so embarrassed as to be forced to sell to his powerful minister? Was there more than a formal acknowledgement of sinfulness in the Cardinal's express provision that the residue of his property should be laid out on

pious uses by his executors " as they should believe to be of the greatest possible advantage to the safety of my soul "? Whatever may be the true answers to these questions, the dying Cardinal left orders that the inscription on his tomb should read : " I should tremble did I not know Thy mercies ! "

Even more human in its interest is the story that Professor H. V. Galbraith, who now holds the Regius Chair at Oxford, tells from an unnoticed entry in a chronicle of Bury St. Edmunds and from a contemporary entry on a plea roll of 15-16 Edward I (1287). He entitles his essay " The Death of a Champion " ; and the point of his story lies in its curiously unexpected beginning and end. A tenant who sought to recover lands from a rival claimant in the thirteenth century had the choice of two procedures : he could put himself upon the verdict of a jury, or he could stake his cause on trial by battle. If he chose the latter course, he was expected to find a champion ready to fight and die in defence of the truth. In strict theory such a champion should also have been a witness to the cause in dispute ; but it was soon found that witnesses were seldom prepared to fight as champions, whilst professional champions could be hired at a reasonable fee. The unexpected beginning of Professor Galbraith's story is that the abbot of St. Edmunds chose this latter course in a suit to recover the two manors of Semer and Groton in Suffolk. A contemporary entry which Professor Galbraith has found in one of the Arundel MSS. in the College of Arms explains this singular decision very frankly : " We were doubtful about the countryside as being friendly with our enemies and akin to them." A jury of neighbours, in other words. might not be wholly impartial—so the abbot, reluctantly, had recourse to the legal process of trial by duel. This process was already an unusual occurrence in the last quarter of the thirteenth century ; but the abbot could not bring himself to trust a jury. A champion was found, and the fee he charged was fifty marks—twenty of them to be paid cash down, with the promise of thirty more after the battle. The champion, whose name is given as Roger the Clerk, was unlucky in his contract. He and his trainer (*magister*) were duly entertained for some months at the abbey until the day appointed for the duel arrived. From one or two other entries of this period Professor Galbraith has been able to calculate that the abbot paid his champion a fair fee—but the result was poor enough. The duel took place, the abbot's champion was unhorsed and killed—and the two manors were adjudged to the rival parties.

The moral, it would seem, is plain enough. Ecclesiastics should not put their trust in professional champions where more peaceful processes of law are available. But nothing is entirely what we might expect in this unfamiliar medieval world. Three years after this unlucky duel the abbot succeeded in buying back two parts of the two manors for the sum of 400 marks ; and the remaining part was acquired soon after. To

quote Professor Galbraith's neat summary of the various lessons to be learned from this curious episode: "A man was killed, in fact, in a vain attempt to save the abbey of St. Edmunds rather more than 400 marks; but the safer moral for the historian is perhaps that neither records nor chronicles are fully trustworthy when studied in isolation." Were it not for the entry in the Arundel MS., the facts as stated on the plea roll would need explanation: yet the text of the chronicle gives us no more than the main section of the story. Its unexpected *dénouement* in a purchase by private contract comes from a memorandum on one of the close rolls. Professor Galbraith is here stressing once more a lesson that he has frequently emphasised in recent years: the need of a more appreciative study of the old monastic chroniclers, great and small, whose very human if imperfect narratives are too often despised and left unread by our modern specialists in the history of medieval administration.

Disputes as to the extent of monastic possessions must be reckoned one of the abiding causes of discontent in medieval England; and the discontent tended to grow more acute as the great monasteries of the past lost more and more of their directly spiritual influence. In his fine volume on *The Monastic Order in England* Dom David Knowles singled out an eleventh-century monk of Worcester, Hemming, as an early example of that *esprit de corps* which made more than one compiler of a monastic cartulary "ready to overstep the bounds of honesty in the interests of his house". In this volume Mr. Neil Ker makes a detailed and careful study of the cartulary which Hemming compiled at the express wish of St. Wulfstan, who was bishop of Worcester from 1062-95. It is preserved in one of the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum, and has commonly been assumed to consist of two parts. Writing with expert knowledge of Anglo-Saxon palaeography, Mr. Ker is able to show that the first of these parts is more than fifty years earlier than the second, and is thus the work of some anonymous monk of Worcester who compiled it in the time of an earlier Wulfstan, who held the two sees of York and Worcester from 1003-16. It is thus an important witness to the monastic estates of Worcester some fifty years before the Norman conquest.

Dr. E. F. Jacob of All Souls, who has recently edited an elaborate edition of the episcopal register of Archbishop Chichele, founder of his college, writes a short account of the archbishop's personal relations with the Benedictine community at Canterbury. Apart from the light he is able to throw on the archbishop's personal character—shrewd and moderate in his temper, a most helpful friend to the monks at all times—Dr. Jacob prints the full text of an arbitration which the archbishop made between the monastic community and the city of Canterbury in 1427. The disputed claims between city and monastery were slight enough in themselves—right of way across one of the abbey's meadows, sporting rights

of fishing and fowling, the prior's right to dam a stream and so divert its course as to cause danger of flood to neighbouring property, the duty of draining a ditch outside the abbey's wall. But the archbishop's arbitration, though it seems to us a fair-minded settlement, failed to bring peace for more than a short period. Much the same grievances were being brought by the citizens against the monks in 1492; and they caused a serious riot in 1500. Feeling ran high in this last year, and the prior complained that the "unkende demeanour" of the citizens grieved him and his brethren more than the loss of worldly goods: "he was never minded to trouble nor myscontent the seid citte, but to have their favour and goode will." For his part he would "take losse for to wyn their favour"—on one condition: "the inheritaunce of his seid monasterie savyd." There in truth was the rub! Dr. Jacob ends his essay with the brief but pertinent comment: "The inheritance had only forty years to run."

These essays, so full of precise detail and critical good sense, are written with a conscious feeling for the abiding continuity of English history. In his essay on medieval champions, for example, Professor Galbraith comments: "the notion that a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un is a maxim as old as our race"! As we turn from this quiet survey of so many minor and major problems of English history to the scattered and perplexing scraps of information that are too often the materials from which the historian of medieval Ireland must do his best to reconstruct an intelligible story, it is hard to repress a feeling of envy. Irish history has its own strong fascination for those who have once got involved in its complexities; but Professor Powicke was never drawn to the study of any of our national records, though he spent ten years of his life in our country at a time when even a chance stranger must have been conscious that Ireland's history sorely needs wise and patient interpretation. Yet there is one lesson that we may learn from this fine volume, which bears on every page the mark of a great teacher's personal influence. Here in Ireland, as in England, no real progress can be made in the study of our few surviving records without a spirit of active and generous co-operation among all who are working in this field: without a conscious response to "the calls of friendship, practical idealism and the love of God," which the contributors to this volume here set forth as the main lesson which they have learnt from their master's patient study of English medieval history.

AUBREY GWYNN

A VIENNESE SCHOOLMASTER

BY LUDWIG BIELER

SCHOOLMASTERS are not normally the persons most kindly remembered. Yet there are few people to whom I owe more than to our Professor of Latin at the *Landstrasser Gymnasium* in Vienna, Dr. Joseph Pavlu. He took us over in the middle of our fifth year of Latin. (We had eight years of Latin and six years of Greek, both compulsory.) The teacher who announced the change remarked to us: "You'll get a fine fellow. Strict, but fair. No whims, no moods. I congratulate you."

At first, Pavlu made no great impression. He seemed dry and a little bit pedantic. We did not quite understand what he wanted, and he was not quite sure what to expect. But soon we came to terms—at first merely on a basis of mutual respect. He took us seriously, even when we were wrong—not only in our work but also in matters of discipline.

We were not too brilliant in Latin, and Pavlu soon made us realize it. Not by telling us. He would let us struggle with a long period, until we were lost in a labyrinth of infinitives, participles and subordinate clauses. Then he would start and guide us. But he would not carry us over dangerous spots; he would just put us on our feet and help us to discover our mistakes. If we had objections, he always listened patiently. He never dismissed a possible interpretation merely because it was not his own; but he would not let pass a misconception of even the smallest detail. Thus we were never humiliated, but felt the need for hard work. On this he insisted, and he got his way without curse or cane. We were ashamed to appear in class unprepared. Once a friend of mine had not prepared his lesson. I went over it with him in a hurry before class, and he copied two or three words from my preparation in his vocabulary. He was called up and presented his preparation. "Rather meagre this time," said Pavlu. "I knew the rest, Sir," said the boy; and he gave his translation. It was correct. "Just one minute," Pavlu went on. "Now translate this." And he made him start ten chapters further on. My friend was of course stuck. Then Pavlu, drily: "Do you see?" He was not easily imposed upon.

His drill began at reading out the Latin text. Pavlu watched most carefully over our prosody. Long vowels had to be read long, and short ones short. In this he was merciless. With an indignant "Don't drag it out like an old pastor" he would silence a student who happened to pronounce *pater* with a long *a*. We could not see then how right he was. After years it might have dawned upon some of us that Latin accent is a function of prosody and comes naturally with it.

In course of time Pavlu trained us to read intelligibly. He knew that ancient literature was meant to be heard, not to be read in silence. He was

not satisfied unless he could follow our reading without a glance into his book. He himself gave us the best example. If, at the end of a class, he found time to read out to us the text of our homework, it was already half done. In such moments a hidden artistic vein in him came to the surface.

Pavlu taught us to get at the root of things. Of every unknown word we had to write out first its basic meaning and, after that, all the steps by which it developed its special meaning in a certain context. Pavlu was not pleased if in our translation we used ready-made phrases. " First you must understand, and then translate." Under his guidance we became sensitive to the subtleties of language : etymology and accepted meaning, conventional and individual expression, associations and undertones. We learnt to read with an alert mind. Translation became a contest like shooting at a target. Slowly we came to realize that a word is not the expression of one invariable idea, but a crossing-point, as it were, of many ; and that the crossing-points shift as we turn from one language to another. The ideas that are knit together in a Latin period may be organized very differently in German or English. Pavlu encouraged us to try and find the " system " which, though perhaps different in every detail, would as a whole most closely correspond to the original. He did not care for a plain and fluent translation ; all his sympathy went out to the student who attempted to wrest from a text the last shade of its meaning. This had nothing to do with hair-splitting pedantry ; it was in fact a revelation of the inner life of language. When you have found the way to the heart of a language, of any language, you are a different being. You can discern, if not between good and evil, at least between the genuine and the fake. You see the world and your fellow-men in a new light and understand them more profoundly.

Pavlu never tried to popularize his subject. He did not ice the cake with talks on the " broader aspects " of ancient civilization. He was a scholar even in the class-room. First came the text and its perfect understanding, with all that was implied. If our text differed from his (he used to bring along a critical edition), he would explain in a few words the manuscript evidence and give his view of the respective merits of the variants. Once or twice he suggested a solution of his own. He had seen ancient manuscripts and knew something about them. We were told that the ancients wrote continuously, without word division, and that our earliest manuscripts were written in capitals. We heard of such things as ligatures and abbreviations as sources of scribal blunders ; we got some idea of papyri and palimpsests. In one word, our texts were to us not something that had been picked up accidently in a dead past, but treasures (" golden words " as Pavlu often said) which had been handed down from generation to generation.

However, Pavlu did not allow the subject to disappear in a cloud of

technicalities. Occasional explanations, as suggested by the text, were given merely in order to bring home to us his principle of "getting at the roots". First the original text must be ascertained in every detail; next would come its literal interpretation; only then was it time for the *realia*. Pavlu would tell us about ancient life and thought, religion and institutions just as much as was needed for the occasion.

Information about subject matter was to make us appreciate and evaluate the author's views; perhaps, now and then, also to make us realize that our judgment on certain facts of the past depended on the interpretation or restitution of a text. Gradually these scattered remarks coalesced into a vivid picture of classical antiquity—Greek as well as Roman. Pavlu impressed upon us the unity of ancient mediterranean culture—not by lecturing about it but by illustrating Latin language, style, ideas and material civilization with references to Greek. This was the hardest part of his job; for if we were bad at Latin, at Greek we were worse. An unusual Latin construction, the technical meaning of a Latin word might puzzle us. "Translate it into Greek, and you will understand it at once." A roar of laughter would be our answer. Then he explained. I learnt more Greek in this way than in my Greek classes. It has now become fashionable to teach ancient civilization in the form of surveys. To me it seems that knowledge thus imparted remains surface-knowledge. A bit of information that is connected in your memory with some detail at which you have worked, be it only in an endeavour to translate precisely a passage of Livy or Virgil, has quite a different hold on your mind than a mere statement of the fact; the picture which you yourself have put together of many single traits will remain, whereas the ready-made picture held out before you, however perfect in itself, will fade and leave nothing but a vague general impression.

It may be objected that, being a classical scholar myself, I am hopelessly prejudiced. What interested me might have been boring to others. Strangely enough, this was not so. Time and again I have been assured by former Pavlu students—doctors, lawyers, newspaper men—that by discussing strictly scholarly problems, which were sometimes even slightly beyond them, he managed to keep them intensely interested. They all remembered this as something extraordinary; and he certainly had a special gift for raising us, with all our shortcomings, to his own level.

Pavlu was by no means an unworldly scholar who lived merely in the past. Besides many other things, his classes were impressive lessons in practical wisdom. If, in the words of Jacques Maritain, the study of world literature deserves a place in education because it enshrines the timeless wisdom of the human race, Pavlu proved by his teaching that under this title the ancient classics held a place of honour. Needless to say, he did it unobtrusively: a brief remark, an allusion to problems of the day, perhaps a joke—or even the mere repetition of an original passage

after our translation—would ring in our ears and find an echo in our hearts. I clearly remember one incident. Speaking of Cicero's exile, Pavlu mentioned the retroactive application of Claudius's law, under which Cicero was sentenced for measures which he had taken five years ago. Incidentally, something of the kind had just then happened in Austria; a law had been promulgated with retroactive validity for the express purpose of covering some large-scale financial machination which at the time of its commission was formally legal. Whilst admitting the necessity of legal sanction for such abuses, Pavlu warned us gravely against the dangerous precedent that was here involved. " If you punish a man under a new law for things he has done before it came into force, you destroy the basis of civic life—legal security." How often in past years have I been reminded of these words by the frivolous infringements of this safeguard on the part of totalitarian lawmakers!

Pavlu not merely taught wisdom, he practised it. The sphere where we felt this most was his handling of discipline. I recall a little incident of which I myself was the ignoble hero. Having grown up in strict isolation, I found it difficult to adjust myself to the life of a public school. Above all, I took it badly when I was teased, and got easily enraged. Once before a Latin class I had some dispute with my classmates, in the course of which they started a real teasing campaign against me. Raging with fury and with tears in my eyes, I jumped on to the platform and thundered down into the auditory: " I am through with you all! You can—" At that moment, Pavlu arrived. We all stood embarrassed. But Pavlu had taken in the situation in a moment. Quietly he ascended the platform and laid his hand on my shoulder: " Now go to your place and calm down!" Then, to my class fellows: " But you must not tease him so much." There was no sequel. It did not happen again.

Strict as he was in class, Pavlu did not look for victims. Poor students who did their best, however little this might be, could be sure of his goodwill. He saved more than one candidate for the *Matura* (leaving certificate) by the tact and prudence with which he conducted the examination. " It is so easy to drop a candidate," he once remarked to me, " but it can be terribly hard to pull him through."

Pavlu was a model of fairness towards his colleagues. During our first two years of Greek we had a very bad teacher—a man who knew little of his subject and did not even care to impart what he knew. When I decided to study Classics I consulted Pavlu about my imperfect Greek and how to make up for it. " It was Sigi (this was the fellow's nickname) who spoiled us," I said in the course of our conversation. To which Pavlu, almost sadly, replied: " You say so, too? I have heard this complaint already." He would not on his own condemn a colleague whose deficiencies he must have known better than anyone else.

Out of school Pavlu was the same as in class. He was of unfailing

kindness to everyone of us. On our periodic excursions to the *Wienerwald* we discussed with him all our problems and interests : ancient and modern literature, arts and music, philosophy and religion, life, morals and politics. We talked freely, knowing that he did not spy on " subversive " ideas. When he made a point, it was merely a hint that might clarify our turbulent thoughts. It was shortly after 1918; students at secondary schools, who until then had been subjected to a rigorous regimentation, were naturally inclined to make the utmost of their newly gained freedom. Young teachers would be anxious to " march with the times "; but that a man of the old school, one who had grave misgivings, took us seriously—this was indeed remarkable. He always said that he was learning from us, and he believed it. But if he did so, it was his merit, not ours.

Of his private life he talked little. He was married and had a family. Only few of us knew his people ; I did not. There was a shadow over his life. As a young man he had aspired to a university career, but an early marriage obliged him to make a living, and soon he was buried under the burden of class-teaching. He still found occasionally time for research, the fruits of which are set out in a number of articles on the Pseudo-Platonic dialogues ; but as he once remarked to me he " had missed the train". He made the best of his sacrifice and put all his scholarship into his teaching. This I think was the secret of his influence. The sympathy with which he watched my own rise to scholarship had something profoundly touching about it—the realization, as it were, of his own dreams by one whom he loved.

Resignation and a certain shrewdness of mind with regard to life and surroundings were conspicuous in all his ways. After the fall of the monarchy, everything had, of course, to be " democratized ". All and everything had to be decided " by vote". Pavlu loved to make fun of this pardonable craze. Once after school—it was before an excursion day—I joined him as he came out of the teachers' room. " Do you know what they have just been doing inside ? " he began. " They have voted whether to-morrow it will be fine or rainy. The majority voted for fine weather. It would be fun if it were to rain after all." And, roguishly, he concluded : " Malicious joy is the purest joy." It did rain next day.

During the Easter vacation of 1924 Pavlu was among a group of teachers who led the senior pupils of our school on a tour through Italy. I shall never forget the eight days we spent in Rome. Pavlu was an early riser. Two hours before the official touring he would go out and roam through the city. We, his faithful students, never failed to join him. He knew more of Rome than what was marked with three stars in the Baedeker. He loved the Eternal City—ancient, medieval, modern—and felt as much at home there as any German art pilgrim of the eighteenth century—" like old Geheimrat Goethe," as he often said. On our informal walks along the Tiber and through the Trastevere we saw something that

one does not learn from planned sightseeing—the continuity of life in human history and culture. Pavlu was a charming guide, telling us, along with sober information, all the lovely stories and legends that have grown so abundantly on Roman soil. We longed for a whole day with Pavlu alone. When, after a tiring week of intense exploration, he excused himself from the scheduled excursion to Tivoli, we declared that we would stay with him. Anxious to avoid a test of popularity, he did his best to persuade us to join the party; but we stood fast. When the others had left, his face brightened: "Now we'll make ourselves comfortable here." The day was a feast of intimacy. Its crowning feature came when Pavlu got us a last minute admission to an audience of Pope Pius XI.

Like all Viennese, Pavlu was a lover of music. We often met in the Opera House or Concert Hall. He was free from the snobbery of pretending to be a musical expert; but his lifelong attentive listening had taught him the art of musical appreciation. Above all composers he loved Mozart; some of his works he knew almost by heart. We also shared a taste for church music. Sunday after Sunday I saw him at high mass in St. Stephen's Cathedral, where, with the toleration of the ecclesiastical authorities, the tradition of playing the sacred music of the Viennese classics continued unbroken. With all his love for the "classical masses," Pavlu was open to the beauty of liturgical music in its purest form. Year for year we met at the Tenebrae in Holy Week; we had found each other in the admiration for the majestic *Miserere* of Allegri which, at the end of the office, echoed in a ghostly manner through the dark vaults of the cathedral. Now, St. Stephen's lies in ruins and, with it, so much of what it was a symbol. "I cannot pass by without being deeply stirred," Pavlu wrote to me after the war; "whenever I can I go a long way round."

To be sure, Pavlu had his little oddities. The one that amused us most was his pedantic sense of duty. Once some of us had gone on a trip over the Whitsun vacation. The day before school was to resume a transport strike broke out and we, cut off in the country, had to miss some classes. On our return Pavlu asked us whether we had leave to go! Bewildered, we denied. Then Pavlu gave us his view of the case: "A school-free day is a schoolday on which there is no school. If on such a day you bring yourself into a situation which prevents you from attending class afterwards, you have to answer for it." We protested violently. "Look here," he said. "I am in charge of the school library. If there were a fire on a Sunday and I were out of town without leave, I would be responsible for anything that might happen." The argument went on for a long time; Pavlu was in deadly earnest about it. In the end, of course, he did excuse us. However, in our *Matura-Zeitung*, the traditional satirical paper brought out by the highest class at leaving school, something like this could be read:

LATEST NEWS. This afternoon the Landstrasser Gymnasium

caught fire and was burned to the ground. When the fire-brigade arrived, they found nothing but smoking embers. Only a certain Dr. Pavlu was still on the spot because he had no leave to go.

LAST MINUTE REPORT. On higher orders the said gentleman has betaken himself to the Hotel Goldene Birne.

As I hardly need say, this was the place of our Farewell Dinner, at which this news was solemnly read out. Pavlu took it in good humour.

On his sixtieth birthday many of his former students assembled for an impressive celebration. Together with a past pupil from a girls' college at which he taught in the afternoons, I planned the ceremony. We contacted former students as far as we knew them; enthusiastic replies came from all sides, including a Hapsburg Archduke. In no time substantial funds had been raised to make the feast worthy of the occasion. The guests filled one of the big dining halls in the *Rathauskeller*. Spontaneously we all had felt a desire to show the old man our gratitude. It did do him good. Yet, as if he should never taste satisfaction without a drop of bitterness, our feast was overshadowed by misgivings. Just the day before some disquieting rumours had penetrated which, to those who could see, confirmed the general impression that a *coup d'état* by the Nazis was imminent, and at least some of us felt that this would mean the end of all that we had been taught, of all in which we believed and for which we stood. Besides, a short time ago Pavlu had been prematurely pensioned. This act did not imply disapproval, it was merely an economic measure; but it hurt him and all the others who fell under it. In his reply to our speeches, Pavlu started, with a melancholy undertone, by quoting Cicero: *Homo sexaginta annorum senex est*—" A man of sixty is an old man " . . .

The days of Austrian independence were running to a close. When the disaster came, I left a home in which I could no longer be my own master. Pavlu and I kept in touch until the outbreak of war. His subtle way of prudent reservation, an inheritance of the Old Austrian School, helped him to go his way unmolested. Then came the war, with its inevitable outcome. During the siege of Vienna Pavlu was bombed out. All his books and notes went up in flames. Soon after the liberation he retired to his little bungalow in the country; there, amidst the worries caused by his wife's sickness and the billeting of Russian soldiers, he started on a revision of Du Cange's Medieval Latin Glossary for a Viennese publisher, who had once been his student. Aging, starving, impoverished, he was still hoping to give us some day a synthesis of his studies on Plato. But he was worn out. This year, on the 29th of January, death came to end a life full of work, kindness and disappointment—a symbol, as it were, of the fate and spirit of Austria.

LUDWIG BIELER

AMERICA LOOKING FORWARD AND BACK*

BY SIR SHANE LESLIE, BART.

NEW books about America or specific Americans appear every week. They vary immensely in style and information, but the general conclusion is much of a muchness. The American Constitution is going to survive this catastrophic century better than any European States, and by the beginning of the next century the Melting Pot is likely to have produced the first civilised American man as differentiated from the aboriginal Indians and from the pure racial or national types who have passed across the Atlantic.

The study of this Constitution and of the great men who fashioned it and, after, used and widened it is of prime importance in modern history. It is now obvious how lacking any appreciation of American History has been in our Schools (English or Irish). In such books the curious parallel which lies between the American and Papal Constitutions is not emphasised. Apart from all mediation of the Holy Spirit, it is interesting that a Pope is chosen on similar lines to an American President and *vice versa*. In the first place any baptised Catholic can be Pope and any born citizen can enter the White House. The means of election out of a College by a three quarters majority as a rule and from representations of different States resembles the choice of a Pope from a College of different Nationals. Virginia used to produce Presidents, just as Italy has become a nursery of Popes; but any state and any country is eligible to the honour of filling those cosmic or world-affecting offices. Also, the judiciary of Rome, the Rota etc. correspond to the Supreme Bench, while the Propaganda corresponds to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

While the Constitution itself was in the Melting Pot, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay combined their views in the famous *Federalist* under the signature of Publius. Though it worked as a Bible to its supporters, its bulk and prosiness prevented any popular appeal. The vote for the Constitution was given by about a sixth of the adult whites in a population of four millions. This creative minority was the Conservative wing of the rebellion. It looked as though America would continue to be ruled by an oligarchy. The Washington line was extinct, but the Adams family produced a succession of Presidents and

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* *America and Cosmic Man.* By Wyndham Lewis. (Nicholson & Watson, 10/6).
Henry Adams and his Friends. By Harold D. Cater. (Houghton Mifflin, $5).
Mr. President. By Maurice Ashley. (Jonathan Cape, 21/–).
The Americans. By Geoffrey Gorer. (Cresset Press, 10/6).
The Federalist or The New Constitution. Edited by Max Beloff. (Blackwell, 9/6).
Breaking New Ground. By Gifford Pinchot. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

presidential timber in the Henry Adams whose *Education* proved one of the most fascinating and puzzling of autobiographies. This austere New England historian eventually lived in France writing his book on Chartres Cathedral and Mont St. Michel to the great delight of the mediævally minded. He died in Washington during the First World War. It is natural that every one has read the brilliant, gossipy, speculative, epistolary *Education*, which can only be compared to Horace Walpole in his most entertaining gothical mood. But Adams himself never heard of ten men, he said, who had read his nine volumes concerning the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison. Perhaps, had he sought like Lot for his ten just men in Sodom, even that estimate might have been similarly reduced.

In the far away past a President Adams had been supplanted by Jefferson and his Democracy. Was there not a bitter and brilliant anonymous novel called *Democracy* attributed to that President's great-grandson ? The grandfather was considered " one of the most dignified of unsuccessful Presidents ". Neither Henry nor his father competed for the Presidency. They spent the years of the Civil War in London successfully preventing England from coming in on the side of the South. That immense conflict had many results of interest. It was the first time the Irish and the Catholic won their way into front-rank citizens. Their blood had visibly helped to save the Union. It had a deciding influence on the strain of the future American. The preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon was sapped on the battlefields. The cavalier families of the South were obliterated and the colonials of New England decimated. Their place in the American Melting Pot was to be taken by the millions of immigrants who poured in from every corner of Europe.

The Republican or " Grand Old Party " proceeded to " wave the bloody shirt " with one hand and expound moral ideas with the other. No Democrat President could be elected until Cleveland (1885). The Republican Party stood even the financial scandals of President Grant, the rule of money, the giant development of trusts and monopolies. A matter of Irish interest was that the American Irish, like the South, were always loyal to the Democrats. This fetish was broken by Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul who went over openly to the Republicans and opened the way for Catholics to take office under both Parties. Henceforth the presence and influence of the Archbishop at the White House, where in response to a last hour appeal from the Vatican he very nearly prevented the war with Spain. Unfortunately, after the destruction of the *Maine*, there was a popular demand for blood.

A Republic does not involve destruction of property except as a matter of protective Civil War: as against England's loyal Tories or the Southern Rebels later. Alexander Hamilton, Washington's secretary, represented property and ruling-class in the *Federalist*. He was the most brilliant

and attractive figure until cut down in a duel. His career is best studied in Gertrude Atherton's novel *The Conqueror*. The Constitution was the balance between the executive and the judiciary, with the President as the needle of the balance. Amendments to the Constitution began with Madison's Bill of Rights. The Civil War involved another Amendment. In our time Prohibition was tried as another. The parallel with the Church lies in the definition of Dogmas in addition (not amendment) to the Creed.

The American and British Constitutions represented schemes to ensure liberty of citizens under King or President acting as brake. The great difference was that, as the King gradually lost power, the President has been always increasing his until the present situation when a King wields purely personal (not even presidential) powers whereas the President can give the whole society a New Deal in peace and a Military Dictatorship in war. The American Constitution lacked the tradition which made the invisible backbone of the English. It was wholly rationalist in form as befitted a country whose independence had been based on Paine's *Rights of Man*.

Wyndham Lewis has rushed a journalist's review of these early figures. He finds American history " fascinatingly simple " in consequence. Historians and scholars will trip him freely, but it is not for details but the " cosmic " view that his swirling synopsis is valuable. Of the books listed Mr. Wyndham Lewis's is the easiest to read. The others all invite skipping. But American history is not as simple as his quick shots require. No doubt the English Whigs favoured the American Revolution, but did they not pass the Stamp Act which caused it? But we are seeking inspiration, not mistakes; and this is precisely what we can procure from the hop, skip and jump method, which is illustrated in the lumping together of " the Sectaries, Non-Jurors, Quakers " as a means to overwhelm the kingly power.

But the Non-Jurors were the State Anglicans who, having sworn an oath to King James, refused to swear to King William. They were ejected from bishoprics like Sheridan of Kilmore and Sancroft of Canterbury. This did not make them Sectaries, and they cannot be jumbled with Quakers against whom their ablest pamphleteer Charles Leslie of Glaslough delivered some of those diatribes which Dr. Johnson considered were not to be reasoned against.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis is best when he gets away from the past and faces the American future. The world is going too quick for travellers to sit down and write volumes like Tocqueville or Bryce, static and statistical for the reference shelf, though John Gunther's *Inside America* (Hamish Hamilton) must be described as an Encyclopaedia in a hurry. Mr. Wyndham Lewis offers us an evaluation of America in the smallest possible compass. Against a background of his own of American history he gives

a slapdash impressionism of Americanism under Wilson and the two vital Roosevelts. It often reverses what other travellers think; but it is stimulating, and we begin to realise the phases of the American man which roughly must be :—

1. Aboriginal Red Indian.
2. Anglo-Saxon Colonist.
3. Anglo-Irish—Scotch—German—Gael.
4. The Melting Pot (20 new nationalities and races of European origin).
5. The American of 2000 A.D.= the Cosmic Man, = the Citizen of the World.

So the United States of America will become the United (because interbred) States of Europe on the American side of the Atlantic. We write glibly of the United Nations of Europe; but except as a political theory is it possible without the amazing inter-marriages of American life? Go to a University (as the reviewer has) like Notre Dame in Indiana. Here in the very centre of the Middle States is a Catholic University with a 20 per cent. of non-Catholics. It is known as the Irish University and all the Irish names are represented, but most of these magnificent athletes have Welsh, Czech, Polish mixtures or names. Under the Church the happiest of mixed marriages have taken place—*i.e.* inter-racial mixed marriages. The Irish blood in America has passed into thousands of other families, names and communities. It is all a steady advance towards the American Cosmic man who it is to be hoped, when he has a religion, will find the Catholic religion suitable—especially as it brings the element of tradition missing in the Constitution and the State.

America's great rural tragedy has been the reckless spoliation of the virgin soils, the release of floods and waterpaths leading to erosion and huge territories of wasted, tortured lands—atomizing itself into sand and flights of dust. These dusty gritty storms are more pernicious than flights of locusts in the East, for though locusts do eat all greenery they do not chew the soil.

How that catastrophe was met by Theodore Roosevelt appears in Gifford Pinchot's autobiography *Breaking New Ground*. Pinchot, before he was Governor of Pennsylvania, was Theodore's Forester Number One. During an exhilarating life he brought Forestry as a Science to America, received the President's untiring support, and broke the lumber men and monopolists who were spoiling America's greatest natural resources. Millions of acres were rescued or redeemed. Hundreds of foresters were trained. An immense new industry and service was added to the powers

of the United States. So important did it become that, when President Taft let down Pinchot and the Forest aims of Theodore, he added a reason for his defeat for the Second Term, that fatal last ambition of all Presidential minds. But though Pinchot became one of the most vital and immortal of modern Americans, as big a man as Ford or Edison or Luther Burbank, who has heard of him in Ireland? What single one of our economists has read his book? He fought against what has been called "a limbo of cynical grabbing". It is pleasant to find he was a friend and admirer of Horace Plunkett who founded the Irish Agricultural policy and service. History unfortunately takes far more note of destructive than of constructive great men. Pinchot recalls Horace Plunkett ranching in the West the same time as Theodore Roosevelt. Out in the natural wilds they learnt the lessons which God gives to farmers but not to politicians. In 1908, at the President's request, Plunkett conferred with Pinchot on the farmer and farming. Ireland's influences abroad are not only religious or political. Pinchot paid a return visit to Ireland—he went up the Hill of Tara and learned that in Irish cooking "no stoves are used, all on open peat fires".

In return for that little piece of information Ireland can learn what a Forest Service can mean to a progressive and self-contained country. Pinchot's life was that of a pioneer and treasure-hunter; only he sought to grow living gold out of the arid sands whence all wealth had been raped by previous generations. The Forestry Service in America is full of Irishmen, some of whom might one day be induced to explore and exploit our broken bogs. Pinchot was dismissed by Theodore's successor Taft—a fate that befell Horace Plunkett and is almost the hall-mark of first-class achievement in civic life. Taft is not included in Mr. Maurice Ashley's selection of Presidents, but Mr. Pinchot supplies a sentence describing Taft which would fit neatly into the Latin of Tacitus: "that ponderous and pleasant person entirely surrounded by men who know exactly what they want." Presidents like Popes tend to be re-actions to their predecessors.

Mr. Maurice Ashley has written an Introduction to American History in the shape of studies on six Presidents. All the rest are thrown out as failures, feeble shadows, mistakes presumably. The big Six are Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. As to be expected there is much concerning Anglo-American relations, though they rest on a diminishing racial base. General Washington was an English squire ruling over a few victorious English States from which the Whigs had driven the Tories by force of arms. Jefferson and Jackson ruled an English country still based on English laws, religions, and classes, although Jackson had administered a defeat at New Orleans to the mother country—which was no longer such under Lincoln after the vast Irish and German immigrations that poured into the land. By

the time Theodore Roosevelt was President the United States had become the home of millions of displaced persons: Jews, Greeks, Czechs, Italians, Slavs, Nordics, in addition to the steady stream of Irish and Germans. English emigrants meantime went to the English Colonies. The United States had ceased to be an English province in blood, as Wilson discovered when he was struggling to throw off the mantle of neutrality which he had woven for himself. It was Germany's suicidal policy which dragged the United States into the First War. Note for future use that the great pacifist neutral States can only be rendered sufficiently " proud to fight " by sinking ships. The sinking of the *Maine* produced the war with Spain ; the sinking of ships with Americans on board brought war with Germany ; the holocaust at Pearl Harbour brought war with Japan. It must count for something that all the great American cities are on the seaboard except Chicago, which owns an inland sea of her own. The expanding America has become more and more sea-minded.

Mr. Ashley has produced six essays swelling into a volume over 400 pp. It is erudite, impartial and well-documented, but life has become too short to read overflowing books of American history. English historians have an admirable model for such essays, Lytton Strachey. Partial and as brilliantly sketchy as an impressionist, Strachey left his characters aglow. His selection of quotations and anecdotes were cut to the essential minimum and, if he had kept accuracy in his strokes, all else could have been forgiven. Lytton Strachey roused storm upon storm, but his characters live for readers as he wrote them. And they can be read again and again, not for style only. Mr. Ashley has given us magnificent stuffed dummies and has never erred in taste or accuracy. But they are pleasantest to read when they evoke memories of old reading or anecdote in the reader himself. On the shelf of the public servant, the schoolmaster, the Don and the diplomatist no better book could be placed. But some will start imagining what Lytton Strachey would have made of such attractive and well-quarried material. Even his severest critic would have approved his brevity—now totally lacking in the modern.

There is no such constitutional absolutism as that of the White House. An energetic or visionary President can make the office pretty well what he likes, as shewn by Woodrow Wilson and the two Roosevelts. Theodore Roosevelt reigned in memory of man, and Mr. Ashley's account is written as though he had known him (as indeed was our privilege). When he mentions his circle—Henry Adams, Cecil Spring Rice and James Bryce—they all bring back personal memories such as Bryce on the Irish Question, babbling about green fields if not green flags, and Henry Adams, in his last mediaeval stage, reciting Latin hymns to Monsignor Fay and Cecil Spring Rice. Why is the latter called " the British politician "? He was an Irishman in the British Embassy, which he left with a broken heart on failing to impose the American hopes for Irish freedom on the British

Government. Henry Adams used to describe Theodore as " pure act ", which did not disqualify him for lightning thought coming out of the deeply revolving blue. It was by his acts, such as forcing the Panama Canal on Columbia or conserving the Forests, that he made the Presidency the dictatorship some of the early Federalists were thinking of. At any rate his fervent followers enjoyed the presumption of writing his initials—T.R. !

All the great Presidents conducted wars : Washington : Lincoln : Wilson : Franklin Roosevelt. Theodore had done his fighting in Cuba before he attained Presidency. The Irishman " Mr. Dooley " (Finley Peter Dunne) is mentioned, but not his immortal paraphrase of Theodore's book about that campaign which Dunne called " Alone in Cuba " ! Another incident speaks volumes for Theodore's character. In later years he met the King of Spain and immediately congratulated him on his soldiers whom he defeated at St. Juan Hill. When the King looked askance, he continued to say that they were the bravest soldiers he had ever met, for they were all dead by the time he reached their trenches ! The King fell into his arms. Our information comes from the late Alphonso XIII.

Theodore considered his rival a " conscienceless rhetorician ", though most would think Woodrow Wilson had more conscience even than rhetoric. Wilson thought of him as a " great big boy ", but it fell to the doctrinaire to advance the Presidency beyond imagined bounds. For certain months Wilson was guiding the whole world by writing notes, and he would have continued doing so if he had not been thrown over by his own people, while the League of Nations was made to collapse over him like the pillars of the temple over the blinded Samson. But Wilson had shewn himself blind on several matters, such as the ingenuity of Lloyd George, the cunning contempt of Clemenceau, and also the Irish Question. It is no use writing an Epilogue on the relations of America and England without rubbing in the enormous influence of Irish-America. It would take a volume, but Mr. Ashley contributes only a few sentences.

To return to social relations : Mr. Wyndham Lewis complains that American women abroad " are hungrily looking for other exiles of their own sex to talk to, to get back to America with for an hour or so ". As a matter of fact American women sink into any other country with the greatest ease whether into French, English or Italian homes. The American Cosmic man in America has already been preceded by the American Cosmic woman in Europe.

The American Cosmic man will have to absorb two types which are not absorbed easily : the negro with his twenty varieties of white-mixture and the Jew who remains segregated in so far as he practises the rigorism of the Old Testament. The Jewish problem has been intensified we

learn in Geoffrey Gorer's *Americans*. The religious food laws and the marriage restrictions prevent absorption into the Melting Pot. The Jews claim full American citizenship while keeping Zionist claims in the forefront. Is there an analogy between the present possibilities of the Irish question in England? Can the Irish, like the Jews, enjoy a double Nationality? The American Irish steadily become completely Americanised, although "the Irish brogue is considered almost an American dialect". The hatred of plutocracy appears in the frightened, guarded lives of the greater millionaires. Mr. Pierpont Morgan was unique, for he never dared go to bed with a cold for fear of sending down shares in Wall Street. We learn that a means was found to make him appear ridiculous by thrusting a large doll in his lap while he was giving testimony.

The Negro question is of course far out of European ken, but in Ireland we can refer it to the Firbolg question which troubled the Gaelic ruling race. In prehistoric Ireland the Firbolg was slowly absorbed, no doubt by plentiful fertilisation of the Firbolg women. This was of course before Christianity had brought the laws of marriage. In America a similar process is obviously under weigh. Mr. Gorer refers to the white negroes who pass every year into full human rights. As long as all mingling of white and black is between white men and more or less negroid women the whitening process is inevitable. It is not for us to comment on the sanctions of such a process, which is clear to a traveller who may meet scores of "negros" without being quite certain of their classification. It is for the Catholic Church to proclaim steadily that negros have souls and to provide Churches for them. The Church has been a greater friend and kinder mother to the Southern negro than the Republican Party. There is something better for the negro than becoming a mere subject for "cultural anthropology".

Amid a frenzy of novelties in Sect and Sectary the "Old Religion" holds. None of the books reviewed pay the slightest attention to the Catholic Church in America. We therefore recommend readers to add as a supplement Theodore Maynard's *History of the Catholic Church in America*, which covers the ground without fireworks or advertisement.

It is interesting to hear some of Mr. Wyndham Lewis' fire-crackers when he deals with Presidents. Wilson was "the Presbyterian Priest"; Theodore Roosevelt "the crazy extrovert, Ranchee Caesar"; Franklin Roosevelt was a "fascinating political conjuror"—who no doubt produced White Rabbits out of the White House till his sudden demise. We can think of similar phrases which the faithful attached to their beloved leaders. Archbishop Ireland was "a blizzard in a cassock" for instance. Finally, all great Presidents become Messianic in their second term, but like all Messiahs they die under the load in different ways: witness Lincoln, Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt.

SHANE LESLIE

SOME PICTURESQUE PHILOSOPHERS

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

V. THE DILEMMA OF ARISTOTLE

THE wise women of Corca Duibhne have a tradition of the death of Aristotle that is not known to the historians. In their account Aristotle did not die in Greece, but sailed before his enemies to Kerry where he married a girl from Dunquin. There with the help of his nephew he resumed his investigations into certain mysteries, especially into the immortality of the soul, on which a special treatise attributed (wrongly) to him is extant. One day he told his nephew that he intended to visit the world beyond the grave and to return to this world with the notes of his observations. The nephew was to cut off his head, place it beside his body, and precisely at midnight rejoin it to the severed neck; if he did so, Aristotle would contrive to return to life. The nephew obligingly carried out the first two points of his instructions and thought little of the service. But the witchery of the Kerry night lay heavy on his eyelids and before midnight he was slumbering. He slept too deeply to remember that it was dangerous for anyone to remain decapitated for a long period, too deeply to hear the urgent command at midnight "Now! Now!" or the despairing groan that followed it "Too late!" or the dwindling sigh of the soul as it sank back through the darkness of the skies into the chill desert of the pagan underworld. Aristotle was dead beyond recall.

I

But while Aristotle was thus honoured in Ireland as a magician, his reputation on the continent of Europe from the early Middle Ages was generally that of the master of those who know. Almost all other distinguished scientists, as for example Albert the Great and Roger Bacon, were at that time regarded as magicians; the Middle Ages seem to have habitually mistaken natural philosophers for supernatural wonder-workers much to the profit and prestige of the alchemists. But Aristotle after St. Thomas had saved him from the suspicion of being radically irreligious, has impressed posterity more and more exclusively with his memory as that of a scientific rationalist in the sense of a master in the use of observation and reason. And his power was at its height when Richelieu made disagreement with his opinions punishable by death —a concession to Aristotle that Mr. Bernard Shaw must always have resented. Yet the irony of Richelieu's enactment was that it made it a capital crime to disagree with a man who was himself perplexed all his life.

To understand the roots of Aristotle's perplexity we must consider the two great influences that produced the conflict in his mind. His

father had been court physician to the Macedonian kings. Medicine in the pre-Christian world was a grimly experimental science ; and there is little doubt that his father trained Aristotle in dissection and taught him the principle that the search for truth must begin from facts ascertained by the senses. But before he was twenty when his parents died, Aristotle was moved by his overwhelming desire for knowledge to go to Athens and join the famous Academy of Plato. He soon mastered the doctrine and was reading and carrying out experiments and observations for himself. Plato in his admiration called him " the mind of the Academy ". But Aristotle recognised the flaws in Platonism. A universal, he said, was simply the common concept of a multiplied essence and could be abstracted by the mind from the particular things in which it was multiplied. A universal therefore, though it could not be a reality, could be true as representing reality. Could what was not a reality represent reality to the mind or be true in any sense ? There was the question that was to set philosophers by the ears for centuries to come.

Meanwhile Aristotle corrected an absurdity in Plato's view of material things. Plato had concluded that they only half-existed. Now that Aristotle had denied the existence of universals he must, in order to admit any reality at all, explain material things so as to allow them full existence. He arrived at this explanation characteristically by studying substantial changes. When water changes into air (or, as we should say, into oxygen and hydrogen) some real element remains unchanged, so that we can say with perfect truth : this was that. Nevertheless the common element is not what makes water to be a *kind* of substance. For it has changed its kind. Water is therefore composed of two principles : form, which determines its kind of species ; and matter, which is devoid of any specific determination. But matter is not non-existence except in the sense of not being a complete existing thing. It has existence even though it cannot naturally exist without form. St. Thomas modified the theory and, by giving further necessary precision to the ideas of matter and form, showed its independence of scientific discovery. But he vindicated Aristotle's ideas in their main lines.

II

Aristotle did not conceal from Plato his loss of faith in the Ideas. But he revered his master and agreed with too much of his philosophy to advertise his dissent publicly during Plato's lifetime. He seems to have ceased to dwell in the Academy, of which he was still nominally a member, and to have opened a school for rhetoric and poetry. But after Plato's death he left Athens and travelled to collect observations on biology from nature. He spent some years with a fellow ex-Academic, Hermias, tyrant of Atarneus, and married his niece. But in 343, just as Hermias fell to

a Persian assassin, Aristotle was recalled by Philip of Macedon to become tutor to the young Alexander, afterwards conqueror of the world. Alexander listened, admired, and afterwards disobeyed. Aristotle was convinced that nations so differed in character that all of them could never settle down permanently in the union of a single government ; Alexander was resolved to compel them to do so. And so when Alexander at the age of twenty succeeded to the throne and entered upon his career of conquest, he quietly dropped Aristotle who in turn never mentioned Alexander in his writings. We know, however, that Alexander instructed all the hunters and fishermen of his realms to report observations of scientific interest to Aristotle. Knowing the kind of stories for which fishermen are notorious, we can easily guess the bewilderment and despair of Aristotle in trying to discern true from false. Whether Alexander acted out of gratitude or the most subtle malice is a debatable point. At all events Aristotle fled to Athens and founded the Lyceum—perhaps to escape Alexander's further favours.

At this time Aristotle, like Socrates, startlingly belied his character in his appearance and to a lesser extent in his writings. His great virtue was a love of truth for its own sake. Morally he was upright, though not faultless even for the standards of those times, but without Plato's dignity or Socrates's unconscious heroism. In his will he has left us evidence of his homely kindliness and in his writings evidence of the earnestness of his belief in God. But he was also an earnest believer in good living in another sense : he was one of the first connoisseurs of wines. His features were regular, but without fire, and his dress was meticulously studied. He even wore a ring which at that time, like spats at a later date or any other clearly superfluous article of clothing, was the hall-mark of the professional dandy. He was the sort of man that nowadays would wear a monocle. And we know that he actually did contrive a substitute for it ; for he habitually wore a sneer.

In 334 Aristotle rented a house in the grove of Apollo Lyceus east of the city walls near the Ilissus stream ; not being an Athenian, he could not buy it. Here he established his philosophical college, the Lyceum, ostensibly as an overflow to the Academy but actually as its rival. Pupils soon flocked to his lectures. In the mornings he would take the brightest of these and discuss metaphysics and such esoteric matters with them while they strolled by the Ilissus. Hence they were called Peripatetics ; at any rate any explanation of this name implies that the school of Aristotle generally walked during his lectures. In the evenings Aristotle gave popular lectures on rhetoric and politics. The members had common meals. Their public disputations and symposiums may have initiated the excellent practice later continued by the Scholastics. And the pupils very properly did the drearier spade-work in the professor's researches somewhat in the manner of a modern seminar. In return Aristotle col-

lected for them the first library recorded in history consisting of some hundreds of manuscripts, many maps, and a museum of objects to illustrate his lectures. Needless to say the Academy, furious at the march that he had stolen on it, soon afterwards put together its own library.

For eleven years Aristotle led thus a singularly happy life. Then Alexander died after a drinking bout and his conquered subjects turned on the Macedonian *Gauleiters*. Aristotle was marked down for a victim because of his friendship for the Macedonian governor, Antipater. But as no treachery could be proved against him, he was charged with irreligion for having called Hermias a god in a funeral ode. It may be that the Academy connived at this dishonest conspiracy against the greatest of Plato's disciples. But Aristotle, unlike Socrates, was not in love with martyrdom. Declaring grandly that he refused to give the Athenians the satisfaction of sacrificing yet another philosopher, he fled to Chalcis where he died a year later.

III

The point of interest in this narrative is that Aristotle used two independent methods of discovering truth and thus found a chasm in his philosophic system that he was unable to bridge. Plato had convinced him that reason alone was sufficient to discern some truths. He was always aware of the self-evident character of the principle of contradiction and the other first principles and could thus validly establish his science of metaphysics. It was by means of metaphysics that he could discern the necessity of the spiritual world. The existence of God he proved by the necessity of a term for movement. We cannot have a movement that is not a movement towards something ; and unless it is ultimately directed towards what is eternal and motionless, we shall be reduced to an infinite regress. Aristotle never asked himself whether any thing can be directed to God without proceeding from Him first. For the scientific method that as an Asclepiad he had inherited from his father inclined him to suppose the material world as uncaused and self-sufficient. He conceived its origin and its constituents in terms of matter or at least of too close an analogy with matter. Thus he declared that the material world was eternal because movement was eternal. If movement were not eternal, there must have been a time before it began. And since time is the measure of movement, there was thus a time before time. He also argued the eternity of the world by jumping to the conclusion that every cause, like every material cause, must be moved within itself before it can move anything else. Aristotle therefore confronted in thought two worlds of independent origin, yet related by teleological necessity. Hence the fatal contradiction : because the material world aimed at the spiritual as at its model and purpose it had to be related to it : but it could not be related to it because it was absolutely independent in origin, and therefore the

very existence of the spiritual world could not be known from this one. He wandered between two worlds, both alive and both powerless ever to have been born.

Aristotle therefore conceived God, though nobly and accurately under some respects, as One desired by the world but unable to act upon the world or to know it (except in general terms) or to take any interest in it. If we accept the logical implications of this idea of God, we shall be able to decide (though not always in agreement with St. Thomas) many controverted points in the interpretation of Aristotle's doctrine. For instance, he cannot have held that man's soul was created by God. It was a product of matter which died with the body. Its spiritual powers meanwhile were explained by a mysterious avatar called the active mind that infused its own ideas of things seen and heard by a man into the receptive blankness of his human mind. Since God could not be free, for He can only be conceived as free in His actions on things outside Himself, and Aristotle denied such actions, man could not seemingly be free. Yet to act morally man must be free. Aristotle never decisively assigned to man the freedom requisite for a moral being. Indeed morality itself he conceived not as obedience to a law, for God could not give the law, but eudemonistically as the perfecting of the highest in human nature. Nor could he ever decide on man's ultimate purpose. Sometimes he made the individual supreme and assigned him contemplation of the truths of metaphysics as his last end, sometimes he made society supreme and assigned as end of the individual the fulfilment of his duties as a citizen. Always Aristotle embodied the scientific ideals of honesty and love of truth. He never cooked the answers in order to have answers.

To explain further the fundamentals of a philosophy so imperfectly systematised is impossible in a short article. To treat adequately of the achievements of his wide-ranging genius is also impossible. Any one of his lesser feats would have immortalised the fame of a lesser man. Thus his treatises on natural history are still a reliable guide to the flora and fauna of the Aegean. He invented the art of formal logic and brought it to such perfection that he was considered to have explored all its possibilities until less than a hundred years ago, when the Corkman Boole decided that there was more to say.

IV

But it is possible to consider what part of Aristotle's work can be of most value to our modern world. Some are inclined to think that his ethical treatises are his chief title to our gratitude. But their value (not indeed their measure of truth or the genius that went to their composition) has been much overrated. It seems certain that Christianity would have found all that is true in them just as easily if Aristotle had

never written. Others remember Aristotle as the founder of scientific observation and thus indirectly of the experimental method ; for experiment is merely placing the conditions favourable for observation. But this achievement was precious rather for experimental science than for philosophy, though observation by the mind or senses procures the data for deducing the doctrine of matter and form and many truths of psychology.

Probably (to express an unusual opinion) the philosophical doctrine of Aristotle's that is most valuable and most needed today, though little regarded, is his philosophy of the sciences. This is a scheme for ordering all human knowledge on the principle that no science can draw reliable conclusions unless it respects those of the higher sciences on which it depends. The idea is attractive to common sense and not very difficult. First we must realise that a science is distinguished from other sciences by its formal object, which is the general nature of the reality or aspect of reality that it studies. It is not competent to investigate what lies outside its formal object ; but within its own boundaries it is independent of other sciences and applies to its work its own proper method. Now let us take an experimental science like physiology. The formal object of its study is (living) organism, which presupposes that what it is studying is also being, material, and living, though it is studied only under the respect of its being organic. And so, since what it is studying is not only organic but living, it must pre-suppose as true the conclusions of a science (the philosophical science of psychology) that studies the material object not as organism but under the more general aspect of living. Physiology therefore accepts from psychology (1) as its datum an object already explained by psychology by being classified as one of the species of living things and (2) a number of laws and principles ascertained by psychology to be true of living things in general. Psychology in turn must, in the same way, respect the findings of cosmology on bodies whether living or inanimate. And finally all these sciences must realise that they are dealing with *being* which is the general object of metaphysics and must respect the conclusions of that science. If we prescind from the place necessarily assigned to theology by Christianity, we should conclude that metaphysics is the supreme science, independent of any other, for it is founded on truths self-evident to the reason and has the most general object possible.

To sum this up in terms of another example, mathematics must rely on philosophy (and ultimately on metaphysics) for (1) knowledge of what its formal object is. This formal object, abstract quantity, it accepts as a datum. It can *describe* this object in terms of sensible appearances which state facts but do not explain them ; but to *define* the object, express understanding of *what quantity is* in its essence, it must apply to the professor of cosmology. (2) Mathematics also relies on philosophy for knowledge of the laws of its object under aspects that are outside the scope

of mathematics but presupposed to it. It must implicitly accept the findings of the philosopher on the general principles of being and material being and, in so far as it is a real science, it must consider these as part of its datum.

Now this doctrine of the hierarchy of the sciences is urgently needed today. For a world such as ours, in which is found an infinite diversity of beliefs and principles of action, is manifestly a world without effectual directives. And the present anarchy of thought is largely to be explained by the general assumption that each science is competent to criticise its own presuppositions. For the result of ignoring the findings of the higher and more general sciences is that particular sciences are exposed to mistakes that are outside their scope to rectify. Physics that ignores metaphysics can seem to find evidence for what in fact cannot exist, for the impossible. Moreover such mistakes, in proportion as they are more general, are more at war with common sense.

V

The remedy, I admit, is not easy, for scientists have two specious reasons for fighting shy of Aristotle's doctrine. One is that philosophers, considered as including Scholastics and non-Scholastics, have not for a long time presented anything like an unanimous front to those who have enquired of them for their conclusions. The other is that the Hegelians in recent centuries have appropriated Aristotle's doctrine as their own, though on the supposition of idealism. Clearly, if all our knowledge evolves from a single idea, all the sciences must be descended from one patriarch, metaphysics; experiment on the principles of idealism cannot disclose any necessity in its conclusions. Thus the doctrine of the interdependence of all branches of knowledge has come to be regarded as the doctrine of a sect. It would take too long to discuss this. Suffice it to suggest that, despite the disputes of philosophers, one of their schools is right and, if it can win attention, can prove it, and again that a true idea may find its way into a false philosophy, for no philosophy can be wholly false.

As things stand, however, many modern scientists seem able cheerfully to accept conclusions in their own sciences that are metaphysically impossible. Moreover they often reject the truths of faith or philosophy because they find no grounds for accepting them in their own sciences. It is as if a cook were to reject religion and morality because one could cook a good dinner even if one had no God and two husbands. The obvious point is constantly overlooked that no science with a restricted formal object is qualified to declare on all subjects. Most topsy turvey is the position allotted to philosophy and accepted by most non-Scholastic philosophers in this usurpation of supreme intellectual authority by experimental science. Philosophy, to use Dr. Joad's phrase, is allowed

to be only the " clearing house of the sciences". It accepts its data from the conclusions of the experimental sciences. That is to say it is expected to begin its task of explanation from data which it must take as understood, which nevertheless the sciences cannot understand without the instruction of philosophy. It may be that philosophers are bunglers. But no substitute for philosophy can be found as the foundation of other sciences and the remedy for the present fatal bewilderment of the world.

It is impossible to refrain here from mentioning a corollary to the philosophy of the sciences on which Aristotle is silent, not because he overlooked it, but because he took it for granted. If the more general sciences are the investigators of the most important truths on which all other truths depend for their understanding and being, and if those more general sciences are guardians of particular sciences against the gravest possible mistakes, it should follow that a course in philosophy should constitute the nucleus of a human education worthy of the name. For every man for his perfection needs to know (that is, to *see*) the truths that explain all other truths and explain even truth itself, if he needs to know anything at all. That philosophy is a necessary background to all professional studies has already been shown. The main reason why philosophy has dropped from the educational curriculum in many countries is the disagreement of philosophers and consequent difficulty of deciding on what philosophy should be taught. But this difficulty should not arise in a Catholic country. This idea has already been discussed in *Studies*. But it must be either refuted or adopted. To shelve it or repudiate it on grounds of expediency can hardly be reconciled with solicitude for the public good. And it will not be refuted.

Aristotle thus derived from his Platonic training confidence in reason and spirit and an unrivalled insight into metaphysics. From his scientific training he derived an equal confidence in experience and the material world and a genius for methodical observation. His scientific convictions urged him to reconcile Platonism with experience and issued in the epoch-making doctrines of abstraction and of matter and form. Unfortunately those convictions also led to an obstinate belief in the self-sufficiency of the world and a denial of creation quite irreconcilable in the long run of logic with the existence of spirit, the truths of metaphysics, and some of the truths of experience itself.

ARTHUR LITTLE

SERGEANT CUSTUME AND THE BRIDGE OF ATHLONE

BY DIARMUID MURTAGH, M.A., LL.B.

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear?
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one
The Shannon swept onwards, broad and clear
Between the leaguers and broad Athlone.

AUBREY DE VERE

IN a year that has produced a crop of articles upon the Young Irelanders I have looked in vain for any reference to what was probably their most important contribution to Ireland's history. This was the impetus that they gave to the study of Irish history itself. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that the writing of Irish history began with the Young Irelanders, and in no branch of history was this activity more marked than in the military sphere.

I

In this, no doubt, can be traced the influence of Davis. His British Army background would have taught him the great value of tradition in building up morale. His Trinity College training—and more particularly that part of it he received in the Historical Society, where he first imbibed his sentiments of Irish nationality—would have impressed him with the value of history in creating that tradition. Indeed to his own pen many thousands of Irishmen owe all they know of Irish military history. He immortalised Clare's Dragoons; he told the story of Fontenoy; he recalled the glory of Cremona. By his ballad poetry he brought to the humble fireside of Ireland the great achievements of Irish soldiers in the service of the foreigner.

From the impetus thus given, there flowed a great mass of writing—and some by no means inconsiderable research. It was the era that produced O'Callaghan, D'Alton, and O'Connor, that trinity of stalwart workers in the hitherto untilled field of Irish military history. In a more popular vein, there followed writers like A. M. Sullivan with his "Story of Ireland". Not all were contemporaneous, but all flowed from the impulse given by the Young Ireland movement; and if the majority savoured of what we to-day call "propaganda," at least they brought to light incidents of Irish history that had long been submerged beneath the flood of Orange literature issued at the close of the eighteenth century.

Amongst the incidents that appear then to have re-emerged, was the historic story of Sergeant Custume and his heroic death upon the Bridge of Athlone. It was an obvious choice. No incident in Irish history was better calculated to inspire enthusiasm and morale. It was the greatest act of heroism in the Irish Wars. It shared with Sarsfield's Ride the claim to have been the greatest feat of arms in Irish history. It is little wonder that it was capitalised and made to pay rich dividends in sentimental patriotism.

It is still less surprising that its use for propaganda purposes precluded that critically objective approach that is the essence of real historical research. Much was accepted about Sergeant Custume that demanded critical investigation ; much was written about him that had no justification in fact. Unfortunately in the century that has elapsed, nothing further has been done to repair the omissions and rectify the errors arising from the original manner of treatment. We, however, are free from the necessity of writing propaganda, and there is nothing to prevent us approaching the story of Custume in an objective spirit. There is the added inducement that, in a humble way, we may carry for a short distance the torch that Davis lighted, if we can show who exactly Sergeant Custume was and what precisely was the nature of his achievement.

II

Properly to appreciate the nature of his achievement, we must diverge for a space and examine the background against which his deed of heroism was performed. In June 1691, the Jacobite War in Ireland was embarking on its third and—as events were to prove—its last campaign. The Irish Army held the line of the Shannon, with posts at all its principal crossings. The chief of these were Athlone and Limerick—those twin bastions of its defence before which the Williamite forces had recoiled in the previous year. It was the last line of defence left to the Irish, a " ne plus ultra " position whose fall would compromise fatally the whole Irish war-effort.

Not indeed that its fall was by any means a foregone conclusion. On the contrary, for almost a twelve-month it had withstood the Williamite assaults, while behind its wide protection the raw Irish regiments had learned the elements of their trade. Could it be maintained, the resources of Connacht were sufficient to support the Irish troops, used as they were to a low standard of living. At any moment French pressure along the Scheldt might bring relief to the Shannon. In the meantime French generals to direct operations, French specialists to assist in the artillery and engineering spheres, and a French Quartermaster, with sufficient muskets to make good the defects in small arms, had reached Limerick. Time was on the side of the Irish, and Ginkel had William's orders to bring the campaign in Ireland to the earliest possible conclusion.

To this end the Dutchman thrust at Athlone. The choice was obvious. Here lay the only masonry bridge into Connacht. Could he but secure it, in however damaged a state, he would not merely have pierced the line of the Shannon ; he would have made available an artery by which he could pour troops and supplies into Connacht at a rate that would quickly end all resistance.

This bridge crossed the Shannon some distance south of the present bridge. It crossed from Bridge Street to Main Street—that is to say just below the Castle. It carried, upon nine arches, a roadway thirteen feet wide. The western arch was spanned by a drawbridge. It is necessary to emphasise this fact, for no Irish account of the siege makes any mention of it. Indeed, with one exception, there is no reference to it in any contemporary account. But Piers,[1] in a description of Athlone published eight years before the siege, makes it quite clear : " One tower on the corner of the Castle wall is so advantageously seated that it commandeth the whole bridge, which nevertheless *hath a great drawbridge on that end.*" That it still remained at the time of the siege is proved by Story, who describes[2] how the Williamites pursued the defenders of the Leinster town " to the very foot of the draw-bridge ".

When the Irish retreated into Connacht, on the fall of the Leinster town, it was a simple matter for them to raise the drawbridge and thus sever communication with the Leinster shore. But apparently they were not satisfied with the security thereby provided ; for we have it, on the authority of both sides[3] that they " broke down two arches ". Neither makes it clear, however, that the western arch was " broken " only in the sense that the roadway was interrupted by raising the drawbridge. No doubt the machinery by which it was raised and lowered was also broken—if not by the defenders, then almost certainly by the Williamite bombardment.

This left Ginkel to force a passage across a wide river, against strong fortifications, and in the face of an army which, in all respects save artillery, was the equal of his own. It was a formidable undertaking, and there were not wanting many General Officers, on both sides, who considered it impossible.

Ginkel commenced operations with a tremendous bombardment to " soften up " the Irish defences. We are not surprised to hear that nothing like it had ever been seen in Ireland before. The measure of its severity is better conveyed by the fact that nothing like it has ever been seen in Ireland *since*—if one excepts the bombing of Belfast during the last war. We are told that it beat down the whole face of the Castle ; and accordingly

[1] Piers : *History of Westmeath.*

[2] Story : Continuation p. 98.

[3] Clarke : *Memoirs of King James II*, Vol. II, p. 453 : *London Gazette*, No. 1080.

we may assume that it greatly damaged, if it did not entirely destroy, the " advantageously seated " tower that " commandeth the bridge ". At any rate we find that the defence of the bridge is being reposed in a breastwork of fascines erected on the Connacht side of the broken western arch. These fascines, or faggots as they are called by many contemporary writers, consisted of bundles of rods or brushwood, about nine inches in diameter and some eighteen feet long, bound tightly with withes. They were packed closely between uprights driven into the ground. The resilience of the brushwood made them very effective against smooth-bore weapons, and they fulfilled much the same function in relation to them as the sand-bag has done in relation to rifled weapons.

The Jacobite officer John Stevens, who was himself posted that day " to the left of the bridge," tells us that the bridge itself " was defended by several companies of grenadiers ".[1] The grenadier company of each regiment was composed of the biggest and best men of the regiment. When a commander wanted something in the nature of a corps-d'élite, he obtained it by assembling a number of grenadier companies. Apart from their quality as troops, grenadiers were an obvious choice for the defence of a breastwork ; for the grenade could be thrown from behind the breastwork without exposing the defender.

There was a less obvious reason for the inclusion, amongst the troops defending the bridge, of a detachment of Maxwell's Dragoons. At the same time their selection is not so incongruous as it would seem in more modern times ; for Dragoons in the seventeenth century were not cavalry. They were defined by Montecuculi,[2] who is credited by some people with their invention, as " Infantrymen, who used a horse only to get more quickly to the scene of operations ". Their selection on this occasion was, without doubt, attributable to the fact that their Colonel-Proprietor, Major-General Thomas Maxwell, was the Major-General charged with the defence of the town.[3]

Maxwell's functions in this connection need some explanation. The French General d'Usson was the Military Commander of the town. But under the system of command then prevailing in most of the armies of western Europe, he would have a Major-General whose duty it was to post the various units in their battle-positions and supervise their conduct while in them. Thomas Maxwell was this Major-General.

III

Maxwell and his regiment play such a prominent part in our story that it is necessary to deal with them at some length. Maxwell himself

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[1] *Journal of John Stevens*, f. 123. b.

[2] Macaulay : *History of England*, Vol. I, p. 294.

[3] Plunkett : *Jacobite Narrative*, p. 135.

" was a Catholic gentleman of an ancient family in Scotland ".[1] He had commanded a Dragoon regiment[2] in England, but on the success of the Revolution had followed his sovereign to Ireland. There he was given command of a Regiment of Dragoons raised in Antrim and Down. This appointment was by no means haphazard; for a considerable portion of the regiment would have been recruited amongst the race then still known as " the Ulster Scots ". These were the descendants of Scots migrants who had been settling in Antrim since about the year 1400—and of whom the MacDonnells were the chiefs. They were a redoubtable race in war, having hired themselves out, over the centuries, to the native chieftains. They had furnished the bulk of that Irish Army that Alasdair MacDonnell (Colkitto) had led into Scotland to aid Montrose. Their Celtic stock, their Catholic faith, and their common antagonism to the Sassenach had been cemented by intermarriage and fosterage with the chief families of Ulster, until they had become almost identical with the native Irish. At the same time their contiguity to Scotland enabled them to maintain close relations with the land of their origin. It is therefore not impossible that Maxwell may have had relatives amongst them. At any rate he was likely to appeal to their Scottish sentiment.

His Lieutenant-Colonel was Daniel Magennis and the Major's name was O'Callaghan. D'Alton gives the names of 43 other officers. Amongst them were five named Savage, five named Magennis, four McCartans and three O'Lowrys.[3] Maxwell appears to have been a competent officer; for it is clear, from the glimpses we get of it, that his regiment was amongst the very best of the Irish regiments. It shared with Carroll's the distinction of being the largest of the Dragoon regiments—12 companies of fifty men each.[4] Nor was this a mere paper strength, as was the case with so many of the Irish regimental returns. For Stevens mentions,[5] under date 26 May 1691—and apparently it was an event so rare as to be worth recording—" Joined us to-day eight complete troops (companies) of General Maxwell's regiment of dragoons, being 400 men well armed and mounted." And again under date 9 June: " Four troops of Maxwell's dragoons joined the regiment, making up twelve complete troops (companies) and near 600 men well accoutred and disciplined."[6] Apparently this high standard was maintained; for a year later, in contrast to many of the other regiments who had suffered heavily from desertion and other wastage,

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[1] O'Callaghan: *History of Irish Brigades in Service of France*, p. 81.

[2] Maxwell's regiment in England was that later known as the 4th Dragoons.

[3] D'Alton: *King James's Irish Army List*, Vol. I, page 459 et seq.

[4] Singer: *Clarendon Correspondence*, Vol. II, page 399.

[5] *Journal of John Stevens*, f. 76. a.

[6] *Journal of John Stevens*, f. 76. b.

Fumeron[1] returns Maxwell's under date 24 June 1691 as comprising twelve companies and 600 men.[2]

We are not told how many of Maxwell's regiment were posted to the bridge-head. But it is unlikely to have been more than a few companies. When allowance is made for the grenadier companies mentioned by Stevens, it does not seem as if there would be room for more. But however small the detachment, it is clear that it was not merely on personal grounds that Maxwell selected them. How well they were to justify this selection, this narrative will show.

IV

Meanwhile, after 96 hours of bombardment, which left the Connacht side of Athlone little more than a heap of rubble, Ginkel determined to attempt the bridge. On the night of June 25–26, still covered by the bombardment which never ceased during all the operations upon the bridge, the Williamites began to work across the unbroken arches. We are not told the method of advance, but it was probably done by troops crawling and pushing fascines in front of them, while at the bridge-head a detachment of their comrades covered them with musketry fire. Progress was slow. Story says :[3] "What we got here was inch by inch." Moreover it was costly ; for McNeal, writing next day from the Williamite camp to Sir Arthur Rawdon, says that in this struggle "two captains, two ensigns, and three lieutenants were killed". This predicates a loss of some seventy or eighty men killed and about thrice that number wounded—a heavy price to pay for only "gaining the bridge . . . all to two arches".[4] For, of course, the two arches were the critical ones. The fatal western arch was still denied to Ginkel. Until he held it and could cross it, he was little nearer the achievement of his aim.

Ginkel however erected a breastwork of fascines at the end of the roadway he had captured and prepared to bridge the broken arches just outside it. On the evening of the next day, June 27th, the Williamites set fire, with their grenades, to the fascines which composed the Irish breastworks at the bridge and destroyed them. Taking advantage of the confusion thus caused to the defenders, "about one in the morning (says Stevens[5]) the enemy, creeping over their barricades of faggots on the bridge, made up the broken archway with their planks, *both sides plying their smallshot and hand-grenades without intermission*". The italics

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[1] Fumeron was the French Commissary.

[2] Arch. Nat. : *Ministère de la Guerre* : Arch. anc., Vol. 1080. No. 136.

[3] Story : Continuation p. 102.

[4] *Rawdon Papers* : Letter No. CL.

[5] *Journal of John Stevens*, f. 123. b.

are those of the present writer and are inserted to draw attention to a point that is habitually overlooked. It is clear, from this description, that the archway was not planked unknown to the Irish. Most writers convey the impression that it was. This sentence, therefore, acquits the Irish of keeping an indifferent or negligent watch. But if it does, it also clearly demonstrates how completely the Williamite covering fire beat down the fire of the defenders.

The repairs seem to have been effected by bridging the gap with beams and by then laying planks across them to form a decking. Both Plunkett[1] and Story[2] agree as to this. They agree also that the decking was not completed. But they are silent as to the manner in which the beams were secured or the method used to fasten the planks to them. In this connection, however, King James[3] uses two words that are highly significant. Describing the achievement of Custume and his comrades, the King says: "With courage and *strength* beyond what men were thought capable of, they *threw* down the planks and beams." One might be disposed to construe the word "strength" as being *ejusdem generis* with "courage," were it not for its association with the word "threw". The obvious inference is that the extraordinary strength was required to throw down the timbers. This in turn presupposes that the beams were of considerable weight. It is significant too that the verb used is "threw"; for it certainly conveys no suggestion of tearing up spikes or other fastenings. On the contrary it connotes a simple dislodgment. It is possible therefore to infer from this, that the Williamite repairs were effected without any fastenings or ties and that Ginkel's engineers simply relied on the weight of the beams to keep them in place. Thereafter planks were laid loosely across the beams and maintained in position by gravity alone.

But even when this is admitted, it must be acknowledged that, by planking the broken arch, the Williamite engineers accomplished a feat for which they have never got the credit they deserve. By their skill and gallantry they had placed Ginkel on the verge of a great success. It must have seemed to the Dutchman, as it did to the Irish, that Athlone was in the hollow of his hand. But heroism begets heroism: "And one great hero fans another's fire." If the stout hearts and sturdy arms of the Williamite engineers seemed to have placed the cup of victory in Ginkel's hand, the heroic self-sacrifice of two small detachments of Maxwell's Dragoons was to dash it from his lips.

V

Very many Irish writers have described the events that followed with a wealth of detail and an embellishment of fact that is more credit to their

[1] Gilbert: *Jacobite Narrative*, p. 134.
[2] Story: Continuation p. 102.
[3] Clarke: *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 453 et seq.

patriotic zeal than to their regard for accuracy. As a result it is hard to distinguish between what is fiction and what is fact. This can only be done by reverting to the contemporary authorities. They differ in details, but it is possible to form a coherent picture from them.

Most important of these is the account by King James himself.[1] To him we are indebted for the preservation of the gallant Sergeant's name. " One Custume " says the King " with eight or ten men proffer'd to pull them [the planks] down again ; this was joyfully accepted." Thus we learn not merely his name but the fact that he and his comrades volunteered. Story supplies us with his rank and regiment :[2] "They detached a Sergeant and ten men out of Brigadier Maxwell's Regiment." To the same authority we are indebted for the fact that " these were all in armour ". Stevens describes them " getting over our work of faggots on the bridge ".[3]

These simple words fail, however, to convey the tense and poignant atmosphere that must have prevailed amongst the Irish detachment at the bridgehead. As the chosen band slipped across the Irish breastwork, what fears, what anxieties, what forebodings must have attended their desperate enterprise. To their comrades, waiting by the bridgehead, the task they had undertaken must have seemed well-nigh impossible. Yet their king, their country, their faith, the future of all depended upon them and this chance that seemed worse than last—upon this hope that was less than forlorn. But, in the face of a heavy fire from the Williamites, Custume and his men stuck to their task. " With courage and strength," writes King James in the passage already quoted, " beyond what men were thought capable of, they threw down the planks and beams, notwithstanding the continual fire of the English."

While thus we are able to piece together from the different authorities a story fairly abundant in details, there are at the same time grave lacunae. For example, we are not told of any Irish covering fire. And yet, as sure as there were Irish troops in the vicinity of the bridgehead, just as certainly those troops must have laid down a considerable covering fire upon the Williamite fascines across the disputed arch. The object of such fire was to force the Williamite marksmen to keep under cover, thereby lessening the accuracy and volume of their fire. The omission, by contemporary writers, of any mention of it is, without doubt, because it was regarded as an obvious fact.

The authorities are equally silent as to what period elapsed between the time Custume's detachment crossed the barricade and the moment when the last of them was shot down. But it must have been some minutes at least to enable them to destroy so much. Neither are we told the extent

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[1] Clarke : *Memoirs of King James II*, Vol. II, page 453 et seq.

[2] Story : Continuation p. 102.

[3] *Journal of John Stevens*, f. 123. b.

of the destruction wrought by them. It is possible however, by means of a rough calculation based on the relative strength of the two detachments, to place it at a third. And to demolish a third of the structure predicates some minutes survival for the detachment.

We are not told how they managed to survive the Williamite fire for so long. Indeed the reader is tempted to wonder by what miracle they survived the enemy's first discharge. Heavy though the odds may have been against them, they were not as heavy as most historians have represented. In the first place they wore armour, and against the smooth bore weapons of the day it was very effective. To kill it was necessary to penetrate some vital chink. In the second place the Irish would have had, for the first few seconds, the advantage of surprise. The very audacity of their move would have caught the Williamites off their guard. Then, after the first discharge, they would have had the benefit of a smoke-screen—not specially and artificially created to hide them, as it would be to-day ; but one which naturally resulted from the gun-powder of those days. Indeed it was to this that the two survivors of the second detachment owed their immunity, for Story refers to " two who escaped amongst all the fire and smoak ".[1]

Finally, it must be conceded that the total volume of fire to which they were exposed, severe though it was, fell far short of that usually attributed to the Williamites. " The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well " says Aubrey de Vere, and his lines have helped to perpetuate a fallacy—a fallacy too which has been repeated by many historians who cannot plead " poetic licence ". This is the suggestion that Custume and his comrades were exposed to the whole force of the Williamite bombardment. So far was this from being the case, that it is highly improbable if a single Williamite cannon was laid upon the bridge. In the first instance, from what we know of the position of the Williamite batteries, no gun could have been brought to bear upon the broken arch—and certainly not without destroying the Williamite fascines on the bridge and the troops manning them. In the second place, turning their guns upon the bridge would have defeated Ginkel's own ends ; for it would have destroyed the planking far more certainly than Custume's detachment.

All this is stated, not to belittle Custume's achievement, but to explain how it was he achieved so much ; not to detract from his heroism, but to show how it was that his heroism was not in vain ; for to such an enterprise there could be but one ending. We are not surprised to learn from Story[2] that they " were all of them slain," although he adds : " This did not deter as many more from setting about the same piece of service."

No doubt it is the phrase " as many more " that has given rise to the

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[1] Story : Continuation p. 103.

[2] Story : Continuation p. 102.

widespread belief and the frequently encountered statement that the second detachment likewise comprised eleven men. The " Diary of the Siege of Athlone,"[1] however, says that the second detachment consisted of " a Lieutenant and twenty more ".[2] Even if Story's statement was not merely a general one intended to indicate the approximate strength of the detachment, we can hardly accept it against the " Diary " ; for the anonymous author of the latter was a Williamite engineer officer, and he is more likely to be accurate as to the details of the destruction of a work in which he, as an engineer, would have taken a special interest.

While not explicitly saying so, Story certainly conveys the impression that the second detachment were likewise volunteers drawn from Maxwell's regiment. It is certainly to be inferred from the context, and in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary must, I think, be accepted. Story is no more explicit upon the question of whether this detachment donned armour ; but again, in the absence of a positive statement to the contrary, it must be assumed that they did. As this second detachment slipped across the Irish breast-work, they must have come at once under a heavy hostile fire ; for this time the Williamite musketeers and grenadiers at the bridge-head would have been expecting a renewal of the attempt. But " notwithstanding the continual fire of the enemy," says King James,[3] " they held it out until they had finished their work, though most of them were killed in the action ". " They effected it," says Story,[4] " by throwing down our planks and beams, maugre all our firing and skill". And he adds the tribute, as unexpected as it is generous : " They all lost their lives as testimonies of their valour, except two, who escaped amongst all the fire and smoak." The remainder had joined Custume in the glorious sacrifice that has made his name immortal. But they died not in vain. The task had been accomplished. The last plank, the ultimate beam, was floating down the Shannon.

VI

One would have expected that the names of the brave men who composed the two detachments would have survived—or at least the names of the Lieutenant and the two who escaped. But this is very far from being the case. Indeed, when we come to examine the contemporary authorities, we discover a remarkable fact. The Irish Jacobite writers make no reference whatever to Sergeant Custume, and Plunkett alone of them makes any reference to the incident.[5] O'Kelly ignores it completely.

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[1] *A Diary of the Siege of Athlone* by an Engineer Officer : British Museum MS.

[2] *Diary of Siege of Athlone*, p. 5.

[3] Clarke : *Memoirs of King James II*, Vol. II, page 453.

[4] Story : Continuation p. 102.

[5] *Jacobite Narrative*, p. 134.

Felix O'Neill in his letter to the Countess of Antrim, written immediately after the loss of Athlone and found on his corpse after Aughrim, does likewise. This is all the more remarkable in that otherwise he goes into details that are, by contrast, relatively unimportant. Plunkett, though he refers to it, dismisses it with a few words. With one exception, the non-Irish Jacobite writers are little more informative. But the exception is an important one. It is King James himself, from whom, as we have seen, we get the most valuable information of all. Apart from him, our principal sources of information are the Williamite writers, Story and the anonymous author of the " Diary of the Siege of Athlone."

This state of affairs is almost entirely attributable to the connection of Thomas Maxwell with the incidents in question. It is significant that the curious pattern thus disclosed coincides with that traced by the footsteps of the Scots General. Wherever Maxwell has passed, there the story of Custume is well known. In proportion to the proximity of his passage, the facts are detailed or vague. Finally, when we come to sources that are definitely hostile to the Scot, no reference is made to the incident at all. Maxwell, who was a loyal and trusted friend of his King, no doubt gave that monarch a full account of the great achievement of men of his own regiment. In their achievement he would naturally have taken a legitimate pride ; and it is to this that we owe the intimate details disclosed by King James. To Plunkett and Stevens, Maxwell was a General Officer with whom they, as mere regimental officers, would have no personal contact. Though not unfriendly to him, they were not his intimates, and accordingly their knowledge is limited to the general outline. O'Kelly and O'Neill, on the other hand, were Maxwell's avowed enemies. The former indeed goes so far as to make the entirely unfounded allegation that Maxwell betrayed Athlone.[1] They were unlikely to recount any episode that would redound to the credit of Thomas Maxwell or his regiment.

In the assault of June 30th, Maxwell was taken prisoner by the Williamites. To that fact we can trace the familiarity of the Williamite writers with the story of Sergeant Custume. From his service in England, Maxwell would have known many of the English officers amongst Ginkel's troops. We know that he talked to them about incidents that had taken place during the siege.[2] To the Williamites one of the principal events was the destruction of their planking. We can well imagine Maxwell proudly supplying the information that it was men of his regiment who had foiled his captors two days previously.

Another curious fact is the silence of the Abbé MacGeoghegan in his *History of Ireland,* in which he makes no reference to the Custume incident.

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[1] O'Kelly : *The Destruction of Cyprus* : Edit. O'Callaghan, page 124.

[2] *London Gazette,* July 5th 1691. H.M.C. (1899) Vol. 42, p. 279.

MacGeoghegan was born a bare eleven years after the termination of the siege and within fifteen miles of the town itself.[1] He came of an old Westmeath family that had furnished upwards of twenty officers to the Irish Jacobite Army—one kinsman alone, the Abbé tells us, having five of his sons slain during the course of the War. In no single arm of the service were the MacGeoghegans so strongly represented as in the Dragoons—no less than seven Geoghegans being found holding commissions in various Dragoon regiments. They were accordingly peculiarly well-placed to hear and repeat the Custume story, if it had gained any publicity at that time. And the Abbé himself, having taken Holy Orders in Paris, joined the Irish Brigade[2] as a Chaplain. There he must have found, amongst both officers and men, some at least who had fought in the Jacobite War in Ireland. He tells us himself[3] that he relies, for his material for that struggle, upon the accounts of several officers who fought in it—and in particular upon the Journal of Edmund Butler of Kilcop. This Journal is not now forthcoming, but its author was at the time of the siege Cornet in Dominick Sheldon's troop of Tyrconnell's Regiment of Horse.[4] As Sheldon was a Major-General during the campaign of 1691, the command of the troop devolved upon him. The virtual command of a troop in the Viceroy's own regiment gave him an entrée to information that would not have come the way of the normal cavalry subaltern. Yet amongst such information the story of Custume does not seem to have percolated; for Butler apparently omits all reference to it. Why? Certainly not through hostility to Maxwell; for Maxwell was a Tyrconnellite, as were also the Butlers.

Proximity to the scene and the epoch of Custume's heroism, familiarity with the Jacobite tradition of his early upbringing and the still stronger Jacobite tradition of his mature years, should all have made MacGeoghegan familiar with the Custume story—if it then existed. They certainly rendered him familiar with a host of other spectacular incidents of the War. When, nevertheless, we find him omitting all reference to the Custume incident, we are driven to conclude that MacGeoghegan had never heard of it. This in turn leads us to the conclusion that, apart from the publicity given to it by Maxwell himself, it had gained no widespread circulation amongst the regiments of the Irish Army or amongst the successors of those regiments in the Irish Brigade thereafter. And there, for the present, we must leave this enigma of Irish history.

DIARMUID MURTAGH

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[1] He was born at Uisneach, Co. Westmeath in 1702.

[2] *History of Ireland*: MacGeoghegan. Dublin: Duffy, 1844. p. 589 footnote.

[3] R. J. Hayes: Dictionary of Irishmen in France: *Studies*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 131.

[4] D'Alton: *King James's Irish Army List*, Vol. I, page 111.

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY P. G. KENNEDY, S.J.

PART XXI—THRUSHES

THRUSHES constitute the Genus TURDUS and, like the Wheatears, Chats, Redstarts and Robins, belong to the Family TURDIDAE. Eight species of Thrushes have been found in Ireland.

WHITE'S THRUSH.—White's Thrush is an eastern Palaearctic species which breeds in Siberia and Japan and occurs as a vagrant in many parts of Europe. It has been three times recorded in Ireland. The first was shot near Bandon, Co. Cork, in December 1842. The specimen which was in Trinity College Museum has disappeared. The second was obtained at Ballymahon, Co. Longford, in the spring of 1867. The third, of which the specimen is in the National Museum, Dublin, was shot near Westport, Co. Mayo, in January 1885.

I have never seen this thrush in the flesh, but from the Museum specimens which I have examined, I think it should be an easy bird to identify in the field, provided a reasonably good view were obtained. But it is said to be difficult to observe, being very shy and frequenting as a rule woods with dense undergrowth. It is about the size of the Mistle-Thrush and of a strikingly speckled appearance. The ground colour is yellow above and white below, with crescentic black markings both above and below. There is a broad black band on the underside of the wing, noticeable in flight. Young Mistle-Thrushes, which are more speckled than adults, have sometimes been mistaken for this species, but they are less richly and less boldly marked, and they have white under-wings. In the hand a good distinction is that White's Thrush has fourteen tail feathers, while the Mistle-Thrush has only twelve.

THE FIELDFARE.—The Fieldfare breeds in northern and central Europe and in Siberia, and winters in central and southern Europe, with casual visits to the Mediterranean region, and in south-western Asia. It is a regular winter migrant to this country, arriving usually in October and November and leaving in April, but earlier arrivals and later departures have been recorded. Birds ringed as young in Norway and Sweden have been recovered in Ireland in winter. While here it prefers the uplands except in hard frosts. In the exceptionally severe winter of 1946-47 large numbers were found feeding on the tide-wrack on the shores of the North Bull, Dublin.

The Fieldfare, also called the Blue Felt, is a distinctive and handsome bird, almost as large as the Mistle-Thrush. It is readily distinguished

from the other thrushes by its slate-grey head, nape and lower back contrasting with its chestnut upper back and blackish tail. The throat and breast are golden-brown streaked with black, the underparts are white and the flanks boldly marked with black. The white axillaries and underwings are noticeable in flight. The sexes are alike. In its winter habits it is strongly gregarious and nomadic. Flocks feed chiefly in the open, working a field up-wind in loose formation. If disturbed, they fly to trees and perch facing the wind. Especially in frosty weather they feed on haws and other hedge-row berries, and when they have exhausted the supply of fruit in one district they pass on to another. They roost sociably, largely on the ground, but sometimes in young plantations and on trees. In Leix I found them roosting regularly in laurels. While feeding and passing to and fro they keep up a constant clamour with their harsh " cha-cha-chack". Birds frequently chatter sociably in trees, and in spring it is not uncommon to hear a subdued warbling. On April 15, 1938, Mr. P. E. Dunn and I listened to singing which was not subdued, but loud and clear, of some birds of a flock perched on tree-tops in the Deer Park, Powerscourt. Coward remarks that the song he heard repeatedly in Norway was not much superior to the occasional April warble he had heard at home.

The Fieldfare usually nests in colonies in woods of birch, alder, fir or pine, sometimes in gardens and rarely on rocks or on the ground. The nest and eggs are somewhat like the Blackbird's.

The Mistle-Thrush.—Apparently the Mistle-Thrush was unknown in this country before the nineteenth century. Thompson says that the first instance which came under his notice was a bird shot from a flock of Fieldfares in Co. Antrim about the year 1800. Within a few years of that date it was found breeding in the north and by the middle of the century it was nesting in all four provinces, but not till later did it colonize the extreme west of Connaught. In the city of Dublin it breeds freely in the squares and gardens and indeed wherever there are trees. In autumn there is an immigration from Great Britain and probably also from the Continent. Birds ringed as young in Scotland and northern England have been recovered in December and January in Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick and Kerry.

The name, Mistle-Thrush, is derived from the bird's habit of feeding on mistletoe berries where these abound. In Ireland it is generally known as the Jay-Thrush and sometimes, quite wrongly, as the Jay. Storm-Cock, formerly used more often than it is today, is a good descriptive title, as the bird frequently sings in high winds and even during storms, when other song-birds have retired to cover.

The Mistle-Thrush is a large and conspicuous bird, greyish-brown above with the under-parts buffish white, boldly marked with wedge-

shaped and oval black-brown spots. The axillaries and under-wings are white, and there are whitish tips to the outer tail feathers. The sexes are similar and juveniles have a more speckled appearance than adults.

This thrush spends much of its time in the open. In a characteristic attitude on the ground it stands erect, with head raised, tail depressed and wings drooping, giving the impression of extreme alertness. The flight is typical, being strong and direct and having prolonged glides with closed wings. The bird is fearless and aggressive in defence of its eggs and young against Magpies and other marauders. In a locality in Leix, where Jays are particularly numerous, I have often seen a Mistle-Thrush attack one of these notorious egg-thieves, put it to flight and pursue it with many harsh and angry cries. After the nesting season several family parties tend to unite and in a loose flock roam over the countryside, delaying in one district as long as the food supply lasts before moving on to the next. Twenty or thirty is not an unusual number to see feeding in the fields in July and August. Later ripe berries seem to have an irresistible attraction. In places where there were rowan or yew trees I have seen Mistle-Thrushes arrive in force and feed ravenously for days until not a berry was left.

The Mistle-Thrush sings intermittently from the end of August to the end of December and fairly continuously during the first four months of the year. In many years I have noticed that it ceases altogether early in May, long before the Blackbird and Song-Thrush. The song is usually delivered from the upper branches of a tree, sometimes on the wing and occasionally on the ground. I have seen birds singing from the house-tops in some Dublin streets. In the spring of 1947 one sang daily from the dome of Government Buildings, Merrion Street. All such singing perches probably overlook nesting sites. The song has a certain resemblance to the Blackbird's, but is not so mellow, and it lacks the variety of the Song-Thrush's and is somewhat monotonous. Yet it has force and character, carries well and is especially welcome when other songsters are silent.

The nest, which is large and conspicuous, is commonly in the fork of a tree at some height from the ground. In treeless districts it may be in a stone wall or in a quarry or even on the ground. Some years ago two friends of mine with archaeological tastes, having visited the stone fort of Staig, near Waterville, Co. Kerry, reported that a few exotic, or at least quite unusual, birds had settled down within the walls. The next day I set out for the fort full of ornithological hope, but on arrival I found that the birds were only a pair of Mistle-Thrushes attending to their nest on a ledge of masonry. As a rule the nest is built by the hen alone and is made of grass, moss, roots and wool, with earth to solidify it. The eggs, generally four or five, sometimes only three, are of a brownish-white or greenish-blue, blotched and speckled with reddish-brown and lilac. They are often laid in March and two broods are not infrequent in the season.

The species breeds in Europe north to Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia, and south to Spain, Portugal, France, Italy and Greece, and also in Asia Minor and Syria.

The Song-Thrush.—The Song-Thrush is resident and common except for a period after the nesting season, when it is decidedly rare. As a breeding species it seems to have decreased in the present century. This may be due to the encroachment of the more robust Blackbird, which has undoubtedly increased and is still increasing. On the other hand in winter the Song-Thrush is much more numerous than in summer and also more wide-spread, as it visits treeless districts and bare sand-hills near the coast. This increase is owing to the autumn immigration of the species which, as Barrington says, is one of the marked features of Irish ornithology. Immense numbers arrive on our south-east coast in October and November. They are seen passing the light-houses in considerable flocks by day, but they occur far more numerously at night, and during the so-called " rushes " in cloudy and foggy weather many are killed or disabled " striking," that is to say, dashing themselves against the lanterns. Thus in one season of fogs and mists the light-house keeper of the Tuscar Rock, off the coast of Wexford, reported that from October 20th to 23rd some five to six hundred Blackbirds and Thrushes were killed each night. And it must be remembered that this represented only a small proportion of the great wave of Thrush migration then in progress and making land from the Cork to the Dublin coast.

Since the early years of the present century, when the practice of ringing birds began in Great Britain, a large number of Song-Thrushes have been recovered in Ireland, especially in the west and south. These recoveries have all been of birds ringed as nestlings in England and Scotland, indicating that a large proportion, if not all, of our wintering Song-Thrushes come from these neighbouring countries. The recoveries happened from October to April in the first, second and third years after ringing. But there are two interesting exceptions: one bird ringed in May 1930 in Westmorland was found in January 1945, in its 15th year, in Co. Limerick; the other ringed in May 1935 in the same locality of Westmorland was recovered two years later in Westmeath in June—a date which suggests that the bird did not return to breed in the country of its birth.

One of the strangest features of the migrations of our Song-Thrush is the almost complete disappearance of the species from the countryside in July and August. This is a point which has been exercising Irish ornithologists for some years. Ussher and Warren ascribed its absence or scarcity to local migration after the nesting season. But no increase has been noticed anywhere in the country in these months. In fact reports from all over Ireland show that it is either absent altogether or very rare. Thus local migration does not explain the point and we are forced to con-

clude that our Song-Thrushes emigrate after the nesting season. It is true that Barrington found no evidence of emigration at the light-houses in these months. It may be that the conditions for striking are not present in July and August: the birds are fresh at the beginning of their travels; the darkness of night is never so intense that they are dazzled by the glare of the lamps, and fogs are not prevalent. Besides all the Thrushes seen on migration at light-stations are, as Barrington says, "making for land". And he adds, still speaking of the Song-Thrush: "The birds which reach us in such vast numbers in autumn are not seen departing in spring; on the contrary their forces seem to be further augmented from over sea. That a considerable emigration takes place cannot be doubted, but of the times and places of departure our information is nil." (*Migration of Birds, p.* 20). The position then appears to be that after the nesting season there is an almost total exodus of our native Song-Thrushes, leaving a blank period of a few months until the winter visitors arrive from across the sea. Barrington tells us that great rushes of arriving Song-Thrushes occur in February, March and April, but not in January, adding: "The arrival of so many Thrushes in February is a puzzling circumstance." These in my opinion are our native birds coming back from their wintering overseas. Their arrival and the departure of our winter visitors overlap, so that there is no blank period in spring as there is in autumn. *The Handbook of British Birds* (1938) supports this contention: "The return migration (i.e. of Song-Thrushes) begins on the S. coasts of England and Ireland in February, lasts throughout March and into April." (Vol. II, p. 117). I have advocated the ringing of our Song-Thrushes on a large scale and over a number of years, as it is the only means of showing where they disappear to, and I am glad to say that some members of the Dublin Naturalists' Field Club have made a beginning and in the years 1947 and 1948 ringed a certain number of nestlings.

The Song-Thrush, one of our best-known birds, is smaller than the Mistle-Thrush, with warmer brown upper-parts and warmer buff breast and flanks, and with smaller and narrower spots. The axillaries and under-wing, shown in flight, are golden brown. The coverts have buffish tips which appear as two faint wing-bars. The species is not gregarious except during migration. It habitually smashes snails on stones and rocks, and these so-called "Thrushes' anvils" with their many fragments of snail shells are common throughout the countryside. It also feeds on worms, slugs and insects. Berries are eaten, but they are not so eagerly sought for as by other members of the genus. The song, which may be heard in suitable weather in autumn and winter as well as in spring and early summer, carries far and is generally delivered from a high tree, sometimes from a bush and occasionally on the ground. It is a loud and vigorous song, with a variety of clear and musical notes and phrases. Like some other song

birds, the Song-Thrush has a certain mimetic ability and often introduces into its song the call-notes and phrases peculiar to other species.

Two or three broods are reared in the season. The nest is built in hedgerows, bushes, ivy-covered trees or walls, sometimes in buildings and rarely on the ground. It is made of grass, roots and moss or leaves, and is invariably lined with a smooth plaster of mud, generally mixed with wood-chips or fragments of straw. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a blue colour with a slight greenish tinge and marked sparingly with small black, occasionally reddish-brown, spots.

In the Outer Hebrides and Skye there is a form known as the Hebridean Song-Thrush, which differs from the typical form in the rest of Great Britain and Ireland and some parts of western Europe in having the upper-parts and flanks decidedly darker and the under-parts more thickly spotted. The interesting point for us is that birds from some parts of Kerry, as from some parts of western Scotland, are intermediate in colour between the typical and Hebridean forms.

The Continental Song-Thrush is another allied form, much more like our species than the Hebridean Song-Thrush is. It is a paler bird, of a greyer appearance and of not so reddish a tinge. Of the many of this form, which arrive in Scotland and England in autumn, some stay as winter visitors, others pass on to winter-quarters on the continent and probably also to Ireland. There may well be some Continental Song-Thrushes among our many winter migrants, although, owing to the difficulty of identification and the absence of ringed specimens recovered, there has been so far no positive proof of any.

The Redwing.—Like the Fieldfare, the Redwing is a winter migrant which never remains to nest in this country. Large numbers arrive in October and November, but smaller flocks due to " weather movements " are liable to reach our shores at any time during the winter. It is well distributed over pasture lands and in open woods, sometimes in stubble or ploughed ground. In severe weather it comes closer to human habitations, and in hard frosts I have noticed it very numerous in the parks, squares and gardens in the City of Dublin. The departure usually takes place in March. I have seldom seen more than a few Redwings together in April, whereas I have fairly often noticed large flocks of Fieldfares up to the end of the month.

The Redwing is so like the Song-Thrush that it might easily pass for that species. Yet it can be readily distinguished. It has a long pale superciliary stripe, which is quite obvious usually and can be seen at fairly long range, when the bird lifts its head during intervals of feeding. The chestnut-red axillaries and flanks are also diagnostic features. It is a gregarious species, feeding by day in loose flocks, often in the company of other thrushes, and using communal roosts at night. It is the least

hardy of its kind, and Gilbert White remarked that in severe frosts Redwings were the first birds to suffer. It is not uncommon during periods of frosts and snow to find the birds dying or dead in the fields and woods and even on the road-side. Owing to its great mortality from cold and hunger, it is usually scarce for a year or two after a hard season.

The Redwing has various call-notes which are quite distinctive. One which has been rendered as " seeih " or " seeip " is heard in flight and during migration. A soft " chup " is heard from feeding flocks, while a hard " chittuck," which always seems to me very like a call-note of the Blackbird, is uttered at the roosts and to some extent at other times. In late March and early April I have heard individual birds sing quite a good song which was very different from the more common and babbling notes of flocks singing in chorus on fine days during winter and spring.

The Iceland Redwing.—It was only in 1926 that the Iceland Redwing, which breeds in Iceland and in limited numbers in the Faeroes, was added to the British and Irish lists as a separate sub-species. It is probably a regular winter-visitor and passage-migrant in this country, although not many specimens have been so far identified. The following occurrences have been recorded : Aran, Co. Galway, October 29th 1930 ; Black Rock, Co. Mayo, October 18th 1931 ; St. Johnston, Co. Donegal, April 9th 1933, the bird having been ringed as nestling at Hof, Iceland, on June 20th, 1930 ; Co. Kerry, in January before 1938 ; and one picked up dead at Dollymount, Dublin, on January 21st 1940.

This geographical race is so like the common Redwing that it is not easy to separate the two in the field. The upper-parts are rather darker than in the Redwing, the black streaks on the throat are usually thicker and more conspicuous, and the red on the under-wing rather deeper. The measurements, too, tend to be greater and the wing is usually longer than in the Redwing, but there is some variation and overlapping. Though we are told that colour and size must be taken together, there is still considerable difficulty in identifying an Iceland Redwing even in the hand.

The Ring-Ousel.—The Ring-Ousel, a summer migrant, is the least common of the thrushes and is scarcely holding its own. From April to September it is thinly distributed in the wilder mountain districts of the four Provinces. Formerly it used to frequent Lambay Island and Howth Head in Co. Dublin, and in some recent years it has been seen on the spring migration in the latter place. I have seen a bird in adult male plumage which was shot near Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, on the autumn migration. It has occasionally occurred in winter, but reports of wintering birds have to be investigated, as pied Blackbirds have sometimes been taken for Ring-Ousels.

The Ring-Ousel has been described as " a Blackbird with a white

cravat". In summer the male is sooty black with pale edgings to the secondaries and with a broad white gorget. The female is browner with the light edgings more distinct and with a narrower brown-tinged crescent on the breast. Juveniles lack the gorget altogether and are much like young Blackbirds, but they can be distinguished by the pale edgings to the secondaries. In habits the Ring-Ousel resembles the Blackbird and has the same trick of elevating its tail on alighting, but it resorts much more to the open and perches freely in exposed positions on rocks, bushes and trees. In its wild haunts it is shy and wary, being very expert at disappearing over the horizon or in a mountain ravine at the first approach of an observer. But in defence of its young it is quite fearless and will attack even a human intruder with ferocious and noisy dashes. It has a clear piping call-note and a harsh rattle, repeated in alarm or in anger. The song, delivered from some eminence—a rock, a wall or a bush—is in keeping with the lonely surroundings. It is loud and plaintive, consisting of a few whistling notes with well marked pauses between the repetitions.

The nest is usually in the heather-grown banks of mountain streams, in rocky ravines or in dry stone walls. It looks untidy externally, but inside it is neat enough and is lined with fine dry grasses. The eggs, normally four in number, are somewhat like the Blackbird's and are usually sparsely blotched with reddish-brown on a blue-green ground colour.

The Ring-Ousel is a western Palaearctic species, which breeds in Scandinavia as well as in these islands, and it winters in southern Europe and some parts of N. Africa. It is replaced by the Alpine Ring-Ousel in the mountains of Spain, France, Italy, S. Germany, Austria and the Balkan States.

The Blackbird.—The Blackbird is generally distributed and is apparently increasing. In late summer I have noticed a lessening in numbers, but not to such an extent as in the case of the Song-Thrush, probably also due to emigration. These emigrants no doubt return in spring, though some of the birds seen arriving at the Light-stations at that season may be only on passage to other lands. In October and November large numbers arrive from overseas and spread throughout the country. Some intimation of the origin of these winter migrants is got from the recovery of ringed birds. Many ringed as nestlings in England especially in the northern counties, and in Scotland have been found in various parts of Ireland in autumn and winter. Some adults captured and ringed during the autumn migration on Heligoland and recovered here during winter probably came from Scandinavia, or maybe farther east. At any rate one ringed as a young bird in June in Denmark was picked up in Fermanagh in the following March, and an adult ringed in Co. Down in February was recovered the following August in Sweden. Thus the

majority of our wintering migrant Blackbirds would appear to come from Great Britain, while a certain proportion are of Continental origin.

The Blackbird is so well known that it needs no description. Everybody can identify " the Ousel-cock so black of hue with orange-tawny bill ". Most people also recognize the umber-brown hen, but some on seeing her dappled breast as she sits on her nest mistake her for a Song-Thrush and accordingly report the interbreeding of the two species. Gardeners believe that its fine appearance and its mellow song are poor compensation for the amount of ripe fruit that it consumes. It has to be admitted that the Blackbird is one of the few birds which do more harm than good in the countryside, but the many birds which are beneficial repay a hundredfold for the misdeeds of the few.

The Blackbird has a more restricted song-period than the Song-Thrush, but it has a finer song with rich fluting notes, more mellow in tone and lower in pitch. Though the Blackbird is not an early riser or at any rate not a regular contributor to the dawn-chorus, its song may be heard at any hour of the day. But it is in the stillness of the evening, when most of the other songsters have retired, that it is heard to the best advantage. The simple four-syllabled phrases are sung with all the softness and sweetness of a lullaby. So charming is the song that the late Earl Grey once said that, if he had to make a choice between the Nightingale and the Blackbird and had to surrender one or the other, he would without hesitation give up the Nightingale. W. H. Hudson in his *Adventures among Birds*, having praised the song of the Blackbird, asks why the bird itself does not figure more prominently in ancient literature. He adds, however: " Ireland is an exception, to judge from the translations of the very early Irish poetry made by Professor Kuno Meyer. Here one is glad to find . . . . a feeling for the birds which amazes us in those remote and barbarous times. Many species are mentioned in these poems from the largest—Eagle, Raven and Wild Goose—down to the little kitty Wren. But the Blackbird is first on account of its lovely voice. ' Sweet and soft and peaceful is his note ', one has it ".* And a modern writer (Arthur Astley in *A Bird Lover's Diary*) speaks of a particular Blackbird to which he had been listening as " quite an operatic bird, for he repeated all day long a phrase from *Faust*, which, however, he never quite finished; the five notes he used were musically perfect, but one could not help wishing that he would just go on and finish the passage. Did Gounod get his idea from a Blackbird's song, as Beethoven is said to have founded the opening movement of the Fifth (C minor) Symphony on the song of the Yellow Hammer? "

P. G. KENNEDY

* See Robin Flower's *The Irish Tradition* (1947), p. 61, for poems on the Blackbird.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MACKENNA, S.J.

LXXXVIII

To An Calbhach Mhac Murchaidh Í Chonchobhair Fhailghe (†1406)

DOMHNALL MHAC AN CHLASAIGH Í CHOBHTHAIGH .cc. (†1446)

1. T'aire riot, a mheic Mhurchaidh,
don chorsa ad-chiu ar Allmhurchaibh;
do ba cás gan a rádh ruibh
gé tám a ngrás ag Galluibh.

2. An rabhadh do radas daoibh,
a ríoghdhamhna chlann cCathaoir,
ní 'na chois do-chuaidh sinne;
a-nois uair na hoirchille.

3. Goill Éireann ag gabháil dit
an bhfaice féin go bhfuilid?
ó táid re béal iompaoidh ort,
féagh an iontaoibh a ndubhart.

4. Dá ccuirinn nír chuirthe dhamh
fios chugad re cath nDanar
mur fhear rabhaidh gá dtám dhit
's nach rádh falaigh a bhfuighlid.

5. Ní fhoil agam le rádh ruibh
don iul fhuarus ó Ghalluibh,
gidh leasg a rádh mur rabhadh,
acht slán feasd le bhfuarabhar.

6. Ní fhuil—'s ní guth do Ghalluibh—
énduine gan agallaimh
dá bhfuil thiar um Chruachain cCuinn
ná uathaibh siar go Sionuinn.

7. Laighin a-rís dá rochtain
ní chreidfidis Connachtaigh;
nír am don chomhláimh ccgadh
congmháil Ghall do ghabhadar.

8. Cadach re Gallaibh glasa
do chum an chlann Chollasa;
ní bhiam do chéill an chadaigh,
dá réir riamh ní rabhadair.

9. Tuigthe dhaoibh nach dol ó ghuth,
a chlann Mhaine mheic Eathach,
pairt Ghall do ghrádhughadh daoibh,
tar shárughadh chlann cCathaoir.

10. Olc a n-ionpháirte (agus) Goill
lá tuitmhe Taidhg mheic Dhomhnaill;
dar cuireadh ár orra ann,
as nár d'Íbh Colla an cumann.

11. Tadhg Catha Briain as beag linn,
le Gallaibh tarla a thuitim;
a shíol Colla, an cumhain libh
a chumhail orra ón uairsin.

12. A Chonnachta Cruachna hAoi,
gleo an luaithrigh, gin go leantaoi,
Banbha do-chuaidh as bhar ccairt
ón uair fa ttarla a tabhairt.

13. A Fhian Chruachna, an cumhain libh
cath Croibhdheirg uair éigin
a ráth Ghuaire ar n-a ghabháil;
fáth uainne dar n-iongabháil.

14. Goill muna ghabhdaois tre fheirg
Féidhlim mac Cathail Chroibhdheirg
agra dhoiligh uainn orra;
fuair a oighidh eatorra.

15. Tre bhur cceangal le cath nGall
—créad, a Chonnachta, a-déaram?—
ní bhiu a ccaithis aga chur,
'n-a aithis ad-chiu an ceangal.

16. Clann Néill Oiligh na n-each seang,
dar dhual furtacht Éireann,
olc an bháidh do-niad a-nos;
ní hiad a-mháin do mheasos.

17. Brian Catha an Dúin, as dearbh sin,
ó Ghalluibh fhuair a oighidh;
a seilbh Bhanbha do bhiadh sinn
Brian nó go ttarla a thuitim.

18. Niall Óg ó do ghabhsad Goill
gan shúil re hÉirinn againn;
tig a-nallain re fiadh bhFáil
Niall re Gallaibh do ghabháil.

19. Eoghan féin do ghabhsat Goill
Neachtain is Niall Ó Domhnaill;
as doiligh nar díoghladh so
le ríoghradh Oiligh ortha.

20. An ccuimhnighid clann Rosa
oighidh Airt Mhéig Aonghosa?
ós ag teacht tar oighidh nAirt
beart doiligh gan a dhíoghailt.

21. Oigheadh Briain Bhallaigh Í Néill
ní leanaid Ultaigh eiséin;
ní hiad Laighnigh do fheall air,
fearr ó Laighnibh a leanmhain.

22. Ní fhuil ó Thuinn Tuaidhe a-nall
ag congnamh le cath n-eachtrann
do Leith Choinn le fraoch bhfeirge
laoch acht ar dhruim díbheirge.

23. Dá mbeinn gan a rádha ruibh
t'aire riot, a mheic Mhurchaidh,
a luaidhim, a fhlaith Laighean,
le luaighill mhaith múchfaidhear.

24. An chomhaonta ad-chiu at aghaidh,
a Chalbhaigh Í Chonchabhair,
féach suil chuiread aighidh ort
Laighin an bhfuighead furtocht.

25. Ní lór leam, a mheic Mhurchaidh,
dot fhurtacht ar Allmhurchaibh
a bhfuil dot fhine a n-ucht Ghall
's gan do lucht tighe id thiomchall.

26. Cuir a bhfagas is a bhfad
fios uait ar cheann do charad
gurbh fhearr a tteachta dod thigh
teachta 'na cceann suil chuirthir.

27. Ní fhaicim ar héirghe a-mach
coimhéirghe chloinne Fiachrach;
gá raibhe a tteannghuth ad thoigh,
do theaghlach caidhe, a Chalbhaigh?

28. Íbh Díomasaigh is Íbh Duinn,
as trath dá ttabhairt chugainn;
do fhleasga lámha as siad soin
acht nach dána iad asaibh.

29. Osraidhe ní fhacaidh mé;
le fios dar cuireadh chuice
dá tteagmha am fa fholaidh
mall an freagra fuarobhair.

30. Gé a-tám aga rádha ribh
fios do chur ar na cairdibh,
an saoilisi a tteacht as-teagh
na seacht Laoighisi Laighean.

31. Tre anmhoille a n-éirghe a-mach,
Caomhánuigh 's an cath Branach,
fios uaibh ina n-aghaidh soin
Branaigh as uair dá n-iarraidh.

32. Ní foláir go bhfuighead so,
don tuarasgbháil fhuil orra,
ní as mhó ná a n-iarraid oraibh
ón ló thriallaid Tuathalaigh.

33. Le Gallaibh má táid ag tocht
Ultaigh is cúigeadh Connocht
an gcluinid soin Laighin linn
's a bhfoil 'n-a n-aighidh d'Éirinn.

34. An ccualadar cath Sionna,
clanna Céin mheic Oiliolla,
maoidhead Laighin ar Leith cCuinn
a mbeith 'n-a n-aighidh aguinn.

35. Dá tteagmhadh dóibh dul ad cheann,
maicne Neill na Naoi nGéibheann,
Dál cCais do charaid catha
gabhaid re a n-ais Ultacha.

36. Usaide dhuit dul i bhfad
an tionólsa a-tá chugad;
maith an tráth deaghcroidhe dhuid,
neartmhoire a-chách do charuid.

37. Ní shaoilim, a mheic Mhurchaidh,
don iomlatsa ar Allmhurchaibh
go dtiobhrad cairde, a chiabh lag;
ad-chiam na cairde chugad.

38. Ná bean fós céill do chobhair,
a Chalbhaigh Í Chonchobhair;
cia uaibh go Laoghaire Lorc
aonduine nach fuair furtocht.

39. Ross Failghe ar a bhfuile sliocht,
a dhúthaigh as í th'oighriocht;
fuarais mór ccoinbhleacht fa a ceann
budh lór fa oighreacht n-Éireann.

40. Feadh ríghe Rosa Failghe
ní fuighthear dá bhféachaimne
rinn bhearnadh thuaidh ná theas
ar nach dearnadh uaibh áitheas.

41. A-táid Goill ag gabháil daoibh
d'éis a chéile, a chlann Chathaoir;
deacra a-chách bhur ccuirsi dhi,
ní tráth tuirsi fan tírsi.

42. Críoch Laighean gidh lór a fad,
suil fríoth furtacht na ccarad
do bhí sí at aonar agaibh
baoghal dí ní dhearnadair.

T'aire.

Translation

1. O son of Murchadh, take heed of the stir I notice among the foreigners ; I should scruple not to tell thee of it though at present I am on good terms with the Goill.

2. I have not shirked giving thee this warning, O Prince of Cathaoir's race ; 'tis high time for you to get ready.

3. Dost thou thyself see the Goill of Éire making for thee ? Now that they are about to turn on thee, see if what I say is reliable.

4. In fact were I as a herald about to send thee word of the coming war with the Danair, I should see no need to do so as what they say themselves is so plain.

5. From what I have learned of the Goill I have only this to tell thee, though I do not relish giving thee this warning, not to pay any heed to anything you have been told.

6. There is no one—and (if there is not) 'tis no fault of the Goill—of the folk in the West about Conn's Cruacha, and of the folk Westward from them (the Goill) to the Sionann who is not talking (of the attack on thee).

7. The Connachta would not believe that the Laighin would attack them again ; they (therefore) as a war (once begun) would not be the best time for an alliance, hastened to uphold the Goill.

8. Colla's race (Í Cheallaigh) once made a pact with the blue-(armoured) Goill ; I say no more of its terms, they never observed it.

9. O race of Maine, Eochaidh's son, ye must see that, besides disgracing the stock of Cathaoir, ye incur reproach if ye side with the Goill.

10. Colla's descendants did wrong to make alliance with the Goill when Tadhg son of Domhnall fell (1316) ; slaughter was then inflicted on them and the alliance was a disgrace to them.

11. Tadhg of Cath Briain fell (1014) at the hands of the Goill—that by itself was of small consequence (?), (but) O descendants of Colla, have ye always remembered his blood-price which they have owed ever since ?

12. O Connachta of Cruachain Aoi, Banbha passed out of your charter from the day when the Battle of the Cinders was fought (1185 ?), even though ye do not choose to avenge it.

13. O troop of Cruachain, do ye remember the fight of Croibhdhearg when he was captured at Rath Guaire (1210 ?) ; we give this reason for now being on our guard.

14. My case would be weaker against the Goill had they not in anger captured Féidhlim son of Cathal Croibhdhearg ; he died (1265) among them.

15. Your union with the troops of the Goill—what shall I say, O Connachta ?—will not make me like them ; I see that alliance to be a disgrace.

16. The race of Niall of Oileach of the lithe horses, heroes bound to defend Éire—evil is the choice they are making ; they are not the only folk I condemn.

17. Brian of the battle of the Dún, 'tis certain, died at the hands of the Goill (1260) ; had he not fallen we should have been in possession of Banbha.

18. When Goill had captured Niall Óg we had no more hope for Éire ; his capture by the Goill then meant ruin to the Land of Fál.

19. The Goill took (1435) also Eoghan, Neachtain and Niall Ó Domhnaill—'tis hard for us to bear that this is not yet avenged on them by Oileach's Lords.

20. Does the race of Ros remember the death (1383) of Art Mág Aonghusa ? About his death too I say 'tis a bitter thing that it is not avenged.

21. The men of Ulaidh are not avenging the death of Brian Ballach Ó Neill ; 'twas not the men of Laighin that betrayed him ; 'twere better (however) that it be avenged by the Laighin (than by no one).

22. No man of Leath Chuinn, from Tonn Tuaidhe hither, has ever helped with the fury of his anger the troop of the Foreigners—except he took to mere robbery.

23. O son of Murchadh, O Prince of Laighin, were I to tell thee anything else than to be on thy guard, my words would be drowned by great uproar.

24. O Calbhach Ó Conchobhair, before this alliance which I see being formed against thee can attack thee, find out if the Laighin can get allies.

25. O son of Murchadh, to help thee against the Foreigners I hold it is not enough that thy *fine* be against the Goill if thy own household rally not around thee too.

26. Send for thy friends far and near so that it be better for them to come to thy house than that a messenger be sent to fetch them.

27. I do not see the race of Fiachra coming to join your rising-out; O Calbhach, where is thy own household whose words were so loud in thy house?

28. Í Dhíomasaigh and Í Dhuinn—'tis time to summon them to us; they are as staves in thy hands, but have not confidence enough in you.

29. I have not yet seen Osraighe coming to you; whenever a moment of anger seized her at the message sent her you have got a hesitating answer from her.

30. Though I am telling you to send for all your friends, do you expect the Seven Laoighise of Laighin to come in?

31. Owing to the slowness with which the Caomhánuigh and Clann Bhranach rise out, you should send specially early notice to them; 'tis time for the Branaigh to be summoned.

32. From the day they start out for you the Tuathalaigh should get, owing to the reputation they have, more than they ask of you.

33. If the men of Ulaidh and the Province of Connachta join the Goill will they find the Laighin with us seeing that so much of Éire will then be against them (the Laighin)?

34. Have the Laighin heard of the troop of the Sionann, the race of Cian son of Oilill, being with us? Let them warn Leath Chuinn about all that would be against them (Leath Chuinn) and for us.

35. If it turn out that the race of Niall of the Nine Hostages join you let your friends the Dál gCais accept those Ulaidh as allies.

36. This muster on the way to you will make it easier for you to go far; 'tis time for you to pluck up courage; your friends are growing ever stronger.

37. O son of Murchadh, O wavy-haired hero, I do not expect from this stir among the Foreigners that they will give you any respite, (but) I see your friends pouring in too.

38. Give not up hope of help, O Calbhach O Conchobhair; was there any of you since Laoghaire Lorc's time left without help?

39. Ros Failghe of whose stock thou art—his land is thy inheritance; for it you have fought many fights, sufficient to win thee the inheritance of Éire.

40. Throughout the realm of Ros Failghe we shall search in vain to the North or South a point of a gap where ye have not won a victory.

41. O race of Cathaoir, the Goill are closing in on you; your situation is getting harder every day; this is no time to be faint-hearted in defending the land.

42. Broad as is the land of Laighin, it belonged to you alone before any friends were asked by you to defend it—and they endangered it not.

NOTES

MS: 23 D 14, 59 except for the following: 1*a*. mhic *et sic infra* 3*b*. bfhui. *sic saepe infra* 4*b*. ccath 5*b*. fu. *c*. -bhaidh *d*. -bhair 9*c* dhaoibh 10*a*. is *b*. Thaidhg mic Do. 11*a*. beang *c*. liph 13*c*. raith *d*. iongha. 16*b*. *unmetrical* 19*d*. la 20*b*. mheg 21*a*. Oighidh bhr. *b*. Ullt.; isein 22*c*. coinn 23*b*. mur. 24*c*. aghaidh *d*. laghain 25*a*. mur. 27*c*. gha 28*a*. Ibh; ibh *c* asiad 29*c*. -laigh *d*. fhrea. 31*b*. sa cath 32*a*. -gheadh *c*. mo 33*b*. Ullt.; -nochd *c*. -ghnigh *d*. naghaidh 34*c*. -dhid *d*. naghaidh 35*a*. dhoibh *d*. Ullt. 36*c*. duid 37*a*. mur. 38*d*. bhfu. 39*a*. ross *c*. -nghleic.

REVIEWS

Portraits of the Saints

THE FACE OF THE SAINTS. By Wilhelm Schamoni. London : Sheed and Ward. 1948. 21s.

ST. DOMINIC IN EARLY TUSCAN PAINTING. By George Kaftal. Oxford : Blackfriars. 1948. 7s. 6d.

For every reason we may predict a wide popularity for Mr. Schamoni's *The Face of the Saints*, but chiefly by reason of its excellent novelty. This novelty is, in itself, surprising because the idea of the book is as obvious as it is unusual. It is simply to present a numerous collection of portraits of the saints based on likeness and not on art. Many writers, like Molanus, had engaged in the field of sacred iconography long before a regular school of Christian archæology took fruitful shape in the early nineteenth century. They have been followed in all countries—our own Miss Murphy of Dublin, better known as Mrs. Jameson, is an example—by other writers who not unprofitably combined in their studies legend and symbol, history and art ; but in their writings the importance of the artist or the richness of associated symbol had the predominant part. More recently in such series as *Art Religieux* : *Collection Iconographique* or indeed in Mr. Kaftal's *St. Dominic* a few chosen saints became the subjects of separate and more complete monographs in which all available iconographic material was given, but here again the artist held the first place. I do not recall any instance in which a general collection of such portraits has been made for the general reader in the choice of which the authenticated likeness is the sole criterion.

Mr. Schamoni's material is, so far as possible, contemporary medals, mosaics, MSS. drawings, paintings in fresco or oil, sculpture, death-masks and photographs. In the earliest period contemporary material of unquestionable authority, such as the medallion and coin of St. Helena d. 329, is scant. Our author quotes St. Chrysostom and St. Nilus to show how early and keen was the desire to preserve personal characteristics in portraiture, and this testimony is in harmony with what we know of a realistic trend in Byzantine art. But the iconoclastic movement and Islamic hostility levied a disastrous toll on such work, and, over a space of some centuries Mr. Schamoni must rely on the repetition of striking individual traits in later representations to deduce from their collation an early common source. So he establishes a reasonable degree of conviction in his choice of portraits of early Fathers, such as Ss. Gregory Nazianzen, Basil and Gregory of Nyassa. An equal enemy to literal truth was the idealising approach of the medieval artist. Here judgment must be based on the circumstances in which the contemporary portrait was executed and on its purpose. When the medieval artist worked from life and painted his subject in the subordinate position of a scribe or as a donor or as the client of a patron saint, reasonable certainty may be arrived at. With the Renaissance cult of personality the material is much more ample and is extended indefinitely in our own day, even though the idealising trend continues in a vicious form. This more or less unconscious falsification is held in check by the Renaissance re-discovery of the death-mask and its use by sculptors. The importance of the death-mask in this matter of authentication may be judged by the twenty-two examples which Mr. Schamoni offers us here for confirmation.

Mr. Schamoni's studies along these lines have, therefore, enabled him to furnish us with at least one authentic or reasonably well authenticated portrait of each of ninety-eight saints from the fourth century to our own day. These portraits are

accompanied by biographical sketches and by notes on the *provenance* of the illustrations—and with an introduction which supplements these rather brief notes and further deals with the history of canonisation.

The result is a refreshing novelty. People who take first things first and have more interest in saints than in artists will be sharply aware, through these portraits, of an actuality that has been muffled up from them by the conventions of artists and their patrons. Portraiture is often a lop-sided collaboration; posthumous portraiture always is. In these portraits—the work of contemporaries and under the immediate influence of their subject—objective truth is very evident and its impact is heartening. One may take great pleasure in turning over these pages in an endeavour to find the common pictorial element in sanctity. Can one find it or, having found it, can one define it? I have said the impact is heartening, and this is because there is no face here that one may not meet in the street. There are eager and energetic faces here, wise faces, faces resolute, benign and patient, faces of the peasant and the aristocrat, faces marked with national or occupational traits; St. Vincent de Paul has a spice of Voltaire, St. Leonard of Porto Maurizio a stronger dash of Mussolini. None are superhuman.

From another point of view this collection is invigorating and refreshing. If one refers to one of the monographs in the series I have mentioned—Ferretti's *St. Catherine of Siena*—and follows up the masterpieces which, from Andrea di Vanni, a disciple of the saint, to Guido Reni and Tiepolo, have represented the saint in art, one is conscious, first, of devoted fidelity and, then, of a gradual attempted apotheosis which is, in effect, rather the reverse. What has happened since, in the nineteenth century and after, when pietism is commercially exploited has been the subject of much scornful comment. To such justified comment Mr. Schamoni has, in his introduction, made a pertinent addition; but more useful than any such criticism is the persuasive evidence he has produced in this valuable book. It will accelerate reform.

Dr. Kaftal's *St. Dominic* is the first issue in a new series designed to include further volumes by him on St. Catherine of Siena, St. Peter Martyr and St. Thomas Aquinas. Dr. Kaftal is a specialist in the Tuscan primitives and his forty-one illustrations are drawn exclusively from these early masters. Many of these will, I imagine, be found comparatively unfamiliar and will therefore be very welcome to readers overstocked with repetitive reproductions. They are accompanied by relevant extracts from the first life of the saint written about 1290 by Theodoric of Appoldia and are equipped with a factual apparatus not commonly met with outside special editions and the learned periodicals; this the student will appreciate even at the cost of a troublesome little system of cross-reference. A concise informative preface, historical and iconographical, and an unusual bibliography add to the value of this very tastefully produced volume, the scholarly first of what promises to be a useful series.

C. P. Curran

THE PAINTER IN HISTORY. By Ernest H. Short. London: Hollis and Carter. 30s.

The *Painter in History* is a work *à longue haleine*. Mr. Short travels from the Altamira artists to Sir A. J. Munnings P.R.A. and, with little less than a quarter million words, takes the gorgeous west and east in fee. His book is not easy to appreciate justly—but not by reason of its length or variety, for its narrative interest is well sustained, its detail is rich and never irrelevant, and the writing is usually clear, often vivacious, and though sometimes rhetorical never more than may befit

an historian. None the less, while one respects the range of his work and the author's industry, one lays down this book with some bewilderment—and this arises from several causes. One becomes only gradually aware that the bulk of the text was written twenty years ago and from a viewpoint which even then was being eroded by our new glacial age. Though in some respects it has been partially brought up to date—but only so far as dates matter—the reader's focus remains blurred.

From another and more important standpoint the author's intention and therefore his performance are obscure. One is left in doubt whether his intention was to write a history of painting or an essay in social history featuring the painter. He himself describes his work as " a survey of painting as a factor in history ". If this means, as it should, a consideration of painting as one circumstance in the making of history, I cannot find that he has arrived at any clear conclusion. It is perhaps as rightly to be taken as a survey of history as a factor in painting. Mr. Short rarely loses touch with his historical background and not unfrequently gives just emphasis to certain decisive moments in history when the artist's course was dictated to him from without. This is evident in the first half of his work, but the action of society on the painter tends to disappear in his later pages. When history is recalled, the interpretation is not wholly fortunate, as when on pages 423—424 he finds " the Soviet regime in Russia is in no way opposed to art ". And again : " For a time Soviet art was crudely propagandist but, by 1939, the authorities recognised that little of worth would be achieved unless the painter was accorded freedom of self-expression." In fairness to the writer one must add that he continues : " It remains to be seen whether Russia will shake off the propagandist fallacy which strangled the art effort between 1918 and 1938, as it strangled Nazi art in Hitler's Germany ". Mr. Short is in no sense a disciple of Marx or Lenin and these judgments, whether historical or aesthetic, which are added to the later pages of his book are not characteristic of the closer texture and more considered writing of his earlier pages.

But if the interplay in society between political forces and the individual artist is the author's main purpose, he was unwise to abandon a wide and chronological treatment of his material for its treatment under national headings. Art easily overleaps national frontiers, and much more is lost in coherence than is gained in local topicality. To maintain a just balance over the whole field of art history is a rare achievement ; and one is glad to recognise the sense of proportion which is admirably held in the earlier chapters, though it is less securely felt as Mr. Short approaches the contemporary period. It is not merely that Mr. Short shares M. Kameneff's view of the Cubists or that he thinks proper to include a practitioner like Munnings in a general history of art while excluding painters like Rouault and Ensor, or that he omits Burchardt and Wölfflin from his bibliography while including Lionel Lindsay ; but his judgments from the baroque period are progressively unsteady.

Making all allowance for the traps which lie in wait for the general historian and for his need to generalise, one must still quarrel with such statements as that " Giotto's draughtsmanship may not quite reach the standard of naturalism demanded by a modern vision " (p. 93) or that Bosch was " a racy realist " (p. 208) or that Zurbaran " represents a savage naturalism ", Spanish or otherwise (p. 239), or that Rubens " was primarily a Spanish painter " (p. 242). Pithy judgments like these require further revision, as also the repetition of many lines at pages 150 and 433. Mr. Short's book is admirably illustrated with 114 well-chosen plates, though here also one must observe that Signorelli's *Pan* is no longer in the Berlin Gallery—or indeed, alas ! anywhere else.

C. P. C.

Hopkins and Eliot

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. By W. A. M. Peters, S.J. Oxford University Press. 1948. Pp. 213. 15s.

THE PROSODIC THEORY OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. By Sister Marcella Marie Holloway. Catholic University of America Press. 1947. Pp. 121.

POEMS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Third edition revised and enlarged and edited, with notes and a biographical introduction, by W. H. Gardner. Oxford University Press. 1948. 12s. 6d.

Thirty years have passed since the publication of Hopkins's Poems and nearly twenty since the full establishment of his fame with the second edition (1930), but the flow of critical expositions does not diminish. There is still a *raison d'être* for any book that may make this difficult poet " more accessible and more intelligible," which is Dr. Peters's declared aim. This latest contribution, though not without faults, pushes the enquiry further home ; some people who have not yet reached Hopkins will surely do so under Dr. Peters's guidance. He offers to show us the why and the wherefore of the poet's strange technique as the logical outcome of his attitude towards external reality.

Inscape (and *Instress*) are two self-coined terms of Hopkins's poetic doctrine, notorious by now for their obscurity. Dare an Irish reviewer mention Inscape, since Hopkins more than once gave it negative definition, as the thing lacking to us ? In a letter to Bridges he says : " By the by the Irish, among whom I live, have no conception of this quality : their ambition is to say a thing as everybody says it, only louder " ; and again, referring to Ferguson, " He was a poet as the Irish are . . . full of feeling, high thoughts, flow of verse, point, often fine imagery and other virtues, but the essential and only lasting thing left out—what I call *inscape.*" Dr. Peters does not lead us quietly by or prepare us gradually for the encounter ; on his very first page is planted, in these forbidding sentences, the Inscape Rock :—

> They [the critics who have previously tried to explain it] have failed to see that this word represented something that was not observed by other men, therefore caused a very personal experience, and so was to stand for something not experienced by others, for which consequently there existed no word, because the need for it was never felt. For " inscape " is the unified complex of those sensible qualities of the object of perception that strike us as inseparably belonging to it and most typical of it, so that through the knowledge of this unified complex of sense data we may gain an insight into the individual essence of the object.

If Hopkins denied Inscape to the Irish poets of the day, he certainly never thought of it as something peculiar to himself ; here I think Dr. Peters is wrong. What is in question is a matter of degree rather than of kind ; Hopkins differed from other poets not absolutely but as one poet differs from another. Dr. Peters gets us closer to the meaning of Inscape and to the reason why Hopkins required this bit of slang, when he speaks of the intense concentration with which the poet almost habitually looked at nature, and of his intense awareness of the presence of God in each individual thing. The way in which his preoccupation with the " self " of things drew him to the philosophy of Scotus seems to me to be satisfactorily handled by Dr. Peters. And he writes well about the effect of Hopkins's intensity upon his productiveness :—

> Poetry became very arduous and not a luxury of leisure time ; it demanded one's entire personality. Probably the canons drawn up by Hopkins are

too severe. He asked too much of his energy; poetry became a burden. It imposed a strain on his mind and soul which made him confess that he made verse too laborious a thing. It partly explains his very small output; the intensity of his poetic experience made the costs too high for most of his poems. Unlike other poets Hopkins could never adopt an objective matter-of-fact attitude towards his poems.

That last sentence hints at an attitude which seems to me to weaken Dr. Peters's book. Does he greatly care for any poet but Hopkins, whom he seems to regard as altogether exceptional? Other poets, he tells us, are imaginative; Hopkins is *true*; but are they not all, if they are good poets, both imaginative and, in the poetical way, true? Earnestness, sincerity, honesty are admirable things in poetry, but they will not therefore open every aesthetic lock. "They are fundamental," says Dr. Peters, "and of far greater importance than fine imagery, melodiousness, apt rhythmical flow, etc. . . . The reverse also held for [Hopkins]. A poem might lack imagery or melodiousness; as long as it was sincere and as long as pathos and feelings of humanity were expressed in it, the poem was worthy of great praise." But we do not find Hopkins himself talking like that, nor praising bad poems because they are heartfelt. As an artist, Hopkins knew that ordinary sincerity is no guarantee of poetic sincerity, which must establish itself in and through the very things Dr. Peters refers to as if they were mere ornaments. Again: "One should be careful in speaking of Hopkins as a technical innovator, a theorist or experimentalist, as is often done. One does not experiment with one's own self and to Hopkins poetry was very much part of his self." That principle is surely untrue of artists, if not of men in general. Hopkins was one of the keenest craftsmen in English poetry, but there is nothing menial about poetic craftsmanship. He was a great experimenter, but experiment need not be frivolity. His Letters show him in the workshop, and they show that the workshop has no lower roof than the sky. "I have done some part of a book on Pindar's metres and Greek metres in general and metre in general and almost on art in general and wider still." Only Keats's Letters can be matched with his for discoveries of the universal in the details of word and rhythm.

The best thing Dr. Peters does, I think, is to draw up, in considerable detail, a grammar of Hopkins's style. It will facilitate the reading of the Poems for everybody, and it presents to the Hopkins scholar an acute analysis and orderly tabulation of the facts. Perhaps the best thing a reviewer can do is to check the findings. In general, it seems to me that Dr. Peters's errors arise from his attempt to view Hopkins in complete isolation. Things are set down as absolute linguistic creations which in reality are borrowings (creative borrowings of course) from the tradition of English poetry.

The verbs *tongue, foot, unchild, unfather, dear, fold* (enfold), *whelm* (overwhelm), *mine* (undermine), *stead* are all Shakespearian; *trumpet, justice, leave* (put forth leaves) are both Elizabethan and current. *Nursle* cannot be regarded as an example of Hopkins's "juggling with the suffix *-le*"; it is an old word, a variant of *nuzzle* affected in meaning by *nurse*. *Vasty, brinded* and *curded* are Shakespearian adjectives. *Aswarm, astrain, afresh* seem to be set down as Hopkinsian inventions (p. 145), though Dr. Peters can hardly intend this. The phrase *in a sort* (in a way) is the commonest Shakespearian; *hard at hand* is not "an extension of hard by" but a good English phrase, which Hopkins could read in *Othello* if he did not hear it at home; *needs would* is not an alteration of *needs must* but another Shakespearian reminiscence. Dr. Peters's list of Hopkins's good but uncurrent Saxon words (p. 64) contains *sillion*, which is not Saxon, and *bole* which is not obsolete; *fettle* (verb) is hardly obsolete, and Dr. Peters gives it a wrong meaning, which would upset the splendid concluding line of *Felix Randall*.

When Dr. Peters passes to the larger units of expression, he treats as quite original a number of things in which Hopkins was undoubtedly following Milton ; syntactic economy, the omission of link-words, inversions of phrase and clause, avoidance of adverbs in *-ly* and placing of the thus truncated adverbs so that they act as both adjectives and adverbs. (There is room for an essay on Hopkins's discipleship to Milton ; the late Charles Williams seems to have had it in mind). Two of the examples of *synaesthesia* seem to me to be wrong ; in *bugle blue eyes* the *bugle* is surely the plant and not the instrument ; as for *very-violet-sweet*, has not the violet scent as well as colour ?

Dr. Peters leaves metrical questions aside altogether. He is not to be blamed, for he has done a great deal, and the metre of such a poet is best let alone by anybody who is unenthusiastic about the craft of poetry. But there should be no notion that metre does not matter. Dr. Peters seems inclined to that view, as when he says : " A line like this can only be understood if read aloud and declaimed, complete with gestures." Alas, how can we read aloud till we understand both sense and metre—and with what gestures ? Hopkins knew that ordinary punctuation, eked out with such other signs as he could devise, was insufficient to help his readers to that comment of the voice which only he himself could supply. To get it now, to reconstruct the delivery of his poems—to which nobody much attended during his lifetime—is a problem for the metrist, who must use not only the Preface and the signs added to the text of the poems, but all Hopkins's remarks on metre in his letters and papers. Even then, what blunders we may make and what would we not give for a gramophone record of Hopkins reading the *Wreck of the Deutschland ?*

Sister Marcella Marie Holloway, in her Catholic University of America thesis *The Prosodic Theory of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, is concerned with the aspects of Hopkins which Dr. Peters ignores. She shows him as a craftsman, as deeply and finely learned in the tradition of English poetry, as more concerned for the fate of his rhythmical and aesthetic theories than that of his poems. " What becomes of my verses I care little, but about things like this, what I write or could write on philosophical matters, I do."

She points out that Hopkins's prosodic theories range far beyond the limited field of his practice and form a precious contribution to this science ; but they have as yet only been studied in relation to his practice, and some critics have spoken as if his prosody meant no more than the arbitrary system of signs he adopted for the Poems. The authoress assembles from the letters and papers all the important allusions to rhythm and metre. It is useful to have them together, and they are very intelligently discussed. It is a little unfortunate that she does not set forth fully her own prosodic theory, by which naturally she interprets that of Hopkins ; her references to American authorities would no doubt make all clear, but some of the books are not easily accessible to us. She is not directly concerned with the scansion of the Poems, but her general account of Hopkins's metrical ideas illuminates his practice a good deal. She feels and conveys Hopkins's sense of a poem as organic, rich in *parallelisms* both in its structure of meaning and its structure of sound ; *How all's to one thing wrought, The members, how they sit !*

The Second Edition of Hopkins, 1930, has run through no less than ten impressions. It is now superseded by this larger collection, which includes poems appearing in various places since 1930 and a fair number not before printed ; there are 141 pieces against the former 90. Mr. W. H. Gardner, established as an authority since the publication of his study of Hopkins (Part I) in 1944, is the editor ; he keeps all Bridges' comments and adds his own textual notes and a considerable apparatus

of synopses and glosses. The new poems include some fine things but nothing of the first magnitude; the heart of the book is the same as in 1930. The editorial work has been done well. But the altered appearance of the book is what strikes us first, accustomed to the Second Edition. This is a smaller and much fatter book and the beautiful blue cloth is no more. Within, all is changed. Was that fine small type not sufficiently legible in a book of verse? It has yielded to what is now almost the type-of-all-work, Bembo, in a size which packs the page too full. Gone too are the daring swashes of the title-page, the pleasant decorations and running titles; plainness is everywhere. No doubt it is right: Hopkins was still a beautiful exotic in 1930; in 1948 he is a standard poet. We shall treasure away our Second Edition and work with this one.

J. J. H.

BETWEEN FIXITY AND FLUX: *A Study of the Concept of Poetry in the Criticism of T. S. Eliot*. By Sister Mary Cleophas Costello. Catholic University of America Press. 1947. Pp. 122.

Mr. Eliot has celebrated his sixtieth birthday and has been honoured, quietly, with the Order of Merit and, more resonantly, with the Nobel Prize. He stands at the head of literature in the English-speaking countries, accepted without challenge in the rôle he chose many years ago of literary dictator and legitimate heir to Ben Jonson, Dryden, Samuel Johnson, Coleridge, Arnold. The academic world has ceased to oppose; the young barbarians have not revolted. Mr. Eliot as leader satisfies a universal literary front in a manner to excite the envy of the politician. His poetry is " modern ", and nothing serious has appeared to the left of it; his criticism, equally favourable to the " modern " and the traditional product, speaks the purest tone of reason and classicism. He may turn the language upside down; but he insists with all sincerity that " correct language *is* civilisation ". How is it done? Will it after all be discovered to be a case of eclecticism, unconscious of and therefore the better concealing its inconsistencies?

Mr. Eliot's prose is a model of taste and severity. He frequently reproves others for looseness of phrase and weak logic and insists upon the necessity of a strict defining of terms. The most important term in literary criticism is, beyond doubt, *poetry*. We might expect that Mr. Eliot, living up to his own requirements, would define it well and use it consistently. This is the theme of Sister Mary Cleophas Costello's book; she attempts " to derive, from his many pronouncements, a synthetic description of Eliot's concept of poetry ". That this should be necessary at all is significant; it is almost startling that the pursuit, carried on with exhaustive research and excellent philosophical acumen, should prove to be almost a wild-goose chase. Yet startling is hardly the word, for the authoress does not hold Mr. Eliot up to reprobation for his evasions and inconsistencies, but rather unveils them with patient, sympathetic urbanity, leaving it altogether to ourselves whether or not occasionally to smile. It is a valuable and a mature piece of work.

Again and again in the past thirty years Eliot has evaded the direct question. He will say it is so big that any answer must be frivolous, or that it is beyond his limited capacities—which he in general does not rate below those of other people. He will now and then give a direct answer that *is* plainly frivolous, such as " poetry is a superior amusement ". He will suggest that it is more profitable to consider the degrees of the thing than the thing in itself: "If we only knew ' perfect poetry ' we should know very little about poetry . . . But if we really love poetry, then we know and must know all its degrees." Again: " You cannot fix an absolute dividing line between Poetry and Not-Poetry." We get something more from this: " Everything written in verse which a sufficient number of the best minds have considered to be poetry " [is poetry]; it is not a definition, since it contains the term

to be defined, but at least it seems to settle the point that poetry must be in verse. But then we come upon another text: "It would be convenient if poetry were always verse . . . but that is not true."

Definition failing, we must rely on descriptions and indirect statements. The *differentia* of verse, we read, is a personal rhythm; verse is not metre, it is a patterning of sound upon the colloquial speech of the poet. Poetry is not intellectual but emotional. But the best poetry is Wit poetry like that of the Metaphysicals, in which intellect works at high pressure *with* emotion; in such conditions, words may have "a network of tentacular roots reaching down to the deepest terrors and desires". A special, a very special intensity of expression, it would seem finally, is the *differentia* of poetry. Now this means that essentially Eliot's creed is that of the rhetorical school, of the tradition beginning with Horace, for whom poetry was not *imitatio* but *incitatio*. The poet's aim, Eliot says, is "to get something down", to communicate something, to present rather than to represent. It is direct speech, however intense and fine. Yet Eliot knows that that road leads to a wrong destination, and so he will not go to the end of it or even acknowledge that he is on it at all. He guards himself with borrowings from the other, the Aristotelian view, and will call himself an Aristotelian. Thus he modifies the Horatian tradition of poetry as presenting a statement by holding that what is poetically important is not the statement as such but the accompanying affectivity. Further, he holds that the affective *exprimend* is not the poet's personal emotions; the personal experience, by the time it has settled down into a poem, may (he declares) hardly be recognizable. And lastly, he agrees with Aristotle in insisting on craftsmanship, on the poem as a thing made. Thus he retains for poetry a certain objectivity. It is only comparative and it is held on very shaky arguments; but Mr. Eliot's instincts are sounder than his reasons, and they have sufficed to convince him and through him in a certain degree his contemporaries. There is much to admire and be thankful for. "The miracle of his criticism, encased though it is in a romantic vocabulary and riding in the territory of expressionism, is that it has somehow eluded romantic capture." J. J. H.

History

CISTERCIAN SETTLEMENTS IN WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE. 1140–1540. By Jeremiah F. O'Sullivan, Ph.D. (Fordham University Studies: History Series, No. 2). New York: Declan X. McMullen Co. 1947. $2.00.

It is a pleasure to welcome a new scholar, and especially an Irish scholar, to the small company of those who are working in the field of Irish medieval history. Dr. O'Sullivan left his native Cork many years ago and is now a Professor of History in Fordham University. Trained as a medievalist by E. P. Cheyney of the University of Pennsylvania, he has been interested in Cistercian history for some time past. This monograph on the Welsh Cistercians is in many ways a model of its kind. Inevitably, since it was compiled in the unfavourable conditions of these post-war years, much of the information which it contains comes from printed sources. But what is true of Irish history is apparently also true of Welsh studies. A great mass of valuable information is to be found in such printed sources as the Rolls Series editions of the Chronicles, the Calendars of Patent and Close Rolls, Papal Letters, Charter Rolls, Miscellaneous Inquisitions and the like; yet few scholars have gone to the trouble of classifying and investigating this material. Within the last fifteen years students of Cistercian history have received an additional aid to their studies in the seven volumes of *Statuta Capitulorum Generalium Ordinis Cisterciensis*, which Dom D. J. Canivez has edited from the surviving chapter-books of the Order. Dr. O'Sullivan has made good use of the official guide-books to the vast collection of

materials in the London Public Record Office, and has been able to add some useful information from unpublished documents on the files of Ancient Petitions or Ancient Correspondence, as also from a few scattered MSS. in the British Museum. His study of the Welsh Cistercian houses is thus the first systematic and critical study of an important chapter in the history of Welsh monasticism.

A comparison with the history of the Order here in Ireland may be of interest. In many ways the group of more than thirty Irish houses has a more distinguished history than the group of twelve Welsh houses which are studied in this volume. The foundation of Mellifont in Ireland and of Whitland (*Alba Landa*) in Wales are almost exactly contemporaneous (1140); but the accident of Saint Bernard's friendship for Saint Malachy of Armagh has meant that we know more of Mellifont's first beginnings as set forth in the *Vita Malachiæ* and in two or three of Bernard's letters to his monks in Ireland. There are many close parallels in the history of the Cistercian Order in both countries. Here in Ireland the abbey of St. Mary's, Dublin (founded in 1139) was originally a foundation of Savigny in Normandy; it was affiliated to the Cistercian Order in 1148 when Savigny, with all its numerous daughter-houses in France, England, Wales and Ireland, entered into voluntary association with the more vigorous daughter-houses of Citeaux and Clairvaux. In Wales there were two daughter-houses of Savigny: Neath, founded in 1130; and Basingwerk, founded in 1131. Both of these houses counted as Cistercian houses after 1148. Like St. Mary's, Dublin, they were both of predominantly Anglo-Norman character, and Basingwerk—again like St. Mary's, Dublin—was after 1155 officially counted as a daughter-house of Buildwas in Shropshire. Whitland, Cwmhir, Strata Florida, Strata Marcella and one or two minor Welsh houses were, from first to last, monasteries in which the native Welsh tradition was strong: just as here in Ireland the daughter-houses of Mellifont remained, for the most part, essentially Irish houses. New Anglo-Norman foundations in Ireland, founded by men such as Hervé de Montmorenci or John de Courci, belong to an alien tradition; they have their Welsh equivalents in Neath, founded by Robert fitzHamon, or Margam, founded by Robert of Gloucester.

Dr. O'Sullivan treats these two main classes separately in his first two chapters. Since medieval Wales included what is now English Monmouthshire, he adds a chapter on the three Cistercian houses of that district: Welsh Caerleon, which was founded by Howel of Caerleon at some uncertain date and was later commonly known as Llantarnam, and the two Anglo-Norman houses of Tintern (founded from Savigny by Walter de Clare in 1131) and Gracedieu (founded from Waverley by John of Monmouth in 1226). He then discusses certain general problems which affected all the Welsh houses, whether Welsh or Anglo-Norman in their sympathies: the problem of manorialism, the nature of the monastic benefices, the part played by each monastery in the Welsh struggle for independence, the relations of the principal houses with the great marcher-lords of the Welsh border and with the kings of England, and finally the internal problem of their government and religious discipline. As in Ireland (and for that matter in England) the first fervour of the early monasteries declined in the thirteenth century; and the decline seems to have progressed more or less in proportion with the growth of the monastic estates. Here in Ireland the Norman conquest, after some fifty years of uneasy compromise, led to a sudden and determined effort to seize control even of the most Irish monasteries. In Wales there is no trace of this sharp attack on native tradition, which in Ireland found its characteristic expression in unwillingness to accept without modification the rigidly centralised control of Clairvaux. A French abbot was sent to this country soon after 1220, and the result of his official visitation was the dissolution, for a time at least, of the whole *filiatio Mellifontis*. The story of that visitation, and of its sequel in the antagonism between Irish and English monks in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,

has never been adequately studied : much new light can now be had from a study of the published *Statuta Capitulorum,* with their annual survey of the Order's discipline as reported to Citeaux by those abbots who attended the annual central chapters.

Is it too much to hope that Dr. O'Sullivan will turn from the Welsh houses which he knows so well to the Irish and Anglo-Norman houses of Ireland ? He will find much material on which to work, though no Irish scholar has yet produced histories of our great Cistercian monasteries which can be compared with the work of W. de Gray Birch on Margam and Neath or of Williams on Strata Florida. Two early registers survive from St. Mary's, Dublin, and one small register from Dunbrothy ; there are some scattered charters of Mellifont and Holy Cross ; even a casual search reveals much unworked documentation in the published Calendars of the London Record Office. But there is one problem which deserves closer investigation than Dr. O'Sullivan has attempted in this short monograph. Here in Ireland some of the most influential Irish Cistercian abbots and bishops of the twelfth century worked in close co-operation with Norman prelates who had come over here with the conquerors. Why were the Welsh monks of the same generation more active in promoting Welsh national resistance ? Why do they seem to have taken so very much more active a part in the development of a Welsh literary tradition ? I had hoped to find an answer to this problem in these pages ; but Dr. O'Sullivan has not studied in any detail such Welsh chronicles as the Brut y Tywysogion and its associated texts. Mr. Thomas Jones of the National University of Wales has recently thrown considerable light on the growth of this annalistic literature : its connection with Strata Florida and other Cistercian houses needs to be investigated more fully.

The spelling of many Welsh place-names in this monograph suggests that Dr. O'Sullivan—or his American printers—are not familiar with the niceties of the Welsh language. If I can induce him to turn from Welsh to Irish Cistercian history, I can at least promise him that our Irish scholars will be quick to initiate him into the niceties of the Irish language—though they may leave him to wrestle alone with the bewildering variety of spelling which disfigures so many of our medieval documents, once they have been copied in Ireland or abroad by Norman, English or Roman scribes.

A. G.

DEVOY'S POST BAG (1871–1928). Edited by William O'Brien and Desmond Ryan. Introduction by P. S. O'Hegarty. Dublin : C. J. Fallon. 1948. 30s. net.

John Devoy, one of the most remarkable Irishmen of recent times, was beyond all its leaders the most typical of the temper and character of Fenianism. At once a realist and an idealist, a stubborn, unselfish man of dogged patience, kindly but truculent, he lived a Spartan life which was devoted with a holy ardour to the single aim of achieving the independence of his country. He saw the beginnings of Fenianism in an Ireland sunk in the stupor of despair ; he experienced its many vicissitudes and lived to see its triumph in the establishment of an Irish State. And in the coming years it will be seen more clearly than now that his life's unwearied toil was one of the big factors in achieving that triumph.

Devoy left after him an immense collection of letters and documents. The book under review, entitled his *Post Bag,* constitutes the first volume of his correspondence, covering the period from 1871, when he was released from prison and settled in America, down to 1880. Another volume in preparation continues the correspondence down to his death in 1928. All the big figures of the Fenian movement, Stephens, O'Donovan Rossa, O'Leary, Kickham, Boyle O'Reilly . . . , flit to and fro, again and again, in the letters of this published volume. Practically all the letters are written *to* Devoy—one wishes that those *from* him, if available, were included ; it is to be hoped that some day they may be gathered and published as an addendum to it. The letters are illuminating and throw much fresh light on the

work of the Fenian movement in America, after the collapse of the Rising in Ireland, and on the character and personality of its leaders. Its immediate activities after 1871 seem to have been confined mainly to efforts at striking indirectly at England in some vulnerable place outside Ireland.

One notable Fenian at the time, James J. O'Kelly (who in later years became Parnell's most intimate friend in the parliamentary movement at home), was particularly occupied with such projects. A war correspondent with a romantic career in the French Foreign Legion and in many countries, O'Kelly proposed a plan for the capture of Gibraltar with whose defences he was familiar. In 1877 he went to Madrid, interviewed the Spanish Premier, Canovas del Castillo, before whom he placed his plans for the capture of the fortress with the help of a body of Fenians and ex-American soldiers. The project fell through, however, the Spanish Premier being of opinion that the strength of the British navy forbade Spain entertaining the proposal. In the following year O'Kelly drew up another scheme for exploiting the Zulu situation. The Zulus and other neighbouring tribes were to be supplied with arms and ammunition by the Clan na Gael, intelligent officers were to be sent among them, and a confederation of Kaffir tribes against England was to be created. The project however fizzled out. O'Kelly believed that the only chance of a successful Rising in Ireland lay in waiting " till England was engaged in a great war and then at a critical moment in attacking her with all our power". In 1876 there did seem a probability of an outbreak of hostilities between Russia and England. Devoy was one of a group of the Clan na Gael that interviewed the Russian ambassador at Washington, to whom they pointed out the advantage of an understanding between the Fenian organisation and the Russian government. The ambassador informed them that only in case of actual war could his government enter into direct negotiations with Irish revolutionaries.

A feature of the *Post Bag* is, as has been said, the sidelights thrown on the character and personality of many of the Fenian leaders by some of their comrades. The leaders generally were selfless men of ardent patriotism and high integrity. Nevertheless occasionally the letters make such unpleasant reading that one thinks whether the editors might not at times have used a little censorship regarding them. " They (the leaders)," wrote one of the rank and file in 1880, " seem to be happy only when they are maligning each other." Rossa especially, who suffered temporarily from some forgivable human infirmities, was the object of some scathing attacks made, it is true, in the heat of controversy. Devoy writes of his " infamy " and " utter want of principle " and, in defence of his criticisms, maintains that it is " pure nonsense " to think that the national movement can be served by " painting its leaders as models of virtue". In his *Recollections*, however, written in his mellowing years, he is less rancorous and pays worthy tribute to his old comrades. When Stephens returned to America under a cloud in 1879, he too was the object of much immoderate criticism and was described by Dr. Carroll, an ardent Fenian, as " a vulgar impostor " and " mountebank". Whatever faults the Fenian leaders may have had, mutual admiration cannot be charged as one ! In some of the letters, however, there are acute criticisms, free from invective, that have a humorous flavour. John O'Leary, well known as " critical, hypercritical and supercritical " of men and things, receives what the editors call a dose of his own medicine in John Boyle O'Reilly's impression of him on their meeting in 1880. O'Reilly found him " an honourable, pure-minded man " but politically " the most extraordinary mixture " he ever met.

The letters towards the end of the *Post Bag* deal with the " New Departure " inaugurated by Devoy and Davitt when Parnell appeared in Irish political life with a virile parliamentary policy. Their proposal to co-operate with it created something of a crisis in the Fenian body and led to not a little recrimination within it. Some

maintained that co-operation would undermine the revolutionary movement, while others agreed with Davitt that the only tangible results of secret conspiracy were martyrdom and penal servitude. Eventually a substantial portion of the Fenian leaders and of the rank and file co-operated with the Parnellite movement and became its backbone and driving force.

Though Fenianism was for more than half a century one of the most powerful influences in Ireland's struggle for freedom, an authoritative and comprehensive history of the movement has not yet been written. The present volume and its author's *Recollections*, published some years ago, form the most serious and weightiest contribution towards that end.

The editors of the *Post Bag*, William O'Brien and Desmond Ryan, have enhanced its value by useful notes and comments throughout the work. And P. S. O'Hegarty has written a balanced and informing Introduction in characteristic style.

R. H.

THE FALL OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN EMPIRE. By Salvador de Madariaga. London: Hollis and Carter. 1947. 21s.

THE SPANISH EMPIRE IN AMERICA. By Clarence H. Haring. London: Oxford University Press. 1947. 25s. ($5.00).

Within the past twelve months Señor de Madariaga has published in rapid succession two volumes on *The Rise and Fall of Spanish America*. His analysis of the causes that explain the sudden rise and slow but inexorable fall of that great Empire has evoked widespread interest. Here is a Spaniard who knows England well and who is professedly a Liberal in politics: who was indeed for a time an active revolutionary. His approach to the epic story of Spain's expansion overseas, half missionary in its motive, nearly always ruthless and aggressive in its method, a compromise between many forces in its results, was bound to differ from the traditionally monarchist and Catholic interpretation of Spanish history. But Señor de Madariaga is far too keen a student of human nature to be indifferent to the heroic element in his story; he appreciates and interprets the intensely Christian quality of these half-medieval *conquistadores*. More than that, he has lived the best years of his life in England, and he has plainly been irritated—as every Spaniard must be irritated—by that unconscious assumption of superior moral standards which every Anglo-Saxon, be he English or American, takes for granted as the ultimate explanation of Spain's fall and England's rise to power. There is thus a sharpness, a sting in the tone of this rejoinder from the Spanish side which adds zest to the reader's enjoyment: the author is both historian and journalist in his approach to his subject.

So much has been said in praise of these two volumes that a word of criticism may not come amiss. A glance at the bibliography which is printed at the head of each volume will show the wide extent of the author's reading and the serious limits to his knowledge. Again and again, Señor de Madariaga is able to throw vivid light on some aspect of Spanish or South-American psychology from a tale he has found in the early chroniclers of the Conquest or an acute comment that he has noted in one or other of the old pamphleteers who wrote in defence or in criticism of Spanish rule overseas. That is one main reason why these two volumes have been hailed as a new interpretation of this vast and complicated historical problem. But there are astonishing gaps in the sources which are here quoted so abundantly. Whether from set purpose or from indifference or prejudice, Señor de Madariaga has limited his survey to the chroniclers of the first two or three generations of the Conquest and then—with a mighty leap across the centuries—to the contemporary descriptions of eighteenth-century South America which are largely unknown to the average English reader. He delights in reminding his Anglo-Saxon friends that the Spanish

colonies of the old Empire were so far ahead in time of their Anglo-Saxon rivals in such matters as schools, universities, printing presses, hospitals and so forth, that the evidence here quoted from official and contemporary sources comes as a shock to old-established Anglo-Saxon prejudice. But between the first century of active conquest and the last quietly somnolescent generations of the Empire on the eve of its dissolution, there lie two centuries of steady, systematic and astonishingly successful organisation of missionary enterprise which are barely mentioned or quietly omitted from these most lively but tendencious volumes. The failure to mention even once the well-known Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay is perhaps the most remarkable example of this selective policy ; but there are other gaps, as important and as significant, in this narrative which is in fact rather a brilliant apologia of Spanish genius than a critical study of the Empire as a whole.

Turning from Madariaga's two volumes to Professor Haring's history of the Spanish Empire, one feels at once the loss of an alert and keenly analytic mind ; but there is good reason to be grateful for this quiet, systematic survey of a whole continent and of three centuries of government and order. Chapter by chapter Professor Haring surveys his subject, concentrating on the administrative and economic aspects of the Empire rather than on the more human aspects of his subject. Two long chapters on " Race and Environment " give a systematic survey of that astonishing variety of race and national tradition that has resulted from the sudden irruption of Spanish adventurers into a world that had no previous knowledge of Europe or the European tradition. There follows a long series of chapters on the organisation of the Empire : the Viceroyalty in New Spain and in Peru, the Council of the Indies, the local Audiencias, the resident governors and the system of visitation, the Cabildo or local unit of municipal administration, with its elaborately defined set of rights and privileges guaranteed by royal charter. Then there is a full and impartial account of the work done by the Church and the great missionary orders in each of the provinces, with a chapter on the schools of the Empire and another on literature, scholarship and the fine arts. Finally there is an important survey of the financial and commercial system which for most of Spain's administrators was, from first to last, the true heart of the matter ; and the volume ends with a brief account of the last phase of gradual decline.

In this last phase I would recommend the reader to turn back to Señor de Madariaga's second volume, which is here most illuminating. Despite its title, the volume does not deal solely with the final collapse, but treats certain aspects of Spanish life and rule which, in the author's opinion, suggest ultimate failure from the start. Among these he devotes special attention to the psychological peculiarities of both White and Native elements in the mixed population of South America ; but he has also given much study to the personnel of the Revolution, when it finally came—stimulated by the success of the American and French Revolutions, but urged forward in its course by motives that can only be understood in the light of local South American history. In one exceptionally interesting chapter he shows how the rulers of the Old Empire, falling between two stools in their effort to compromise between new and old, made enemies at once of the Jews (to whom the Spanish monarchy had never been friendly), the Freemasons (who were discontented at the survival of much that was profoundly Catholic in the Spanish tradition), and the Jesuits (who had been antagonised by Portuguese and Spanish attacks on their Society, culminating in the final suppression of their Order). Here is a subject that is surely well worthy of further investigation, even though Madariaga's analysis is open to suspicion on the score of personal prejudice. He quotes, for example, the *Lettre aux Espagnols-Americains* which the former Jesuit Pablo Vizcardo published at Philadelphia in 1799 : " the first clear statement advocating the independence of the New World". And he cites the evidence of Francisco de Miranda, the precursor of Simon Bolivar,

who drew up a list of former Jesuits as possible fellow-workers in his cause and submitted this list to Pitt in 1798, as proof that discontent with Spanish rule was more widely spread in South America than the great English Minister of War was prepared to believe. P. D.

KNOCKBEG CENTENARY BOOK. Edited by Rev. P. Mac Suibhne, M.A., Rector Knockbeg College. Published at Knockbeg College, Carlow. 1948. pp. 153. 7s. 6d.

Carlow College holds a unique position in the history of education in Ireland. During the Penal Days higher education had been barred to Catholics, except to those few who could seek it on the continent. The " Hedge Schools," indeed, imparted a certain amount of classical and higher mathematical education ; and, as the vigour of the penal laws relaxed, better organised schools, the so-called " Classical Academies," began to appear in the cities and county towns. But Carlow was the first formally constituted institution for secondary education ; and it was also the first theological college for Church students, Maynooth being established two years later.

Carlow College was founded in 1782, and its building was commenced by the saintly Bishop James Keefe who, in his will, bequeathed his body " to the earth to be buried among the poor in the nearest churchyard to the place I die in, with as little show and cost as may be," and who could boast that his worldly substance was " indeed next to nothing". It was not, however, until 1793 that the College was formally opened by its first president, Dr. Henry Staunton, parish priest of Carlow, a Kilkenny man whose own studies had been pursued in Paris. Secondary education, both for Church candidates and for Catholic laymen, was apparently the first aim ; but the destruction of seminaries abroad during the French Revolution determined the authorities to provide also the usual philosophical and theological training for the priesthood. In 1847 St. Mary's, Knockbeg, was founded as a preparatory school for Carlow College, and in 1892 the lay college of Carlow was transferred to Knockbeg, which some years later was constituted the diocesan minor seminary of Kildare and Leighlin. It is interesting to note in passing that the lands of Sletty, of which Knockbeg forms a portion, belonged up to the Cromwellian confiscations to the Skelton family, one of whose members was Dr. Walter Skelton who, about 1709, was conducting in Dublin a private academy for the sons of the Catholic gentry, and had as one of his pupils the celebrated Irish antiquarian Charles O'Conor of Belanagare.

The present Rector of Knockbeg, Rev. P. Mac Suibhne, has worthily commemorated the century of its foundation by editing and publishing the present volume. It contains, as is natural, a certain amount of matter which will be of interest mainly to past pupils of Knockbeg, but by far the larger part consists of carefully documented articles and biographical notes dealing with the early history of Carlow College, which will be of great and permanent value to students of Irish history, and in particular to students of education.

An advertisement in the *Dublin Evening Post* of July 24, 1817, gives an account of the early plan of studies. It was presumed that in the years from ten to fourteen a good classical foundation should be laid, and during the ensuing two years or more the pupils were to devote themselves to " a course of Instruction adapted to the purposes of civil life " together with " those Branches of Literature suited to them". It is interesting to note that, at a period when the curriculum of the English public schools and grammar schools was almost exclusively restricted to the classics, theCarlow programme—doubtless as a result of the president's continental training—insisted on the value of the physical sciences, in which, it was remarked, " Young men who have but an ordinary classical education are generally and necessarily deficient." The

higher studies included, therefore, Mathematics, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy (the usual term at the time for Physics), whilst there was also provision for the study of " Political Economy, the Elements of Law in general, and in particular the Laws and Constitutions of this Country."

One of the most interesting and valuable sections of the book is the early college roll extending up to the end of the first decade of the nineteenth century. The editor has traced, with great pains, the after careers of a large number of these students. As was to be expected in those days when the effects of the Penal Laws were still evident, careers of outward distinction were not easily accessible to the Catholic laity, and hence the most outstanding alumni of Carlow were found mainly amongst the ranks of the clergy. We find amongst them such well-known figures in ecclesiastical history as Dr. John England, the first bishop of Charleston, a pioneer of Catholic education both in Ireland and America ; Dr. William Yore, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Dublin, founder of numerous charitable institutions and known as the St. Vincent de Paul of Ireland ; Father Peter Kenny, first Provincial of the restored Jesuit Order in Ireland and founder of Clongowes Wood College ; Dr. Michael Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel, one of the firmest supporters of Newman in his work for the Catholic University of Ireland ; Dr. William Kinsella, Bishop of Ossory, the builder of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny and of St. Kieran's College ; Dr. Michael Collins, who, as a student, was expelled from Maynooth for his sympathy with Emmet's rising, but later became Bishop of Cloyne ; and Father James Maher, P.P., of Carlow Graigue, the redoubtable opponent of the proselytising agents around Carlow, who during the famine of 1847 risked his life daily in ministering to his people. As has been said, the careers of the early lay pupils of Carlow, whilst honourable and useful, were necessarily less striking than those of their clerical fellow-students, but a particularly interesting section is that on the school days of James Fintan Lalor, a chapter from a forthcoming biography by Mr. Thomas P. O'Neill.

The editor of this record of Irish educational work is to be congratulated on the diligence with which he has gathered from widely-scattered sources the information which he places at his readers' disposal. His work is necessarily somewhat compressed, but he gives ample aid to the student of the period by his full and exact references. The Knockbeg Centenary Book gives many telling glimpses of the difficult times in which educational establishments had to make their way in Ireland at the beginning of the last century. We read of the college opening its gates to the remnants of the insurgent forces after the battle of Carlow in '98, of its struggle for material existence during the period of high prices caused by the European wars of 1792 to 1815, of the activities of its pupils in the Emancipation campaign, the tithe wars and the land wars. Since about 1820 the ecclesiastical students of Carlow have devoted themselves to the mission fields and have set up all over the world outposts of the Faith. The pupils of Knockbeg College have a long and honourable record of service to their country. The present generation have in Father Mac Suibhne's work the record of a great tradition to inspire them, whilst the general reader will find in it yet another vindication of the Church as the unwearying protagonist of education in its highest sense, the pursuit of knowledge as a means to the understanding and achievement of man's eternal destiny.

F. McG.

BYZANTIUM : *An Introduction to East Roman Civilization.* Edited by Norman H. Baynes and H. St. L. B. Moss. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 1948. 21s.

Dr. Baynes has long been recognised as the leading Byzantine scholar in England, and we may suspect that the main features of this volume (which was planned and largely written before 1939) are due to his personal influence and enthusiasm. He himself has contributed no more than a final section, in collaboration with Baron

Meyendorff, on the Byzantine inheritance in Russia ; but no other scholar in England could have gathered so representative a team for the work. His fellow-editor, Mr. Moss, who is known as the author of a very readable work on *The Birth of the Middle Ages*, writes an introductory sketch of Byzantine history from the age of Constantine to the Fourth Crusade. The late Professor Charles Diehl, who was for so long the *doyen* of Byzantine studies abroad, contributes a section on the last phase of Byzantine history from the Fourth Crusade to the fall in 1453. These first fifty pages give no more than the necessary outlines of a history that covers more than a millennium. M. André M. Andreades breaks new ground for most of us with his two essays on the economic life and finances of the Empire. Professor H. Grégoire of Brussels writes on the Byzantine Church, whilst another great scholar from Brussels, Father Delehaye, writes on monastic life. Three sections follow on art, education and literature ; and Professor Dawkins writes on the Greek language in the Byzantine period. A valuable section on the imperial administration is by Dr. W. Ensslin ; and the volume ends with essays on Byzantium and Islam, Byzantium and the Slavs, and the Byzantine inheritance in Russia.

Each reader will have his own preferences in a volume of this kind. My own personal interests made me turn first to the two essays on the Church and the monastic life of the Empire. Professor Grégoire has succeeded in packing an immense amount of detail into his fifty pages, but he is sensitive to the human drama of his story. Men like Athanasius, the Cappadocians, Cyril of Alexandria, Photius and the heroes of the Iconoclast controversy are men whose story can never lose its interest ; and the essay concludes with a fine tribute to the splendour and mystical power of the age-old Byzantine liturgy. " By His death he has trodden death beneath His feet "—that chant of the Easter hymn which is " repeated a thousand times in tones ever more and more triumphant, repeated to the point of ecstasy and of an overflowing mystic joy—here is the great message of the Byzantine Church—this it is which has won and kept the allegiance of the masses ".

Father Delehaye, as one might expect, has many curious things to tell us of that Eastern monasticism which found its expression in such extremes as the asceticism of the Stylite saints, the claustral isolation of Mount Athos, or that queer Fakir-like *Hesychasm* of a later period which is still a living force and can become at times " a running sore in the body of Greek monasticism ". The effort needed to guide and rule so large a body of ascetics—by 536 there were at least sixty-eight monasteries in Constantinople alone, and the list of new foundations seems to be interminable—finds its expression in elaborate rules of which we have here an interesting account. The strict exclusion, not only of women but of female animals, from Mount Athos is, so we read, aimed more at economic abuses than at the preservation of the monk's vow of chastity. " In more than one monastery the breeding of cattle was carried on, obliging the monks to house lay servants within their walls : in banning all female domestic animals, Plato (the saintly founder of the great monastery of Saccoudion !) put an end to that particular form of trading ".

Byzantine literature is so vast a subject that the essay by Mr. F. H. Marshall becomes little more than a catalogue of writers in each period. Byzantine art has been revealed to us of recent years in a series of notable excavations ; and those who were present at Professor Whittemore's lecture in Dublin two years ago will remember the revelation of sheer beauty which his colour-films brought to our midst. A word must be said here of the exceptionally good illustrations which have been printed at the end of this volume—a rare treat in these days of austerity. They have been chosen by Mr. Moss and are in every way admirable. An essay on Byzantine education by Miss Georgina Buckler, whilst full of curious information—much of it gleaned from the lives of Byzantine saints published in *Analecta*

Bollandiana and elsewhere—raises the disturbing thought that all this splendour of a surviving Graeco-Roman culture was singularly lacking in original or creative thought.

I should like to say more about the concluding essays on the relations between Constantinople and the Slavs to the North and Islam to the South. Baron Meyendorff tells a tale of Byzantine influence on Russia that needs to be pondered by all students of modern politics. Professor A. A. Vasiliev, who gives the impression of a definitely anti-Roman bias, makes some most interesting comments on the Empire's relations with Islam. All students of Byzantine history are at one in stressing the predominantly religious nature of its civilisation. Yet the fact remains that Emperor and Patriarch alike were very much more ready to deal with Islam as a world-power than were most of the rulers, spiritual or temporal, of Western Europe. There was a Mosque within the walls of Constantinople as early as the reign of Leo III (717-41) ; an elaborate ceremonial was worked out in the *Ceremonies of the Court* for the reception of ambassadors from Bagdad and Cairo ; Arabs had the right of a higher place at the imperial table than the Franks of the West ; and the continuity of both diplomatic and commercial relations between Islam and the Empire is most striking. There is no need to emphasise the importance of these relations for the Arab culture in Bagdad, Cairo and Cordova—and so ultimately for the culture of Western Europe. But the absence of any conscious religious antipathy between Christian and Mahommedan in the Empire is most striking. Shortly before the final disaster of 1453 Lucas Notaras, one of the dignitaries of the Byzantine court, said openly that it was better " to see in the city the power of the Turkish turban than that of the Latin tiara ". Christian Constantinople paid a bitter price for the sentiments underlying that phrase. But those who know the grim tragedy of the Fourth Crusade, and the long record of misunderstanding and cross-purposes between the Old and the New Rome through sc many centuries, will know that both parties to the tragic dispute have matter for remorseful self-examination. A. G.

Studies in Poetry

THE COURSE OF IRISH VERSE IN ENGLISH. By Robert Farren. London : Sheed and Ward. 1948. 8s. 6d.

This book is a literary feast for anybody even slightly interested in Irish poetry and might well create interest where little or none existed before. But readers, to avoid misunderstanding and even disappointment, ought to begin by noting the title and reading the Preface carefully. For this is not a history nor even a general survey of Irish poetry in English. The author tells us so in plain terms. " I am not ", he writes, " attempting a history of Anglo-Irish verse ; or even complete evaluations of the poets with whom I deal ". What then is the scope and aim of the book ? " My purpose is . . . to observe and remark on the growth in Irishness, in separate existence from English poetry, of the poetry that was and is composed in Ireland or by Irishmen." Further on in the book (p. 132) he states his aim more explicitly :—

> " The central meaning of this essay of mine, its preponderant thesis, is that after the disintegration of the Gaelic order, poetry in Ireland was anything but Irish poetry for many a long day ; and that only by multiple efforts and protracted schooling did our poetry approach what should be its normal state : immersion in Irish life ; suffusion by Irish life ; reaction on Irish life, and finally, a reacting from Irish life to the universal."

This scope and aim largely explains the omissions, the selections, the preferences, and indeed the whole trend of the book. Largely, I say, but perhaps not completely.

For even within the scope of a book there is room for an author's personal choices and to these he is surely entitled, though no doubt a reviewer is equally free to dissent from them.

It must then be clearly understood that Mr. O Faracháin is not dealing here with the subject matter, the themes, the thought of the verse he is passing in review. He is concerned solely with " form, feeling, mode, and mood " (p. 20) ; one might almost say with versification, a field in which Thomas MacDonagh and George Sigerson—to name only these—had worked before him, but a field in which he himself is peculiarly well equipped to work. As he says (p. 155) : " beginning to write verse, I was soaked in Gaelic poetry," and he has written verse in Gaelic as well as four volumes of verse in English. Moreover he has long been a close student of versification, an art neglected by many of our Irish poets.

This neglect, this lack of craftsmanship, is no doubt responsible for the passing over, in our author's book, of many a familiar and favourite name and for the scant esteem he shows for others. One is grateful for his praise of Moore, even if it is a trifle grudging, and for his whole-hearted praise of Mangan. But Aubrey de Vere goes near to being " damned with faint praise," while the Young Ireland poets (except Mangan) are firmly set aside, most of them not even named, though well-nigh all their verse was Irish in theme. To Irish poetry from Callanan to Yeats 60 pages are devoted, the remaining 110 being concerned with contemporaries.

I have said that the author is entitled to his own choices, but since he tells us in the Preface that he believes he has treated of " all the important poets and some of the less important," one may be pardoned for regretting a few of the omissions. It seems curious, for instance, that the only woman poet dealt with and quoted from is Mrs. Alexander. It is true that Blanaid Salkeld is included in a bare list of names and that it is said of Katharine Tynan that her poetry is undervalued. But one misses not only " Speranza " (which is natural enough) but " Moira O'Neill ", Alice Milligan, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and Emily Lawless, and other women writers not a few. The present writer misses especially " Ethna Carbery "—most beloved, perhaps, of modern Irish poets and perhaps important for that if for no other reason.

We scarcely expect to find T. W. Rolleston and John Kells Ingram and Stephen Gwynn and Shane Leslie, though they were rebels when they wrote verse ; but perhaps a little word about P. J. McCall and William Rooney might not have been amiss. But again the author is perfectly entitled to his own choices. And after all these writers may not measure up to the author's standard of Irishness.

But these small matters apart, what are the salient qualities of this book as they appear to one reviewer ? In the first place, then, it is not merely a dissertation on Irish versification. We have here full critical appraisals of not a few poets, in particular of certain favourite poets of the author—Joseph Campbell, Padraic Colum, F. R. Higgins, and Austin Clarke. Of many others there are at least thumb-nail sketches, all of them interesting. The reviewer found himself agreeing, not always indeed, but again and again, which perhaps is a tribute to the reviewer himself rather than to the reviewed.

There is next the writing. Others may appraise it otherwise. To this reviewer it appeals as alert, virile, sensitive, and varied, using to the full the resources of the English language, not excepting its colloquialisms, and shot through with imagery as befits a poet's prose.

Lastly the book would be delightful were it only for the gems of melody (to adopt the title of an anthology) with which its pages are sprinkled.

We look forward with eagerness to the appearance of the larger work about translators from the Gaelic which Mr. O Faracháin promises us in his Preface.

S. J. B.

SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. A Fourteenth-Century Poem done into Modern English Verse by Kenneth Hare. With an introduction, notes and a bibliography by R. M. Wilson. London : Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1948. 84 pp. 9s.

MOST readers of STUDIES are familiar with the legendary episode entitled *Cennach ind Ruanada* (' The Champion's Bargain '), if not directly from Henderson's edition in Vol. II of the Irish Texts Society's series, at least from Canon Peter O'Leary's Modern Irish version of it, or from Yeats's use of it in the final portion of his *Green Helmet*. *Cennach ind Ruanada* is itself the concluding episode of the Old Irish *Fled Bricrenn* (' Bricriu's Feast '), and it tells how Cú Roí comes in the form of a giant to guarantee that Cú Chulainn will be admitted by all to be the greatest Ulster warrior, in accordance with the judgement already given by Cú Roí earlier in the story. The Bargain is that if a warrior is permitted to strike Cú Roí's head off tonight, Cú Roí will be permitted to strike that warrior's head off the next night. On successive nights an Ulster warrior accepts the challenge. Cú Roí on each occasion picks up his severed head and walks away. Muinremor, Laegaire Buadach, and Conall Cernach fail to keep the compact by not appearing the second night. Cú Chulainn, when his turn comes, gloomily lays his head on the block ; the giant strikes him gently with the blunt side of the axe and says : " Rise up Cú Chulainn. None of the warriors of Ulster and Éire can now claim (?) to be equal to thee in valour, bravery, or truth. The sovranty of the heroes of Éire is thine from this hour forth, and the Champion's Portion undisputed ; and thy wife shall always enter the banquet-hall before the women of Ulster."

An anonymous fourteenth-century English poet, probably a native of Lancashire, has used a variant of this motif to form the central theme of an alliterative lay known as *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*. His poem is universally admired as one of the most perfect of the medieval Arthurian romances. Being written in a little-studied dialect of Middle English, few today can enjoy the original. In 1918 Kenneth Hare did the Middle English alliterative lay into Modern English riming verse, which, though less literal, is undoubtedly easier to read than any of the prose re-tellings that have been published. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have therefore laid the reading public under an obligation by publishing this second revised edition of Mr. Hare's modernization. The original lay, as they point out on their dust-cover, is a complete *vade mecum* to the polite life of the poet's day : " He depicts the ladies' costumes, and the men's ; the furnishings of Gawayne's bedchamber in the Green Knight's castle, and the dishes set before him when he dines there. The scenes from wild nature are superb, and there is also the first—and some would maintain the best—description of a foxhunt in the language."

Kenneth Hare is both a master of good English versification and a careful scholar. For those who wish to compare his version in rimed Spenserian stanzas with the original Middle English alliterative paragraphs, each finished off by four short riming lines, three samples of those paragraphs are printed at the end of the volume. Undoubtedly the aesthetic effect is different : the original is rhythmically bolder and, in style, is less mellifluous and more direct than the modernization. But to " translate " poetry is almost impossible. The most that can be hoped for is a new work of art on the same theme, a " reincarnation " as James Stephens would call it. Mr. Hare is to be congratulated on the excellence of his reincarnation of this fine medieval lay.

Celtic scholars will find Mr. Wilson's introduction, notes, and bibliography helpful for study of the Green Knight theme, which (as was pointed out in a former number of STUDIES[1]) has connections with Irish literature outside that with *Cennach ind Ruanada*.

GERARD MURPHY

[1] September 1948, p. 369.

HOW TO ENJOY POETRY. By Robert Farren (Roibeárd Ó Faracháin). New York: Sheed and Ward. 1948. $3.00.

THIS book may be regarded as the completed edition of Mr. Ó Faracháin's work already published in this country, *Towards an Appreciation of Poetry*. The additions which double its size nearly double its value. We should expect the value to be great since the author is noted as poet, critic, and teacher. And indeed it is probably the best book on the subject yet written in English—incomparably better than the introductions to school anthologies that have attempted the same task. First of all, its plan is admirable except for one point that we shall mention. In separate chapters it considers the elements that make for enjoyment in verse, sense, imagery, movement, music, and the general experience of poetry, preceded by a consideration of obstacles to the appreciation of poetry. Each chapter is divided into a section explaining principles and a section illustrating them by examples. These second sections amount to a fine annotated anthology and fulfil the function of the feasts with which Avicenna followed his lectures on philosophy. Secondly, the general teaching laid down is very sound. The opinions are traditional, but they advance on the theory of the past by such useful classifications as that of alliteration into express, concealed, and semi-alliteration. The chapter on imagery is founded on Thomistic philosophy with illuminating results. I wish too that all actors would heed the counsel here given for marking the ends of lines in reciting blank verse even where the sense does not demand it. Finally the book is scattered with brilliant critical perceptions such as that "present-day neglect of Patmore's writing obscures one ancestor of current poetical forms".

Nevertheless there remain a few reproaches. Stanza form is treated almost parenthetically. A whole chapter devoted to it would not have been amiss. Mr. Ó Faracháin was surely preoccupied when he gave the scheme of *terza rima* on page 202. His scheme is quite different from the scheme of, for instance, Shelley's *terza rima* in *The Triumph of Life*. And I cannot believe that *closed* is a dissyllable in the Nash quotation on page 16 or that *amorous* is to be pronounced *a-more-ous* in Swinburne's *Atalanta* ode.

But these are unimportant details. There is one more serious and general fault to be found. It is suggested in the title. The words *How to Enjoy Poetry* leave one with the same sense of inadequacy as the words *How to Enjoy Being Good*. Poetry and being good are enjoyable experiences, but their function is something so much more important than mere pleasure that to recommend them for enjoyment seems to insult them. Moreover the specific pleasure of poetry or being good is consequent on a person's being conscious that its more serious function has been fulfilled in him. One cannot teach the full enjoyment of poetry without teaching appreciation of its more serious services to man. And I believe that Mr. Ó Faracháin oddly enough would fully agree with this. Nevertheless he begins by explaining the beauty of poetry in terms of its mechanical and technical devices which appeal immediately to the nerves and imagination. And the unremitting gaiety of his style heightens the impression that he regards his subject as a pure amusement and no more. Had he put his last chapter on the experience of poetry, where no one can doubt that he rises to the nobility of his theme, at or near the beginning he would have avoided this false impression. And is it not a better teaching method to lead students to love poetry naturally but without knowing why, by suggesting to them the reaction that they are to expect and then explaining and increasing that reaction by pointing out its causes in the poet's technique, than to start with technique which must seem dry and pointless until that reaction is experienced?

But our most serious disagreement with this book is not really serious. Mr. Ó Faracháin teaches soundly and clearly. His book is almost excellent for beginners like older school children and even for proficient readers. And poets and advanced readers will at least find much that is illuminating in it. A. L.

Philosophy

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FRONTIERS OF PHYSICS. By Vincent Edward Smith. Washington : Catholic University of America Press. 1947. pp. 218.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION. Vol. XXII. 1947. Washington : Office of the Secretary of the Association.

CRITICA. By J. Davila, S.J. Mexico : Buena Prensa. 1948. $2. 50.

ELEMENTARY HANDBOOK OF LOGIC. By John J. Toohey, S.J. New York : Appleton-Century-Crofts. 1948. $2.00

The only outstanding claim of philosophers against the popularisers of physical science is recognition of their right to study an order of reality inaccessible to the experimental method. The modern philosopher is defending his right to live. Moreover, strange though it be, he is defending it against opponents who not only despise his science but distrust their own, opponents who ignore spiritual truth and are beginning to doubt the existence of the material world that they study. When we find such darkness in the minds of the popular leaders of thought, we need seek no further for an explanation of the wars and rumours of wars amidst which we have lived.

It is heartening, therefore, to find Mr. Vincent Smith passing from defence to attack. He attacks scientists, not science, nor even the best scientists. Indeed he is as severe on scientists for traducing the veracity of science by their idealism as for snubbing philosophy. He neatly expresses the general mistaken characteristic of much science today when he accuses Eddington of taking the formal object of experimental science (*ens mensurabile*) for the material object or the whole truth. And he overturns not a few of the idols that have been supposed to protect this general principle.

Science is never tired of appealing to the experimental confirmation of its theories as unquestionable proof of their truth. But, Mr. Smith points out, experimental confirmation is coercive proof of a theory only when no other theory can explain the facts that are brought about by the experiment. Even if we can think of no other explanation, we have not proved our point unless we prove that there *can be* no other ; and rarely is the method of trial and error able to do this. Again (using his cunning method of condemning the *vulgarisateurs* out of the mouths of the masters) he quotes Einstein on the alleged infallibility of mathematics : " As far as the statements of mathematics relate to reality they are not certain ; and as far as they are certain they do not relate to reality ". The faults of the book are a rather heavy style, summaries too few and too perfunctory to include all vital points, and an occasional tendency to abandon the technical Scholastic vocabulary that is such hard going for non-Scholastics in favour of a modern terminology that is hard going for everybody. But taken all in all this is an able, useful, and stimulating treatise for philosophers and scientists alike.

When therefore we find Dr. Stewart E. Dollard in the *Proceedings of the American Catholic Philosophical Association* suggesting that St. Thomas would oppose a complete separation of metaphysics and science, we cannot agree. Modern science, developed by the experimental method, must surely be completely independent of metaphysics, though the conclusions of both must be mutually consistent. And a later paper on the reconciliation of Hylemorphism with atomic physics is a study of a false problem if it is possible (as many are convinced it is) to present the

philosophic doctrine in purely metaphysical terms. One can and should admire modern science, but without admitting the right of scientists to interfere in the affairs of philosophers.

In general, however, this book is evidence that the war has shifted the main interest of philosophers from the problem of physics to the ethical problem, where the issue—at least the immediate issue—is more momentous. The general subject discussed by the Association last year was the question of the Absolute and the Relative. This question raises problems chiefly in ethics and metaphysics. A good paper on the question in metaphysics by Dr. Charles Denecke leads to a sound vindication of metaphysics as the essential prolegomena to ethics (or, if it is preferred, of ethics as a prolongation of metaphysics) by Mr. Francis Meehan. The presidential address on the Natural Law and short but penetrating papers on Hans Kelsen's theory of Relativism in Law, on Ortega y Gasset, Whitehead, and Sartre confirm by illustration and other ways this conclusion.

It is impossible to mention all the valuable contributions to this book. But one may mention an article on Symbolic Logic, defending it without allowing its claim to supplant Aristotelean Logic: this article, however, omits the great name of Lukasiewicz. There is also an outstanding article by Fr. Christian Bennett on the true nature of Thomistic epistemology. The author takes up the position of M. Gilson and others that the Critical Problem should be dismissed. Idealists and Thomistic realists are mutually immune from attack by the others. From thought as thought you can never prove reality. Therefore Descartes failed to solve the problem because he tried to proceed from thought to thing. But against Fr. Bennett's impressive paper one can reply that Descartes' procedure was not from thought to thing but from thought as thing to other things. Admittedly, if an idealist were to insist on the judgement's proving its own validity, there would be an impasse. But no idealist has hitherto attained this degree of scepticism. Meanwhile what is above suggested as the Cartesian procedure has not been unfruitful in the hands of such exponents as Boyer and Noel.

Fr. Davila in his Latin text-book of *Critica* seems to agree with Fr. Bennett's view of the Critical Problem. At any rate his method is to establish, not the validity of the judgement in general, but the validity of different kinds of judgement taken separately and successively. His solution is less peremptory than those of the type of Monsignor Noel's ; but his method has the advantage of enabling the student better to appreciate the various difficulties against realism. His doctrine is sound and traditional, explicitly and clearly presented. It is regrettable that modern philosophers, especially adversaries, are seldom quoted. And surely it is time to correct the hoary error that Francis Bacon denied that deduction was a way to new knowledge. Bacon's view is given correctly by Mr. Vincent Smith in the first couple of pages of his work.

There is little to say of Fr. Toohey's book except to recommend it to anyone who wants a good text-book on Formal Logic in English. It is clearly and brightly written and covers the ground. Some brief mention of Symbolic Logic would not have been amiss, but perhaps it was considered outside the scope of an elementary treatise. A. L.

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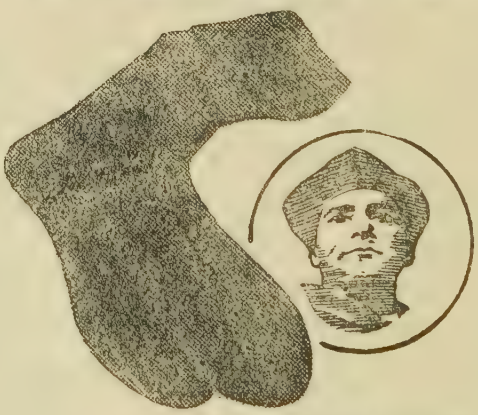

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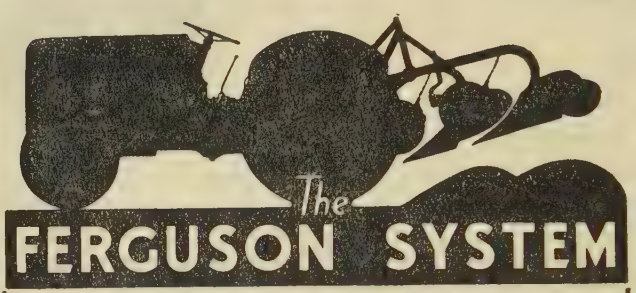

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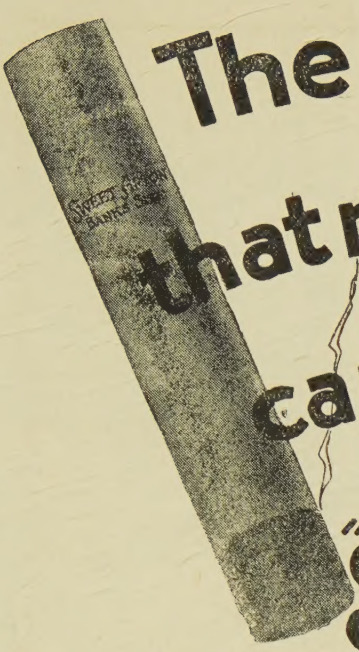

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